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This summer

be well...
look well...
enjoy...

THE BEST LOOKING
SUMMER CLOTHES
YOU CAN WEAR...
in action...or watching the game

HEALTH FOOD
a special interview
with Adelle Davis

SEX VS.
SEX APPEAL

Why you should
play to win

Doctor's orders:
HOW TO
STAY FIT
FOREVER

The love game

Water is okay to drink. But for heaven's sake, don't bathe in it.



It soaks away the oils that make your skin soft. It makes soap curdy, and curdy soap won't clean.

Nor is water famous for its fragrance.

Ah, but you can turn water into a magnificent liquid. You can turn it into Arpege.

Arpege and My Sin have now lent their fragrances to an emollient bath salt. These salt crystals soften water, so your soap works better.

Then, so you'll feel

silky afterwards, they release fragrant oils.

Arpege fills the tub, fills the bathroom, spills out the door.

You will never bathe in water again.

About twenty baths, \$5. Also Foaming Milk Bath and After Bath Lotion, in Arpege or My Sin, \$5 each.





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Fur Salon, Second Floor.

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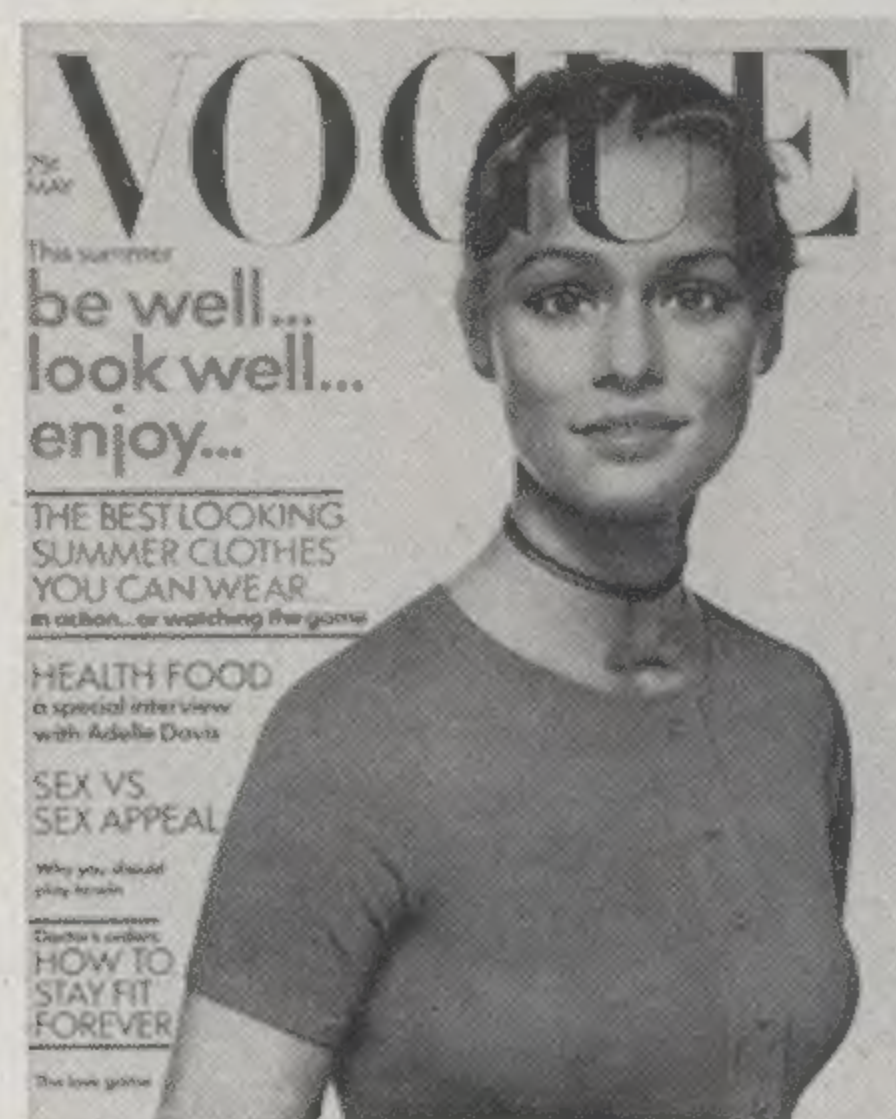
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AVEDON

COVER: Lauren Hutton, starring next with Marcello Mastroianni in *Excuse Me, My Name Is Rocco Papaleo*, here in the scarlet T-shirt—the best little pull-over-everything a girl can have. . . . And you're off to the races, face set for the sun with the new colour-plus-sunscreener, Rev-escence Moisture Glow Bronze, and a slick of Canyon Rose Blushing Pommade on the cheeks. Both from Charles of the Ritz. Nylon T-shirt, by Anne Klein. About \$32 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Choker by Hector Jorge. Coiffure by Ara Gallant.

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Tingle to The PERSONAL TOUCH of the world's most unique hair brush

Touch the uncommon *MP* to your top-ography . . . and you'll discover the "beautiful hair" secret of leading models and hair stylists.

Floating bristles—bobbing up and down in a patented *pneumatic rubber cushion*—adjust automatically to every curvy contour and beautiful bump of your personal head shape. Designed by Britain's brushmasters—without-peer to roll with your waves gently, yet firmly . . . with total brushing action that doesn't miss a stroke.

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In a variety of styles for women and men: natural boar, boar and nylon, or nylon bristle, with ruby handles. At better cosmetics counters, \$5 to \$30. Or write for store nearest you to Harry D. Koenig & Co., East Rockaway, N.Y. 11518.

The MP

MORE by PERSONAL
MASON PEARSON
London England



*Pablo of Elizabeth Arden for Dayton's alone.
Easy, spaced out.*



*Golden eyes of Spiklette Designer Lashes by Pablo,
brows brushed to petite peaks,
shadows of Elizabeth Arden's Bronzette and Sunny Gold.
Point made.*



GUCCI presents new lightweight, waterproof luggage. Beige GG canvas with red and green wool webbing outlined in brown pigskin. Valise 21" — 82.00. 25" — 92.00. 29" — 102.00. Duffel Bag — 95.00.

NEW YORK, 699 FIFTH AVENUE • BEVERLY HILLS • PALM BEACH • ROME • FLORENCE • MILAN • LONDON • PARIS

THE LIBERATED LINE

Light is right! Ounces of nylon and Lycra® spandex put you in the summer swim. Looking right as right in a blaze of black winged with white butterflies. 10 to 16 sizes. 32.00.

DE WEESE



Slender helps keep you *light*.
Slims you down.

The 225 calories diet food that
helps you peel off pounds.

Sensibly. And fast!

Once you start, you can stay with it.

SLENDER® FOR CARNATION

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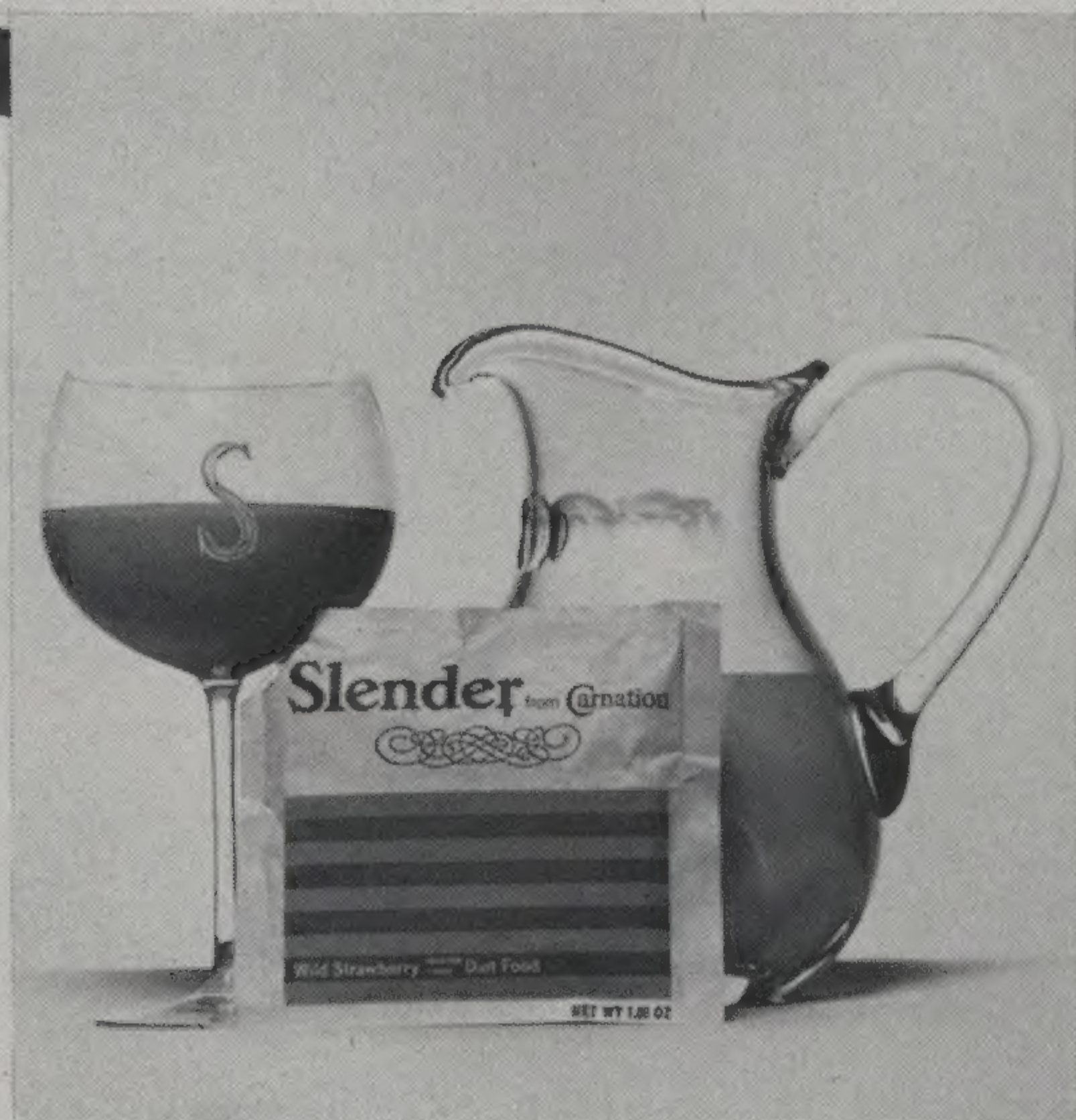
It's all in the *balance*! Long, lean tops and
short city pants of Celanese® Fortrel® polyester knit.
White legging it with navy or brown tops, 6 to 14 sizes.
Sweaters S-M-L sizes. Jacket 40.00. Striped sweater 18.00.
Shorts 16.00. Belted sweater 22.00. Shorts 16.00. Skirt 22.00

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VIVO
by Susan Thomas

Mixed in milk, Slender is a *balanced* diet meal.
Rich. Satisfying. Nourishing. When you really want to
get it off, carry it off with Slender.
Once you start, you can stay with it.

SLENDER® FROM CARNATION





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THE LIBERATED LINE

Pack up the *portables!*

Blithe little body skimmers
stir up the natives in black and
white primitive prints. Imported
cotton and polyester,
6 to 16 sizes. Shirdress 46.00.
Caftan 50.00..

Ilse Smith for DALANI

Slender is *portable*.

Carry a packet of Powder with you
to mix with cold fresh milk.

Freeze a can of Liquid
at night and take it to work.

By noon, its thawed, chilly, delicious!
Try it. Once you start, you can stay with it.

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Feeling *free*? Sash on a frolicking cotton calico print and sashay out to conquer new frontiers.

Black/white or navy/white,
6 to 16 sizes. 46.00.

SUSAN THOMAS

Slender helps *free* you of pounds.
It really does. It really tastes good.
Lots of luscious flavors. And its free of artificial
sweeteners, too. Naturally sweetened.
Once you start, you can stay with it.

SLENDER® FROM CARNATION.





'This new *2-phase* process is, in all honesty, the only way your nails can have the lustre and wear you've always hoped for.'

Charles Revson

The 'Perfect Makeup' for Nails by 'Ultima' II

An extraordinary new kind of nail enamel made in *two perfect parts*. Together they achieve a super-lustrous finish—and *far longer wear*.

Phase I: a tinted 'primer coat' that gives extra lustre, extra wear. Smooths the nail surface, *protein-conditions* too.

Phase II: a topcoat of color that applies more evenly than any enamel before it. Gives nails an 'extra-dimension' of color—and a *super-reflecting* finish.

37 elegant shades. In 3 formulas. Cremes. Frosts. And 'Blushes' (new semi-translucent pales).



'Nothing helps a woman look as rested and renewed as a day at the salon. But these new products come remarkably close.'

Charles Revson

The
'Ultra-Facial'
Series
by 'Ultima' II

Gentle Planing Facial. A unique 3-step lotion-and-cream facial that gently clears away dry, flaky skin to reveal a fresh new layer beneath.

Firming Peel-Off Mask. A most unusual clear gel, it forms a tight 'skin' which peels off, taking along with it *pore-deep dirt* you never suspected was there.

Intensive Moisture Facial. A deeply absorbent moisturizing cream—sealed in by its very own *moisture-sustaining* pack. In this 'closed world' of moisture, your skin soaks up all the benefits it can hold.

AURORA FOR RUFFOLO . . .
HER INTERPRETATION OF THE
CLASSIC DRESS-PLUS-JACKET
COSTUME DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY
FOR US IS DELIGHTFUL IN ITS
SOFTNESS, DRAMATIC IN ITS
PRINTING OF PURPLE ON VIOLET
VOILE.

STENDHAL . . .
THEIR INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
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OUR BEAUTY COLLECTIONS. FROM THE
COMPLETELY AU NATURAL SANSEVERINA
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1 OZ., \$10 MAT COUVRANT, 1 OZ., \$15
TONIQUE, 4 OZ., \$9.50

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THEIR WORLD-FAMED COSMETICS ARE CREATED, MADE,
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PHILADELPHIA

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by Gene Berk

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WHAT DO YOU
DO IF YOU DON'T
LIKE THE SUN?
IF YOU GET FRECKLES?
IF IT RAINS?

Just get Coty's Sheer Puffery Foam Bronzer. The makeup that does what the sun does. In three bare-faced shades that burnish the skin with a deep, warm, bronzy-glow. Transparent and sleek and perfectly blended. What makes it work like that? Coty's sensational foam that doesn't streak or stain or look phoney. And if you do get a little tan of your own, Sheer Puffery will make you look twice as golden. Twice as long. Sheer Puffery Foam Bronzer. You'll want it even if you're nuts about the sun. And you don't get freckles. And it doesn't rain.



Coty Originates Sheer Puffery Foam Bronzer

Coty Originals



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...the Lady Schick Beauty Salon Hairdryer.**

No, he doesn't. Because the Beauty Salon Dryer gives the most professional results you can get. That's why it's the world's most popular home dryer. It's got all the power to dry in the quickest time possible. The world's largest bonnet for the largest size rollers. And, Beautifying Mist! The great feature that lets you dry-set your hair in 20 minutes... color in half the time...and condition hair deeper.

The Beauty Salon Hairdryer. Let it be your beauty parlor at home.

Lady Schick
First Lady in Beauty Care

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ULTRA LEGS
LEG BRONZER
TAKES YOUR
PALE LITTLE LEGS
AND TURNS THEM
INTO TWO
GLORIOUS,
GOLDEN-BRONZED
BEAUTIES.



Want to run around
on two terrific
tan legs without
even putting
a toe in the sand?
Then go get a tube of
Ultra Legs Leg Bronzer.

COTY ORIGINALS

It isn't a cover-up
make-up. It's a soft,
tinty, transparent gel
that bronzes legs
to a warm, ripe,
natural glow.
Ultra Legs is great
after you tan, too.
Because it
fills in where
the sun can't go.
Like backs of legs.
And arms.
And strap marks.
Ultra Legs Leg Bronzer.
In four transparent
bronzy shades.
It does everything
a real tan does.
Except peel.

NARDIS
by CALVIN

moves in!



100% DACRON[®] POLYESTER DOUBLE KNIT. AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES ACROSS THE USA.

**For a woman,
the most precious gift of all is new-born skin.**

To restore in a mature woman's face the fresh texture of a little girl's cheeks. To smooth away the years — few though they may be — that make a grown-up's skin so different from a baby's. These have been the dreams of




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women for centuries. Now Helena Rubinstein brings you Skin Life. A unique formulation, based on a protein principle which is comparable to the protein of the skin. Skin Life. Far more than a moisturizing process, it is the rekindling of a smoother, brighter texture. Skin Life. It can help you to a radiant complexion. This is the most precious gift of all. It revitalizes your beauty. And it may revitalize your whole feeling about yourself as a woman.



Skin Life Cream
Helena Rubinstein

Going Up! Did you know you can get over 100 gorgeous Glare-Killers ... and the count's still rising? Rounds, hexagons, squares, free-forms. Lenses in magenta, blue, gold, gray. The great new metals are here. And more coming! Like them? Have fun. But remember: first and foremost, we're the *Glare-Killers*. We, and only we, have the famous Polaroid lens with the optical barrier that kills reflected glare ... and lets you see as well as you look. The Glare-Killers. They're darned good shades. They're also high, high fashion.

Suggested retail: Fast Back (she's wearing them), \$8. On her hat, bottom to top, Sun Flirt, \$5. Sun Glow, \$5. Sun Touch,  \$5. Jet Ace, \$7.

**Cool-Ray Polaroid
Sunglasses**



BEAUTY
REPORT:

GEMINESSE



Superiority Complex for Lips

Enriched with moisturizers,
alive with color,
it's the rich
new lipstick that
outshines them all!



Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Lipstick

It's a whole new behavior pattern for lips. Outrageously indulgent. Utterly benevolent. A lipstick lavished with moisturizers and emollients. With a wonderful way of smoothing, softening and shining lips. In a complete assortment of frosts and cremes. Twelve luscious licks of color in all — each a brilliant success. Geminesse Enriched Moisturizing Lipstick. The ego-builder. Only at superior department stores.



GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

Mrs. Tina Louise Crane

*The kind of superiority complex
I'm all for*

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what pleases a man?



**design that puts you
in the spotlight!**

Very apparent in Abercrombie's graceful tennis dress, right, by Quantum!. Feathery light and nicely feminine, in Kodel polyester/cotton. Buttoned down the front. White with yellow trim. 6 to 16, \$28. There, too, in Abercrombie's dream of a long white summer dress, left. Soft Dacron polyester/cotton voile further romanticized with bib and bands of red/black embroidery on white. Very pleasurable! By Beverly Paige. 6 to 14, \$42. Men's clothing, and tennis equipment are also available at Abercrombie & Fitch.

**...the contentment of a
good-tasting CigarLet**

One of the little pleasures, so right after a good match or with enchanted evenings. CigarLet, a very special little cigar, filtered for smoothness. Cool and mild, it *makes* memorable moments! Aromatic, menthol, regular. A smoke to relax with. A smoke to please a man. By El Producto.



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This is the makeup that is and isn't. People will think it's your own fresh, flawless skin. (Let them.)



13 demi-shades in all—palest alabaster to dusky ebony.



'Moon Drops' Demi-Makeup by Revlon

Translucent Flowing Creme Makeup—so slight, so light, so *convincing*, it's the absolute pet of the prettiest nature-girls. All it looks like is the freshfaced glow of a walk in the wind. Yet it never leaves you *exposed* (that unfinished, every-freckle-showing thing is strictly yesterday). Smooths out the un-evens. Moisturizes, too. Only Demi-Makeup does it.

(And only 'Moon Drops' makes it!)

P.S. Luminesque Cream Blusher is the glistening, opalescent blushing creme that sets your *cheeks* glowing. 7 luminous skin-shimmering shades. (And a 'no-color' color called Luminesque Glow.)

The 'Moon Drops'



woman lives



Hawaii. The game.
It has been this way since
the beginning. Nature's
bounty celebrated with
festivals and contests of
sport. Even planting was
play... as games were
devised to tread new fields.

And now the games go on.
Aboard CONTINENTAL's 747
Air Cruise to Hawaii... and
at the ILIKAI, your home
in the islands.

Name of the game? Flight.
Magnificent sport over
Hawaii's lava mountains.
Bright beneath the rotor
blades, from
SYDNEY OF HAWAII,
the flora-patterned shirt-
dress. Spun of blue or pink
polyester. 36.00. Sportswear
Dresses.
TORI RICHARD's
cut-away dress, black and
white boldly reaching to the
volcanic rock. 46.00.
Better Sportswear Separates.

In cooperation with the state of Hawaii,
Department of Planning and Economic Development

Aerial photography, Kenai Helicopters, Inc., Honolulu

ROBINSON'S
Southern California









Hawaii. The game. First move belongs to CONTINENTAL. Proud Bird of the Pacific. This is the spacious 747. The full color flight. With interiors inspired by the islands themselves. With twelve hostesses and two Directors of Passenger Service aboard. Just to make it all a game for you. The great sport of flight at its finest.

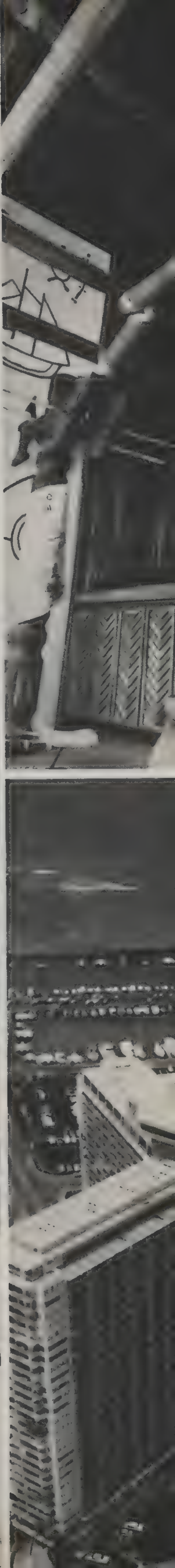
Your move now. To the ILIKAI. Where the game's the thing. This is the Hawaiians' game, a gift of nature. The sport of the surf. Watch! In a native design by KAHALA. Cut-short top and long sarong, hand-screened in lime and blue. 30.00. Better Sportswear Separates. NALII's bare-backed length of florals, on pink, blue or brown. 24.00. Young Californian Sportswear.

ROBINSON'S
Southern California



Hawaii. The game.
The sport of just living. Your
playground. The ILIKAI.
Where Hawaiian tradition is
preserved as jet age
accommodations are
provided. The games are
here. All the sports of the
sea, at the harbor, the pool,
the private lagoon. Ilikai
nightgames, too. Sunset
ceremonies. Polynesian
cuisine and great enter-
tainment at the Top of the I.

And gameplayers wear...
the waialai print by SUN
FASHIONS OF HAWAII.
Mandarin collared and
colored in shades of
flame. 28.00. Robes/
Loungewear. MALIA's ruffled
white pique, cotton circled in
brown and black. 38.00.
Sports Shop. The
CONTINENTAL 747 flies
home. But you've discovered
the sport of life. In paradise.





ROBINSON'S

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San Diego
Santa Barbara



Rona.
If you know what's good for you.

Printed 100% polyester doubleknit dress, designed by Mario Forte. In white/brown, white/red.
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Estée Lauder says
the mood and the moment
are right for the return
to real makeup.

The return to real makeup
needs Estée Lauder
to make it beautifully
right for today.

The real makeup attitude needs
Soft Cover Compact Makeup
for a perfect porcelain skin.

This totally new pressed cream foundation glides
across your skin perfecting it to porcelain smoothness.

It's yours in a sleek compact filled with the
creamy flawless shade that's perfect for you.

Fresh Cream, Cling Peach, Tea Rose,
Fresh Beige, Beige Blush, Country Tan.

The real makeup attitude needs
Smokesticks for eyes that smoulder.

Now you can have the first eye makeup with all the
color and control of an artist's pencil. A few strokes of a

Smokestick brings out the drama deep down
in your eyes. In five smouldering shades—

Violet Ash, Green Smoke, Carbon Blue,
Cinder Smoke, Toasted Walnut.

The real makeup attitude needs
Summer Wine Lip Tints
for a vibrantly alive mouth.

Adventurous wine-taster shades to slick on and savor.

New depths of color. New dimensions in intensity.

New Tender Lip Tints in Claret Pink, Rum Swizzle,
Mulberry Punch, Sherry Fizz.

Estée Lauder







Warner Bros. Presents

LUCHINO VISCONTI'S "DEATH IN VENICE" reflected in **BILL BLASS** ROMANTIC LOOKS



"Death in Venice," Luchino Visconti's new film based on the Thomas Mann novella, is a haunting and provocative creation which is already causing great ripples of interest in the fashion world. Piero Tosi, the talented costume designer, brilliantly evokes the nonchalant and elaborate chic of Europe in 1912.

Bill Blass, gifted and versatile. Doge of the fashion scene, interprets the slim, soft silhouettes in an exciting and contemporary way. Here, his silk dress, trimmed with taffeta ribbon and his white cotton coat, thick with cotton lace. From Bill Blass' collection for men, his suit in white unfinished worsted. The shirt and tie are also by Blass.

BONWIT TELLER
NEW YORK CHICAGO

DAYTON'S
MINNEAPOLIS

BULLOCK'S-WILSHIRE
LOS ANGELES



Warner Bros. Presents

LUCHINO VISCONTI'S "DEATH IN VENICE" reflected in **BILL BLASS**' ROMANTIC LOOKS

Venice in the Edwardian age—the beautiful city in the romantic era—is the exquisite setting for a great composer's agonizing search for the realization of his dream of beauty personified. The stars of this dark and brooding masterpiece are Dirk Bogarde, Silvano Mangano and a Swedish boy, Bjorn Andresen.

It takes the imagination of a Bill Blass to turn yesterday's fashion inspiration into today's poetry. Here, his silk tunic and accordion-pleated pants, mistily printed with white flowers; and his silk dress with wrapped skirt and matte jersey top. The dashing windowpane-check man's suit in tones of beige also by Bill Blass.

BONWIT TELLER
NEW YORK CHICAGO

DAYTON'S
MINNEAPOLIS

BULLOCK'S-WILSHIRE
LOS ANGELES







Warner Bros. Presents
LUCHINO VISCONTI'S
"DEATH IN VENICE"
reflected in
BILL BLASS'
ROMANTIC LOOKS

Such is the respect that Visconti has for detail and authenticity that when Bogarde arrives at the Hotel des Bains, locale of the Mann story and of the film itself, his suitcases are actually packed with the clothes he wears in the film; and the stamps on letters in his briefcase are genuine Italian and German stamps of the period—cancelled, of course.

Bill Blass, too, has a great feeling for luxurious detail and perfection in design. Ineffably elegant at the shore, his delicate evening look in silk georgette; and the world's most romantic way to stay protected from the elements—his beige-and-black chintz cotton raincoat printed with Beardsley figures.

BONWIT TELLER
NEW YORK CHICAGO

DAYTON'S
MINNEAPOLIS

BULLOCK'S-WILSHIRE
LOS ANGELES



calandre

le parfum de l'époque



BONWIT
TELLER

PEEL O MATIQUE REMOVES THE DRY DEAD SKIN

..~[*revealing the soft young under-layer*]~..



Why does your body remain years younger looking than your face? Because daily bathing or showering, plus the gentle friction of clothing causes the tiny dead skin tissues to continually be removed, letting fresh skin take its rightful place—while face and hands are exposed to the harsh elements (sun, wind, dust, etc.) and the dead, dried-out skin tissue does not shed as fast. This dry layer of skin forms a congesting film that 'locks-in' telltale aging lines and skin blemishes!

It is no longer necessary to suffer the so-called ravages of time. The gentle assist from PEEL O MATIQUE will challenge crows feet, lines above the lips, blemishes, deeply etched wrinkles and crepey skin in three steps used in the privacy of your boudoir. PEEL O MATIQUE will gently remove the dead, dry-layer and allow the skin that renews itself daily to come through.

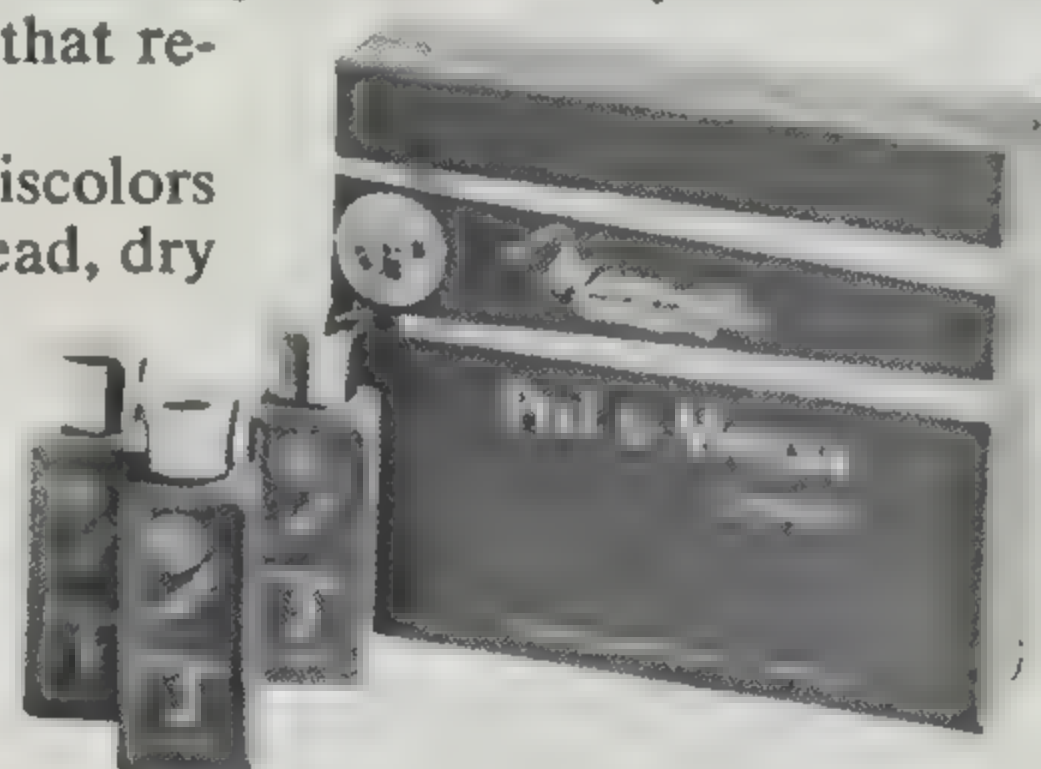
Just as waxed floor builds up a screen so thick it discolors and hides the true value of the surface—so does the dead, dry layer of your skin prevent the loveliness of your complexion from coming through. Even the most potent of lotions can't penetrate this shield to work their magic. PEEL O MATIQUE will enable you to

derive the potential benefits of cosmetics and creams.

Look at the smoothness of your man's face. He may have laugh lines around his eyes, or creases on the forehead, but the lower part of his face is wrinkle free. Why? Because daily shaving removes that outer layer of useless cuticle skin that locks in wrinkles, blemishes and lines.

The three steps of PEEL O MATIQUE are gentle to even the most sensitive skin. Phase I is massaged into the skin. You continue massaging until you feel the shedding take place (like rubbing off skin tissue following a sunburn). Phase II is a firming protective lotion applied to your 'new' skin. Phase III supplements your skin with the natural nutrients of pure protein. It takes but minutes to apply ...and in a matter of weeks the results will be obvious to everyone!

Non-allergic PEEL O MATIQUE is for the back of hands too. Prominent veins recede when the skin is permitted to 'plump out.' Surface spots and blemishes vanish along with that crepey texture. You are going to love looking more beautiful, younger!



Please send order to your nearest Bonwit Store

BONWIT TELLER

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Jenkintown • Chicago • Oakbrook • Cleveland • Boston • Troy • Palm Beach.

Please charge my account and send me:

- ☐ PEEL O MATIQUE 3 Phase Facial Kit \$20
☐ PEEL O MATIQUE 3 Phase Hand Kit \$20.

account number [] [] []

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Add sales tax where applicable. Mailing charges will be added outside regular delivery area.

for a young face...lovelier hands PEEL O MATIQUE by MARENGO



Get your season off to a galloping
start in Act III's thoroughbred
polyester seersucker pantsuiting.

Taupe or navy blazed with
white markings for 8 to 16 sizes.


Pants \$24. Jacket \$38.

Town and Travel Separates.

Photographed with Jockey Laffit Pincay, Jr.

B
Bullock's
Southern California

DOWNTOWN · PASADENA · WESTWOOD · SANTA ANA · SAN FERNANDO · LAKEWOOD · DEL AMO · LA HABRA



Lead the rest of the
pack down the
homestretch in
Crantex Blue Indigo
pacesetters of Avril®
rayon and cotton.

Split skirt \$17.

Shortpants \$10.

Tie shirt
\$14. All in

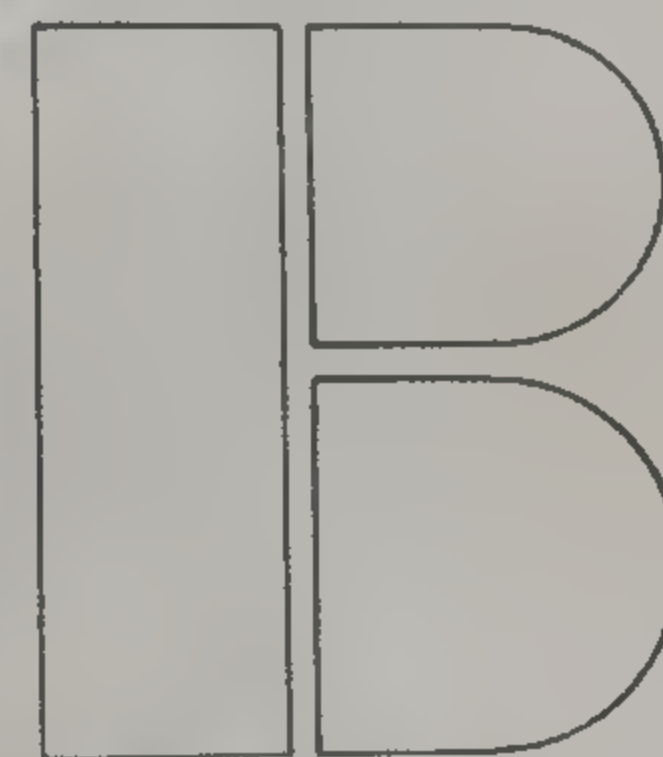
5 to 13

sizes by

St. Cloud.

Collegienne

Sportswear.



Bullock's
Southern California

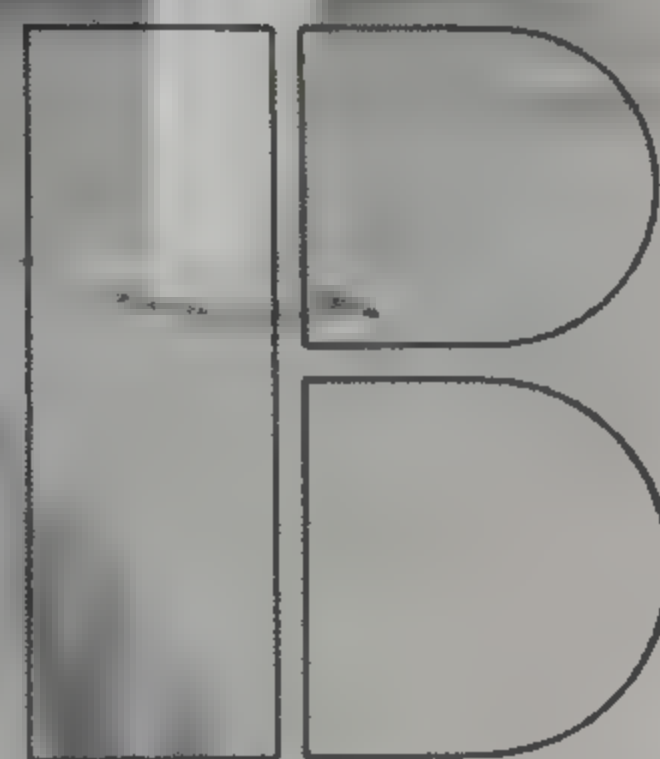
Photographed at beautiful Hollywood Park Racetrack in Inglewood, California.



Hollywood Park's Lakeside Turf Course is set amid spectacular infield lakes and gardens.



Put your money on the double entry
in lilac by Giorgio de Sant' Angelo
out of Great Times. Washable Antron®
nylon in S-M-L sizes. Blouson top \$22.
Minipants \$16. Shrink top \$12. Wrap skirt \$30.
Collegienne Sportswear. Registered trademark of Du Pont.



Bullock's
Southern California



Should a lady save her shorts for backyard gardening? Not by a longshot. Ellen Tracy parlays them handily through the season jacketed in pewter or brown polyester for 5 to 13 sizes. \$36. Collegienne Sportswear

B
Bullock's
Southern California



Hollywood Park — 32,000 stables for 1600 of the world's fastest Thoroughbreds.

APPROX ODDS WIN PLACE SHOW

You're a spirited filly and you play for the highest stakes. St. John Knits pay off across the board in crocheted washable acrylic. White, pink or avocado for 6-16 sizes \$150. Town and Travel Knits.

Hollywood Park sponsors the Railbird Club for early morning racing fans of all ages.

BB

Bullock's
Southern California



Make a grandstand play
in the suiting that's
10 furlongs ahead
of everything else
in the field.
Hickey-Freeman
hand-tailors
impeccable
polyester knit in
subtle checks \$245.
The Men's Store.

B
Bullock's
Southern California

Hollywood Park, the Track of the Lakes and Flowers, open April 14 to July 26.





Photographed at D.D. Linnick

You Haven't Really Changed

You keep revolutionizing your wardrobe to stay in the eye of the fashion storm. You're more unfettered than ever with the new feminist freedom. But you haven't really changed. Some time ago, for instance, you chose from Eaton's Open Stock for your personal letter paper because of its timeless good taste. And isn't it nice you can always get enough envelopes for the paper, enough paper for the envelopes? Eaton's prestige letter papers tastefully reflect your fashion awareness.

Your letters say more on ***Eaton's***
Eaton Paper Division of **textron** Pittsfield, Mass. 01201



Not a care in the world.

So much to feel and do. Anything's possible. Go ahead and try it.
There's nothing at all to worry about. Care-free 100% Kanekalon modacrylic wigs.

Keep-easy hair by **Kanekalon**[®] modacrylic fiber

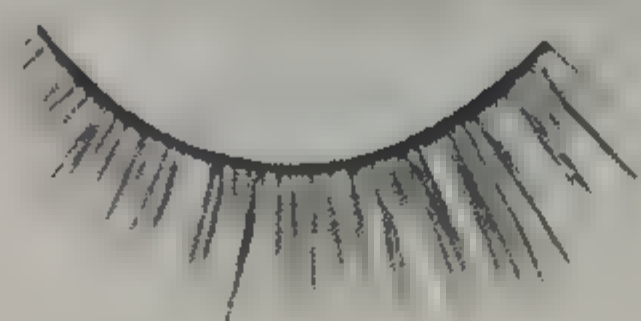
A black and white photograph showing a hand holding a single eyelash over a body of water. The hand is positioned as if about to drop the eyelash into the water. The background shows a shoreline with trees and a clear sky.

ANDREA invents WASH 'N WEAR Eyelashes

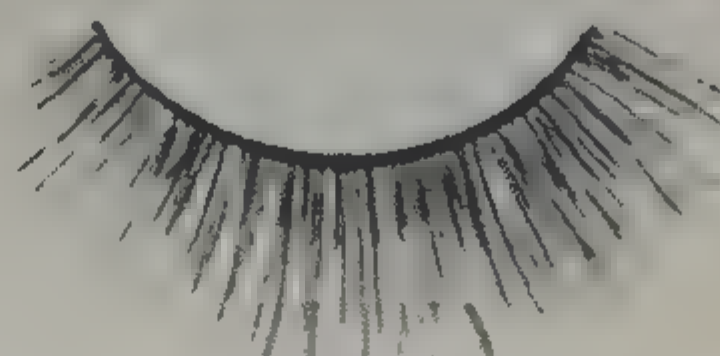
introducing the
Easy Care—Easy Wear Eyelash,
the soakable droop-proof miracle lash that's self-curling,
self-renewing, floating-light, virtually indestructible.
The most practical thing that's happened to beautiful
lashes, to keep them beautiful, since ANDREA made them
fashionable. In a fabulous flotilla of ANDREA styles,
at better cosmetics counters. \$5.00.



Dip-Tips



See Nymphs



Hi-Tides



Deep Sees



Scuba-Dubas



Loreleis



Surfers



Swansweeps



Undersees

ANDREA

Wash 'N Wear Eyelashes



Lifeboys (Tops and Bottoms)

the six-month beauty sleep

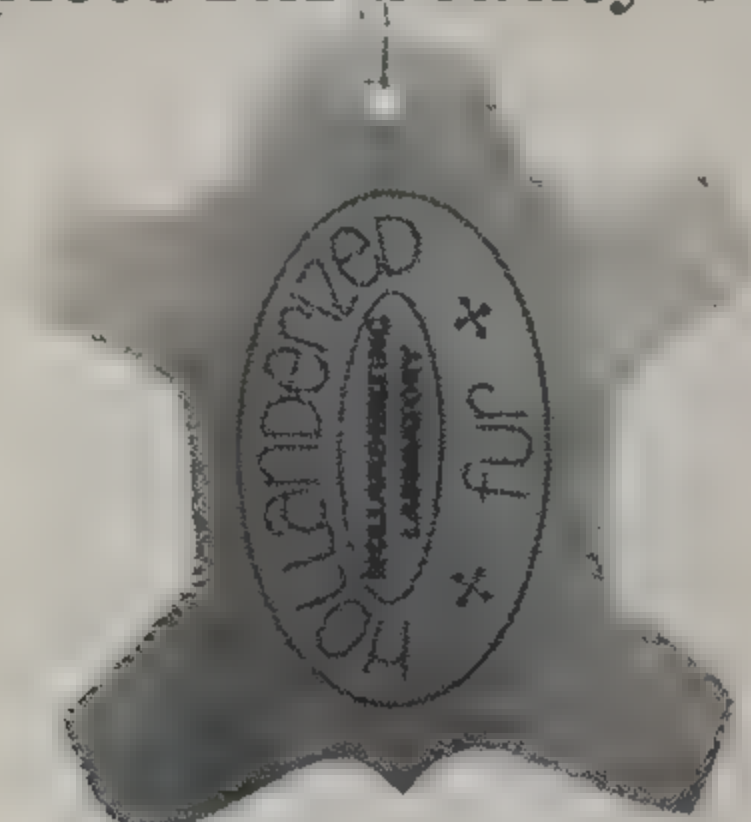


1. First, off to the Hollander laboratories for that special rejuvenation grooming to bring back body and lustre.
2. Then, into a cool, temperature and humidity-controlled bonded vault for a safe summer slumber.

It's the only way to keep your precious furs looking young and new!

HOLLANDERIZING

the complete fur beauty treatment



Only this tag guarantees Hollander Laboratory processing. Available at better furriers and department stores everywhere.



This is Eau de Love.

These are the things that make Eau de Love™ subtle, yet stirring:

Jasmin. (Because it smells like spring.)
 Orange Blossoms. (Because they're light and feminine.)
 Oak Moss. (Because it's cool and green.)
 Mediterranean Rose. (Because it's sophisticated.)
 Geranium. (Because it's fresh.)
 Sandalwood. (Because it's modern.)
 Lavender. (Because it's romantic.)

There are nine stirring ways you can wear Eau de Love:

Eau de Love Perfume Essence.
 Eau de Love Spray Perfume.
 Eau de Love cologne.
 Eau de Love Spray.
 Eau de Love Bathing Foam.
 Eau de Love Body Moisture.
 Eau de Love Dusting Gloss.
 Eau de Love Frosted Splash.
 Eau de Love Bath Perfume Oil.

Love Cosmetics by Menley & James.

THIS IS LOVE IN 1971

**THE MARLA BY ABBOTT.
THE FIRST WIG WITH
A HAIRLINE YOU CAN DO JUST
ABOUT ANYTHING WITH.**

The Marla is the first wig with a hairline that's as flexible and natural as your own hairline.

So flexible and natural you can have 3 different hairlines with only one wig. You can brush the Marla back off the face. You can flip it into chic, full-flowing bangs. And, you can flip it to the side for a classic, natural look. All this with no cutting or setting.

And after you've got the hairline you want, you can brush the rest of the wig into any number of fashionable styles.

The Marla is created by the famous fashion designer Halston and is specially cut and styled before you buy it. And it's only about \$40.

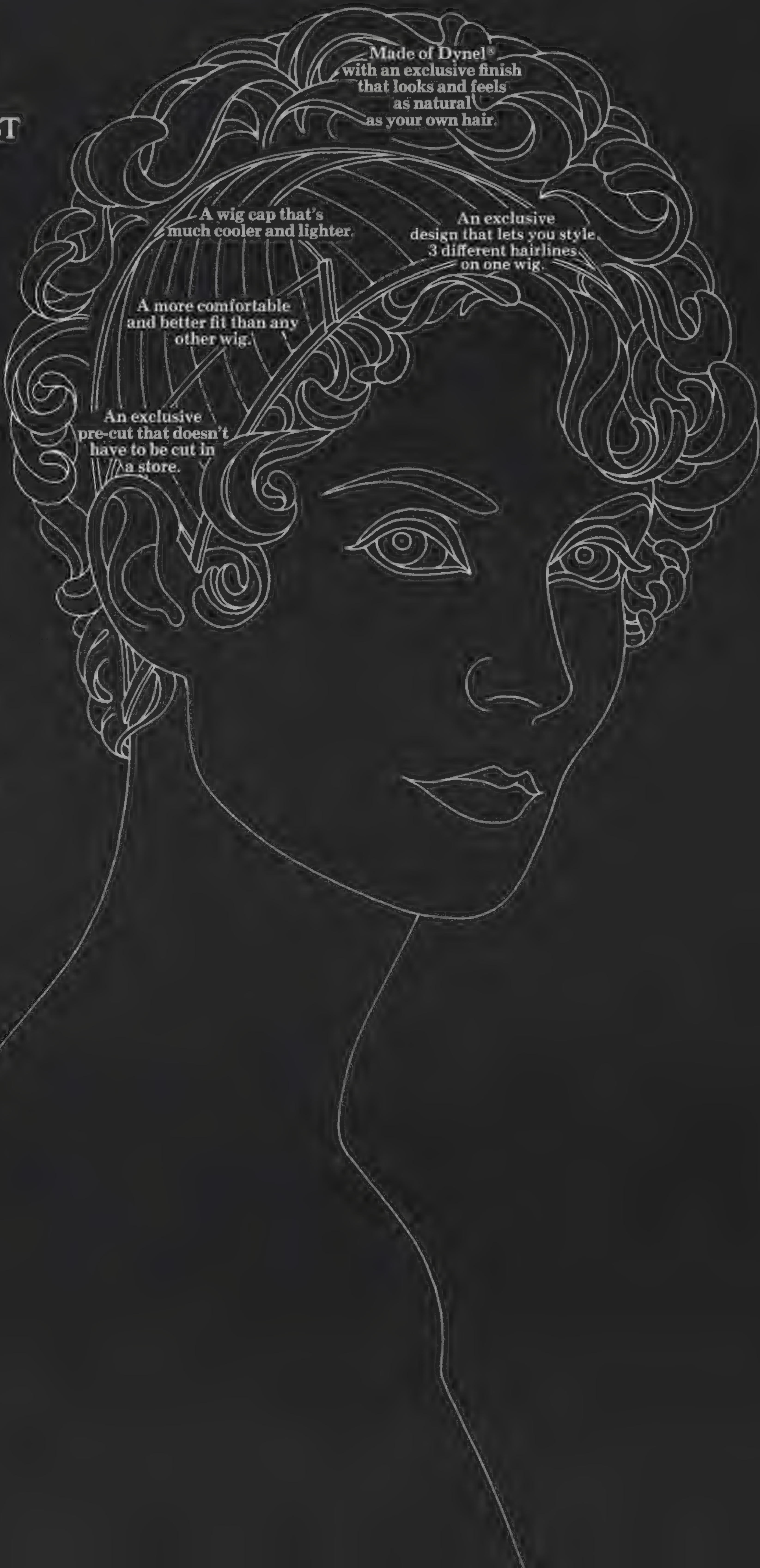
It comes in 20 beautiful colors to enhance every skin shade. And every Abbott wig looks and feels so natural, even you can't tell you're wearing a wig.

So remember: the next time you get a wig, get the Marla by Abbott.

And get the hairline you've always wanted: one just like your own.

ABBOTT™

The hair nature should have given you.™



Made of Dynel®
with an exclusive finish
that looks and feels
as natural
as your own hair.

A wig cap that's
much cooler and lighter.

An exclusive
design that lets you style
3 different hairlines
on one wig.

A more comfortable
and better fit than any
other wig.

An exclusive
pre-cut that doesn't
have to be cut in
a store.



**THREE BEAUTIFUL HAIRLINES
FROM ONE BEAUTIFUL WIG.**

Top: Classic natural look.
Middle: Chic, full-flowing bangs.
Bottom: Off the face look.



1

3

2



Needlepoint design shows you how this cuddly cub came from the black-and-white page of a magazine, and the process by which he came to live with relatives—one real leopard skin, one needlepointed faux •

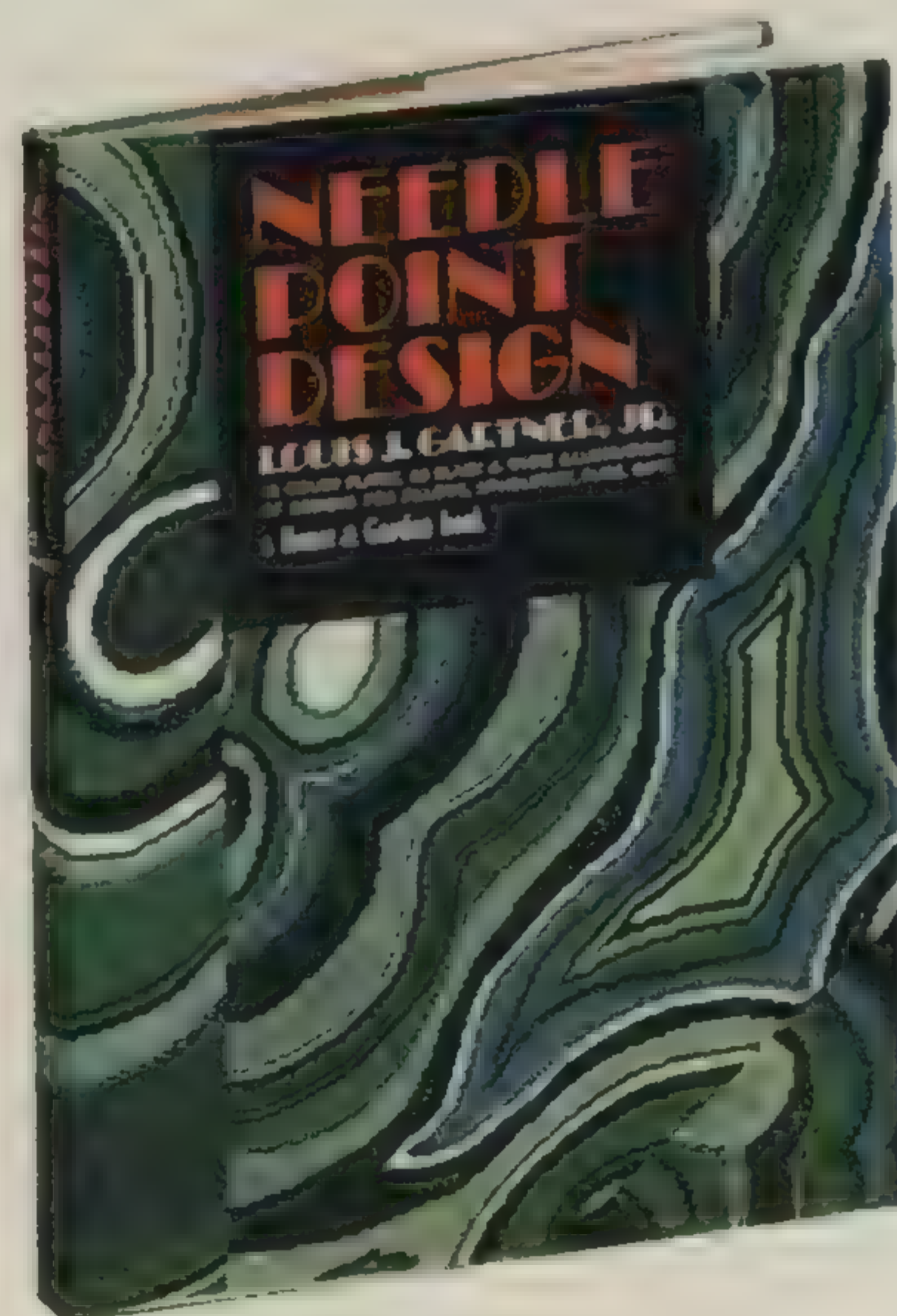
Needlepoint the designs you want, and save up to 80%

Louis J. Gartner, Jr.'s **NEEDLEPOINT DESIGN** is the first book ever written showing you how to design your own needlepoint instead of having to buy whatever prepared canvases you can find. It's not only more fun to do your own . . . you can also save up to 80% of the cost of needlepoint sold in shops!

NEEDLEPOINT DESIGN is a comprehensive needlepoint book, with complete information on canvases and wools and where to buy them; how to do the several forms of the needlepoint stitch; how to refine your way of stitching; how to prepare a canvas, work your designs, even block the finished product.

Over 100 of the author's original designs—forty in full color, over sixty to do in your own choice of colors, with a special beginner's chapter on coloring your own. Designs range from graceful flower patterns to Op-art motifs, old-fashioned samplers, to the dazzling modern "malachite" of the bookjacket, a nest of fragile robin's eggs to fool-the-eye animal skins.

Make anything you wish . . . from small gifts and pillows to ambitious upholstery and rugs. With this book to guide you in arriving at your own designs, you can do needlepoint that you couldn't buy anywhere, at any price, one-of-a-kind designs as easy or as challenging as you wish.



NEEDLEPOINT DESIGN debuted just before Christmas and was swept from the shelves. The second printing is now ready, yours to order for just \$15.95—about 1/3rd the price of a to-buy needlepoint design!

• Order your copy of **NEEDLEPOINT DESIGN** today. Start soon to needlepoint your own designs . . . originals . . . true expressions of your artistry.

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What's the difference between an American bath and a French bath?

What's the difference between an American lover and a French lover?

With Rochas, you get stroked along your arms and legs and under your chin and in the crook of your elbow and kissed on the back of your neck and behind your ear where you love it so, with an expert French softness and sweetness you've never felt in the bath before.

Creations for the Bath and After. Cosmetically formulated. The Foam Bath Cream. The Bath Oil. The Soap. The Body Cream with moisturizer. The Spray Deodorant. The Dusting Powder. The Talcum Powder. All are perfumed by a French man's French woman. Madame Rochas.



Parfums Marcel Rochas

Love your hair



New Wella Care® Herbal Shampoo.

Washes natural beauty into your hair.

For centuries, herbs have been used to clean and beautify. Now Wella has blended nine herb extracts, rare and fragrant, into a rich shampoo concentrate. Wella Care Herbal Shampoo makes hair silky and lustrous, gives it a wonderful extra-body feel, and helps fight dandruff, too. So don't just shampoo your hair. Let new Wella Care Herbal Shampoo wash natural beauty into every strand. With the magic of herbs.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care. Ask your hairdresser.



The most unmistakable perfume in the world.
Le De Givenchy.
Created to identify his following.



Some sprays hide it. Some sprays mask it. But Vespré actually prevents intimate odor.

Made especially for the external vaginal area. Unlike sprays that only hide odor, Vespré* feminine hygiene deodorant actually stops odor-causing bacteria. Contains twice the active odor-fighter of other leading sprays.

Tested by gynecologists. Vespré was tested in leading hospitals. It's so effective it works all day, every day of the month. But for all its effectiveness, Vespré proved safe.

Baby-powder fresh. Vespré smells fresh. Just like baby powder. Leaves you feeling totally clean. Totally confident, hour after hour.

Now there are two kinds of Vespré. Choose the light dry mist in the blue can, or the delicate new powder in the white can. Either way, you get more than just a deodorant. You get an intimate odor preventive that's fresh as baby powder.



Vespré. The Intimate Odor Preventive.



Nobody makes a make-up mirror like GE does. It is large so you get the big view. It has special filters, so there are no glares or shadows. Lamps that last and last and last and last. All this and four different light settings: day, office, home and evening. Two-faced, regular and magnified. If you're going to look your best, you ought to have the best.



Nobody makes a manicure set like General Electric does. Five attachments for buffing, smoothing, shaping, and so forth. Yes, the handle really fits the hand. And there's an ample cord for doing pedicures as well as manicures.



Nobody makes a hair dryer like GE. Heating units not only heat up 1-2-3, you get a big air whoosh to dry your hair fast, fast, fast. And there's a special mist attachment. Like the professionals, only more convenient, and a lot quieter.

The Beauty-Makers come from the people who make the best. General Electric. Now you know what to ask for, don't you?

The Beauty-Makers

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

If wigs are such a good idea, how come yours

You're bored with the style so your wig is in the closet. But that's all over now. Now you can change from straight to waves to curls and then go back to the original style whenever you want to. All because Monsanto made Elura to work beautifully with you. When you set Elura, it won't frizz in the heat of your electric rollers or your hair dryer. Come, see what the finest wig makers and hair stylists have done with Elura at the finest stores across the country.

Elura: the high performance hair that outdates all the others.



The Carnaby wig of Elura by Fashion Tress.

is lying in the closet?

That's why we're here.

elura[®] the first permanently set hair
Modacrylic that lets you change its style. From **Monsanto**.

©Monsanto registered trademark licensed for wigs and hairpieces meeting its prevailing minimum quality standards.

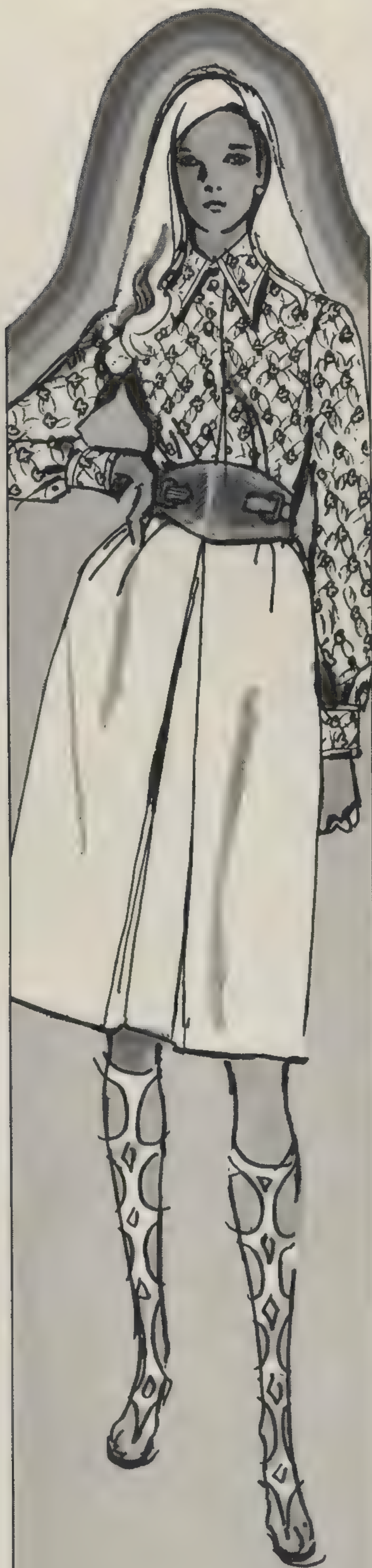


Same girl. Same wig.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT



Dept. of Weights and Measures



HOWARD WOLF

One-piece double woven polyester skirt with double knit Dacron® polyester leno shirt. At May D & F, Denver; Kilpatricks, Omaha; Younkers, Des Moines; and other fine stores. Circa \$50

Howard B. Wolf, Inc./498 Seventh Ave., N. Y. or Dallas



Hot pants

Smart exercisers know that putting an extra little something on can take a little extra off. The case in point—crackling plastic sweat pants—the wherewithal for with-it girls like Judy Carne, above, who wears them for dancing warm-ups and exercise workouts. Funny to look at—all baggy, saggy, and wrinkly—they sound even funnier—snap, crackle, and popping. The idea behind the noise, and the heat they generate, is to make you work up a really good sweat that may help you lose pounds as well as inches. Certainly does the trick for K. C. Townsend who scored as big blond Flora from Frisco in *No, No, Nanette*. A true believer, K. (for Kathleen) C. (for Carol), never goes anywhere without her sweatsuit—tops along with the pants. Always wears them for dance and exercise classes. And—more importantly—for the smash-crash program she's schemed up for instant weight loss (necessary for spur-of-the-moment TV commercials with their camera-added poundage). Works this way: "First I put on my leotard. Then I wrap myself up in Saran Wrap—around arms and legs. Then I put on a weight belt. And over

this, the sweatsuit. I take two water pills, go to two exercise classes in one day, and only have lemon juice. Or maybe a tiny bit of cottage cheese or grapefruit juice. A miracle, it really works—I can lose ten pounds overnight!" We wouldn't dream of trying this routine ourselves without the okay of a local medical board. But as for the idea of working out in hot pants—pretty cool way to take off the few inches you don't want to show off in your other guess-what pants. The sweat pants, here, from Capezio's dance division.

Shake-break

What can you expect if you indulge in a shake break at 11:00 A.M., maybe another at 4:00? A determined figure-controller we know maintains firmly that, with such apparent indiscretions, you can expect weight stabilization. Her present figure—brought into line, she said, on a 900-calorie-a-day diet, and now clearly, smashingly *kept* in line—is a convincing reason for heeding her theories. "The pick-ups are not extra calories," she explained. "I think of them as loans from the next meal. The terrific thing is that, while the flagging energy is being raised, the raging appetite is being lowered." Pressed for details, she revealed that, not surprisingly, it's what goes into the shake that counts. What goes in is nutritious Carnation Instant Slender (now *naturally* sweetened) in Wild Strawberry, Chocolate, more chocolate of Dutch, Milk, Malt, and Marshmallow persuasions, and French Vanilla, which a dash of coffee plus a spritz of mint can turn into something different, equally splendid. The calorie count, per packet, is 225 blended with whole milk, 164 when the mixer is skimmed. Thus, two skimmed Slender shakes, whipped to a deliciously filling froth, leave plenty of leeway for the varied diet of meats, eggs, vegetables, fruits, grains nutritionists say every body needs. Number of calories for weight control is an individual matter, best checked with one's own doctor. Further weight control advice from our shake-break advocate: eat slowly . . . walk briskly . . . think Slenderly. (P.S. If you like your mixing done for you, premixed Slender is available in cans @ 225 calories per.)

Farewell to
the ugly cigarette.
Smoke pretty. eve.



The newest way to express
your love of pretty things. That's Eve.
The first truly feminine cigarette. With
pretty filter tip. Pretty pack. Rich,
yet gentle flavor. Eve. For the lady with taste.
Also, with menthol.

Filter: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method. (Jan. '71)



Only clean skin can be beautiful.
And no cream or lotion cleans as deep and naturally
as the Lady Schick Mist Facial.

Cleansing creams, facial masks, lotions—can they get your skin completely clean?
The Lady Schick Mist Facial can. Because it deep-cleans naturally. With gentle Beautifying Mist. Beautifying Mist opens the pores. Cleanses skin thoroughly. Frees skin of all impurities. Without goopy ingredients that re-clog or dry out your skin. Beautifying Mist adds moisture, too. So your skin will look young. And it stimulates circulation. So your skin will look healthy. The Lady Schick Mist Facial. It's the best thing for a beautiful complexion.

Lady Schick
First Lady in Beauty Care

If coloring gives you a case of the frizzies, Protein 21 Shampoo can help you beat them.



Sure, changing colors can improve on nature. Trouble is, it can fight nature, too.

You don't need a professor to tell you that changing your color can just plain make hair dead-looking. But with a little education you can do something about making your hair look nice and healthy again.

You see, hair is almost all protein. The more protein it loses, the shabbier-looking it can get.

All sorts of things—like sun and hair dryers—can take away protein. But colorings and bleaches can *really* rob your hair of protein.

So you can end up with dull, dry, brittle hair. And split ends. In other words, coloring can give you a bad case of frizzies.

But if you use Protein 21 Shampoo regularly, we can help you. Because Protein 21 is loaded with protein to help make your hair look alive again.

Out goes dirt. In goes protein.

Protein 21 has an incredibly rich, thick, foamy lather. Which gets your hair really squeaky clean. But the real trick is, while you're lathering dirt and

oils out of your hair, you're actually lathering in the good stuff—protein.

Incredible body, control, softness and sheen.

You'll find that you've actually lathered in extra *body*. So when your hair dries it feels thicker and has an exceptional tendency to behave. You'll find it less fly-away, yet softer feeling, even at the ends.

And what you'll really like is, you'll see it really shine. Shine like good healthy hair is supposed to shine, instead of looking all dried out.

The disappearing splits.

The most amazing thing about our formula is that if you use it regularly, it can actually help make split ends disappear. Actually help you beat those split end frizzies. You'll probably find that after several months of regular use even more splits will have disappeared than did in the first couple of weeks.

In short, Protein 21 *puts back* that healthy, lively, shiny look that coloring can take out. And it helps make split ends disappear.

That's what our shampoo does. What does your shampoo do?



Human hair with split end, magnified 50 times.



Same hair. After putting on Protein 21 and water, the split disappears.

Protein 21 Shampoo really helps you beat the frizzies.



NOMAD. Modacrylic Fiber. From the Ghedini Collection at fine department stores and beauty salons everywhere.

I could never love a wig. I could only love a woman.

If I, Armando Ghedini, did not love women, could I have created Nomad?

If I did not adore them, could I be so brilliant in styling this wig?

Would I give them 26 colors to choose from? Would I give them curls to comb?

I want them to be gorgeous gypsies. Wicked gypsies. Mysterious gypsies.

I do it with the Nomad. It brings out the fire. The sparkle. And the excitement of their personalities.

Women. I love them. That is why I make the Nomad. And they are so grateful.

Be grateful for Ghedini.

North American Fashions, Inc., New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Hong Kong.

Can a lace bra feel and look skin smooth? Believe it.



Smooth-As-You™ is what we call it. It looks pretty much like any other bra. Until you wear it. Then it behaves like no other bra ever.

First of all, we've put a veil of tricot on top of the lace cups, so that no bumpy pattern can show through.

And behind the lace we've added another layer of tissue tricot that makes Smooth-As-You amazingly *soft* to wear. Yet it is so *strong* that it gives Smooth-As-You a unique measure of support.

All the rest is stretch, to lift and separate and define. You look as good as you feel in Smooth-As-You. No artificial points. No angularity. No fake-

ness. Rounded. Smooth. Believable.

After all, we designed Smooth-As-You for the woman who thinks beauty should be believable.

And now, a woman who wants an extra measure of support (and great comfort) can wear Smooth-As-You, in the new underwire version.

You'll find Smooth-As-You at your favorite store, in A to DD cups, regular, underwire and longline.

Smooth-As-You by Warner's



Fashions by Chuck Howard

Warner's® designs the believable body
THE WARNACO GROUP

AMERICA

WHERE YOU CAN LOOK LIKE THIS
AND DO ALL THAT



America.

Land of the beautiful women.

Home of the world's most able sportswomen who thrive in the great outdoors.

If you have the sun and the wind and the sea in your soul, then you're our kind of woman.

And, to show you just how important you are to us, we'll make certain you'll never look anything less than healthy and wholesome and fantastic, no matter how active you are.

And obviously, to look good is to feel good.

Our simple method:

MOISTURE LOTION So you can stay creamy and silky even when you're up against salty winds, parching sun, chapping snow.

LIP GLOSS Here's the only coat of protection you'll ever need out there. Plus, all the smoothness, softness and lustre you could ever want.

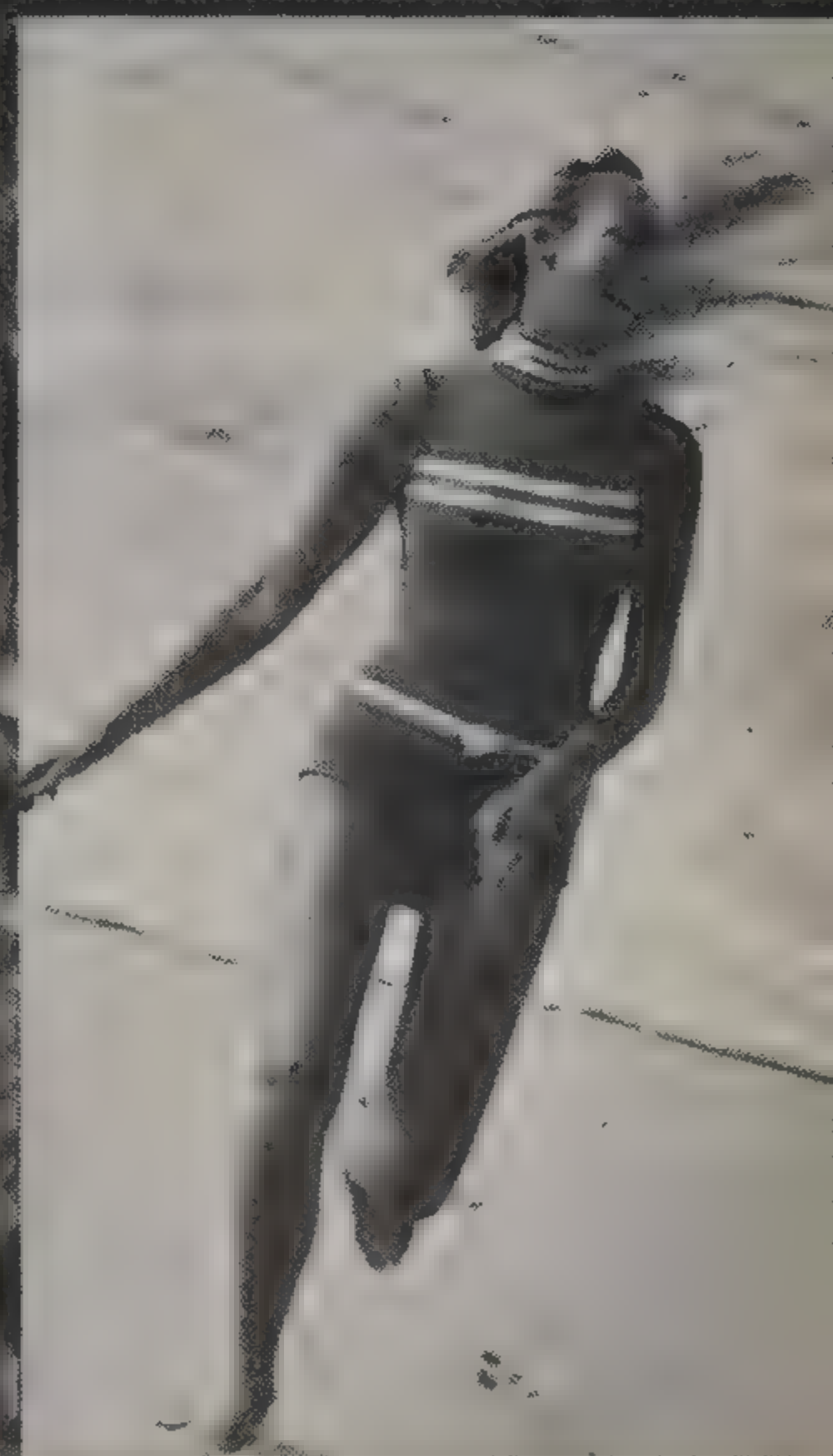
HAIR CONDITIONER After a beating from surf and sun, this will help your hair win back its body, bounce and brilliance.

TEN-O-SIX® LOTION A matchless way to clean off all that gook that has collected on your face after a day of play. It helps keep blemishes from occurring, too.

SURE TAN To turn you into a rich brown right down to your toes. What's more, you can forget about burning or shedding layers of skin.



Bonne Bell®
Lakewood, Ohio 44107





First we helped you
grow beautiful nails.
Now we'll do something
beautiful for your hair.

Nails are made of protein and keratin. rrp nail conditioner is made of protein and keratin, too. That is why it helps you grow your own beautiful nails.

Which brings us to your hair. Hair is also made of protein. That is why we've combined our very own, very rich natural protein with some good things we've

discovered for hair, to make a beautiful natural protein and keratin shampoo. It shampoos in loveliness, naturally, as it cleans. And makes your hair glow, too. Try it. rrp natural protein hair and scalp conditioner.

We made it so that after you grow beautiful nails, you'll have someplace beautiful to run them through.



rrp natural protein preparations for beautiful skin, hair and nails.
At fine drug and department stores.

She didn't buy this sleek Henry Friedricks coat of Qiana® for how it would look after a day and a half of travel.



But since it's made from fabric of Qiana* nylon, it *does* have exceptional resistance to wrinkles. And it *will* stay clean and fresh-looking even after days of travel.

Still, "Qiana" does other things for this twill coat that are far more important than that. Gives

it lustrous texture, radiant color and a feeling of extravagance and luxury that can make anybody forget whether it's wrinkle-resistant or not.

Of course, none of this tells you the one thing you'd really like to know. Which is simply where to find it.

And that's in sizes six to sixteen, for around one hundred and fifteen dollars, in Cincinnati, at Gidding-Jenny; in Indianapolis, at L. S. Ayres & Co.; in Los Angeles, at Bullock's Wilshire; in New York, at Lord & Taylor; at Montaldo's, all stores.

Qiana®
nylon

*Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

So luxurious you'd never suspect it's practical.



infini



New Infini. A beginning without end.

Parfums **CARON** Paris

BEAUTY CHECKOUT



Rebirth announcement

Grand opening in Nassau this summer: Renaissance, a new revitalization clinic where—supervised by a staff of doctors under perhaps the chief youth guru of them all, Dr. Ivan Popov—you can partake of all sorts of treatments under one roof, including biostimulated chicken eggs, cell therapy, and Thalassotherapy, the last a series of treatments using biologically active sea water. This popular and reputedly effective method of revitalization has been hitherto unavailable this close to home; until Renaissance, Thalassotherapy meant a trek to the famous Brittany spas. Renaissance may be just the cure for the “illness of civilization,” as Dr. Popov calls it—a safety valve for the pressures of modern life in the tranquil setting of sea and sand and sun. . . . For more information, write Renaissance, Balmoral Hotel, Box 128, Nassau, Bahamas.

The sports score

Mrs. John Elliott, Jr., reports that golf is a sensational figure-shaping exercise: “After twenty-six rounds of golf in thirteen days in Scotland last spring, I had lost one-and-a-half inches in the three classic dimensions. Weight remained the same (so nice to get thin while eating trifle and treacle!). Pleasanter than regimented exercise, too. (It should be noted that golf is played much faster by Scots than by Americans.)” . . . *Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dauphinot of Nassau play tennis year round at the Lyford Cay Club. Penny finds the Lacoste turnouts the only sensible thing to wear. Has three racquets—wood, steel, composition—and, unlike most tennis players, finds that switching them gives her the necessary psychological lift whenever she has an off day. Also claims a change from wood to steel helped clear up a tennis elbow. . . . For scuba diving: the most comfortable maillot, tons of moisturizer. . . . For any sport: a good watch. . . . The Walter Kohlers play golf at the Mill Reef Club in Antigua under blazing sun, protect faces against sun-and-wind burn, glare lines, with a good slathering of Elizabeth Arden’s Eight Hour Cream; used it at St. Andrew’s in Scotland vs. wind and rain. . . . Mrs. William Talbert says that she, Bill, and sons all lavish themselves with Lubriderm, a non-goopy, unscented moisturizer that can go under makeup; she uses it head to toe as protection against heat, cold, dryness. Always carries a box of Band-Aids. Keeps a flask of Bonne Bell’s Super Shower in luggage, a concentrated shampoo which serves any soaping need. . . . Tennis miscellany: Seems that bad knees or elbows shouldn’t be ace-banded without a doctor’s direction, as it could do more harm than good, exerting pressure in the wrong places or cutting off circulation; two pairs of socks—thin nylon under soft wool—recommended to protect feet against blisters on hard surfaces such as paddle tennis courts, slate courts; tennis players who travel are wearing their drip-dry Lacoste shirts and shorts right into the shower—this saves time, gets around the lack of quick laundry facilities at some clubs. . . . Catherine Plegat, a young French dazzler who lives in Monaco, water skis all summer long. Tawny, but always wears Noskote and an all-over layer of Nivea Cream (stocks up when she’s in New York); wears no makeup whatsoever; tucks her long hair under a hat when skiing, rinses it in fresh water as soon as she gets to shore, shampoos each evening before dinner. When she races, wears fingerless car-racing gloves against blisters, elasticized bikinis in case of spills. . . . In and out of water: lots of gold chains plus a fantastic assortment of charms and medallions, worn by men and women. . . . This cheering remark by an attractive European male: “American women have diet and exercise so ingrained in them that most of them have perfect figures all their lives.” Nice. . . .*

Moustaches Are Meant For Men



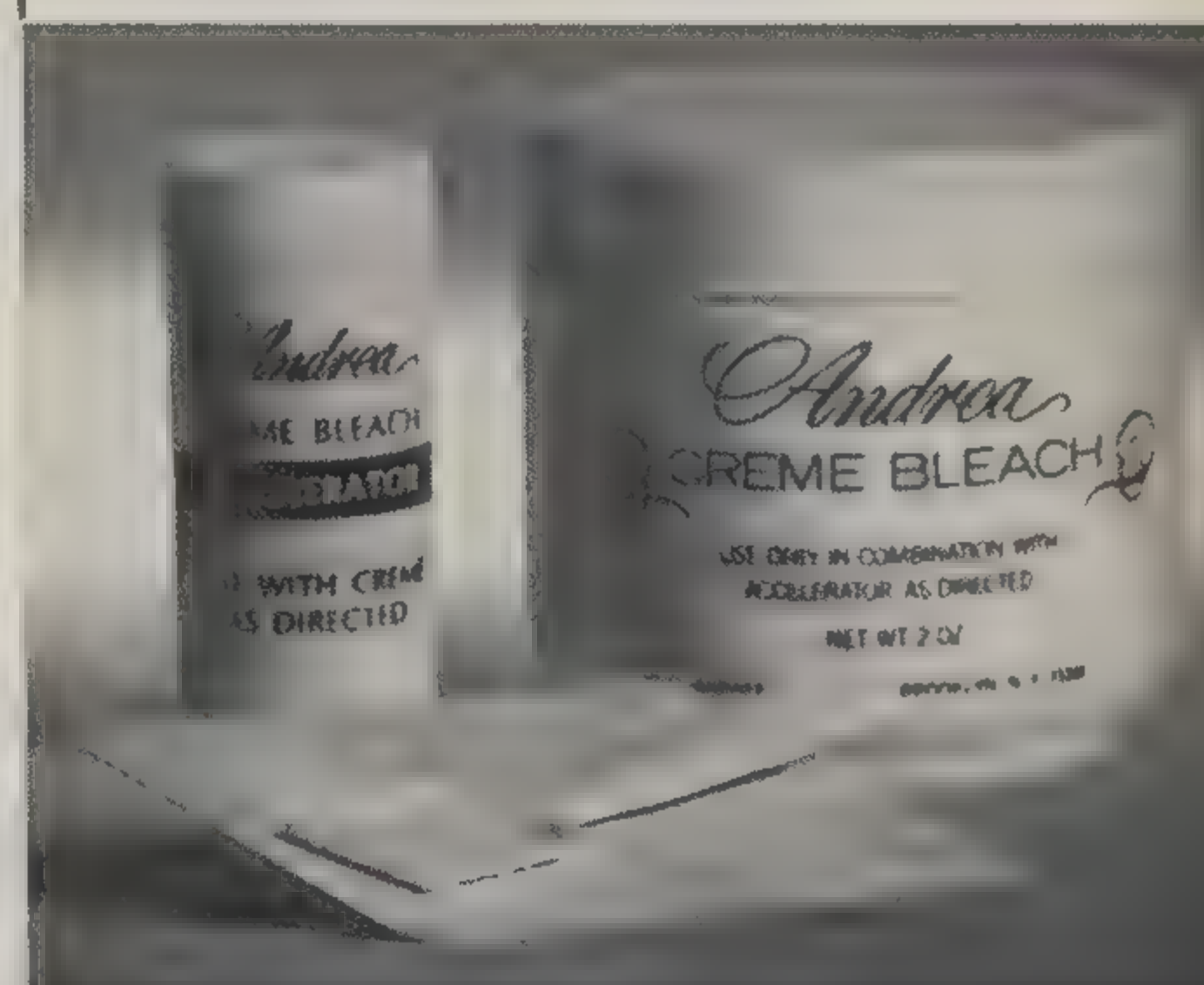
New Super-Lightener Creme Bleach Liberates Women From Unsightly Hair

Hair in the right place is equally beautiful on both sexes. Elsewhere—on face, arms, legs—it’s still *Vive la difference!*

Female hair problems fade out of view . . . when you lighten those unwanted hairs with this latest product of Andrea’s advanced beauty thinking. Quick, like lightning, superfluous hairs blend into natural skin tones. Simple . . . effective . . . medically tested and approved for even the most sensitive skin.

2 oz. \$3.00 4 oz. \$5.00

At better cosmetics counters



ANDREA



Tampax tampons. Because it's no fun just watching the fun.

The gang's out there having a terrific time. How about you?

Can't go swimming because it's the wrong time of the month? Wrong!

A doctor developed Tampax tampons for girls like you.

They come in three absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. And they're worn internally.

The silken-smooth container-applicator makes them easy and comfortable to insert.

And their gentle three-way expansion gives you dependable protection.

They're easy to remove because the withdrawal cord is safety-stitched.

And both applicator and tampon are completely flushable.

There are so many reasons for trying Tampax tampons.

But the best still is: no one likes being left out of the fun.



Right from the start...

TAMPAX
tampons

MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

THESE TWO WOMEN ARE REDUCING THEIR WAISTS, TUMMIES, HIPS AND THIGHS

MARY LOU WILHELM

"I lost 11 excess inches using the remarkable trim-jeans and it happened so fast I could hardly believe it—but figures don't lie and here are mine: trim-jeans reduced my waist 2½ inches, my tummy 2 inches, my hips 2 inches and my thighs 2½ inches each. I ate normally—it took just 3 days—and best of all, the inches have stayed off."

THIS SUPER PRODUCT IS PRODUCING SUPER NEW SLENDERIZING FOR A HOST OF MEN AND WOMEN. HERE ARE JUST A FEW:

Miss Marilyn Mackay: "Would you believe I lost 3 inches from my waist, 4 inches from my tummy, 1½ inches from my hips and 3 inches from each thigh for a total loss of 14½ excess inches in just 3 days? Well, I did—and I did it with trim-jeans—and I'm terribly thrilled about the whole thing!"

Miss Carol Arrighi: "I used your marvelous trim-jeans a few minutes a day for 3 days in a row and reduced my waist from 26 to 24, my tummy from 31 to 29, my hips from 36 to 34 and my thighs from 23 to 21. My new measurements are just perfect for my height and it is just unbelievable that it took so little time and effort."

Mrs. Linda Saalsaz: "In just 3 days my waist went from 29 inches to 25 inches—my hips from 39½ inches to 37 inches and my thighs from 24 inches to 21 inches with a total overall loss of 14½ inches with these wonder working trim-jeans—and all without the need for dieting."

with the
Fabulous New
SAUNA BELT™

TRIM-JEANS

The Amazing Space Age Slenderizer that is so sensationally effective it is . . .

PENNY DIX

"Incredible! I lost 7 full inches from my waist, hips and thighs the very first day I tried trim-jeans. Altogether I used them just 3 times and lost a total of 11¼ inches. The inches melted off so rapidly and right where I wanted to lose them: 2 inches off my waist, 2¼ inches off my tummy, 2 inches off my hips and 2½ inches off each thigh. No dieting, no discomfort and thanks to my trim-jeans my figure has never looked better."

TRIM-JEANS — THE SPACE AGE SLENDERIZER WITH RESULTS THAT ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD.

The trim-jeans are a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency. Once you have slipped them on, you are ready for the most astounding experience in rapid slenderizing you have ever known. Only trim-jeans has the unique features of design, including the exclusive super sauna-lock that permits the constant snug fit and solid support in all 4 areas—waist, tummy, hips and thighs—without which truly sensational results are not possible. We recommend that the trim-jeans be used a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first receive them and then several times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential inch loss. After that, for maintenance you can use the trim-jeans about twice a month or as often as you feel the need.

GUARANTEED TO REDUCE YOUR WAIST, TUMMY, HIPS AND THIGHS A TOTAL OF FROM 6 TO 9 INCHES IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

Here is how it works:



Miss Penny Dix has slipped into her trim-jeans and is inflating them with the handy little pump provided. She is now ready to perform her 'Magic Torso' movements, an exercise program designed specially for trim-jeans.



After a few pleasant moments—about 10 minutes or so—doing her 'Magic Torso' movements, Penny is now relaxing for an additional 20 minutes while keeping her trim-jeans on. That is all there is to it.



Penny now slips her trim-jeans off and checks her 'after' measurements. Remarkable! Penny lost 1 inch from waist, 2 inches from tummy, 1 inch from hips, 1½ inches from each thigh for a total measurement loss of 7 inches in just 1 brief session.

THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY GUARANTEE IN SLENDERIZING HISTORY. So many users of the trim-jeans obtain 'instant reducing'—are inches slimmer, inches trimmer in from just 1 to 3 sessions with this super slenderizer—are actually losing as much as a total of 7 or more inches from their waists, tummies, hips and thighs in just 1 session and up to 14 or more inches from 3 sessions. This principle produces really fantastic results. There may be variations of speed and/or degree of results due to individual differences in metabolism and body response. Not everyone may lose 7 inches in just 1 session and 14½ inches in three days but remember this: No matter what your metabolism, no matter what your body type, if you do not lose a total of from 6 to 9 inches from your waist, tummy, hips and thighs in just 3 days, you may return the trim-jeans and the entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

THE AMAZING TRIM-JEANS TAKE OFF INCHES WHERE THEY NEED TO COME OFF.

Your trim-jeans are designed to give you just the reducing effect you need where you need it . . . and the price of the trim-jeans is just \$13.95 and each pair carries a FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Here is the slenderizer supreme—trim-jeans—which we sincerely believe to be the easiest, fastest, most convenient, most sensationally effective waist, tummy, hip and thigh reducer ever discovered—with the most revolutionary guarantee in slenderizing history. So if you want trimmer, slimmer, sleeker measurements and you want them now, send for your trim-jeans today.

© Sauna Belt Inc. 1971, P. O. Box 3984
San Francisco, CA 94119/Pats. Pend.

TRIM-JEANS, P. O. Box 3984, Dept. V-11, San Francisco, CA 94119

Please send me _____ Sauna Belt trim-jeans along with complete easy to use instructions, including the 'Magic Torso' Exercise Program. I understand that if I do not lose a total of from 6 to 9 inches or more off my waist, tummy, hips and thighs in just 3 days I can at that time return the trim-jeans to TRIM-JEANS and receive my money back.

For each Sauna Belt trim-jeans and complete instructions I enclose \$13.95.

Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ (No COD's)

If you desire RUSH Air Mail, add \$1.25 for each trim-jeans.

Woman: Waist size _____ Hip size _____
Man: Waist size _____ Hip size _____

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

the last two words in home fashion thayer coggin

The bold square shapes. A new angle in fine furniture design by Milo Baughman for Thayer Coggin. Built for years and years of beautiful living. And fabric-finished with A.C.T., the super-repellent that keeps upholstery free from oil, grease and water staining. So it's beautifully practical, too.

ACT ALLIED CHEMICAL TECHNOLOGY / THE NEW SUPER REPELLENT FOR FABRICS

Allied
Chemical

Now waiting at fine stores everywhere.



VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

TEN NEW ARRIVALS

H

emlines may rise and hemlines may fall, but there's only one way for perfume to go and that's full-length. From heels to hair, all is deliciousness, pleasure, invitation, and to this worthwhile end, you are getting total cooperation from an attentive cosmetic world. Almost to a man, they are parlaying the perfumes we love into all-over deals, so that every time you anoint your body with oils or foams or creams, you're doing it in the same scrumptious scent you spray with on purpose. In fact, nifty new snifties appear almost daily. Here, some for the first time ever—some extensions of the fragrant familiar.

Variation on an air

All new perfumes have a special reason for being, and Ambiance, just arrived from France, has one of the best. Seems that some of the all-time great voluptuaries of the bath have been sidling around in an enticing haze of jasmin plus a lot of incognito flowers and roots, and if backed to the wall, they will admit they've been up to their chins in Ambiance bubbles and balms. Anyway, the Ambiance movement got to be so impressive that a full-strength perfume has been added to the bath group. It's a lucent topaz in colour, bottled in crystal, and has an unbelievable linger.

The oil and the pussycat

Who else but you, purring and strokable after a session with new Ultima Perfumed Shower Oil Spray by Revlon. It's an absolute dilly, every drop permeated with the spicy, shivery, deeply provocative smell of Ultima for all the spicy, deeply provocative women who adore Ultima in all forms. The oil, which sprays on pre- or post-showering (or bathing, if you prefer) absorbs quickly and un-messily, leaving the sleekest, most aromatic of surfaces.

For days and daze

One of the headiest perfumes to cross the Atlantic recently (gives one to wonder how many minds were sent reeling on the way) is Jean Desprez's Bal à Versailles. We gather the venture has met with stunning success, so much so that Monsieur Desprez has pressed on with a gentler daytime variation (presumably so people can get some work done). Parfum Du Jour, like Bal à Versailles perfume, bath oil, soap and so on, is throbbing with jasmin and roses from Bulgaria and about a hundred other ineffables, which gives you some idea of why the effects are so hypnotic.

Spray me with flacons

Whether you're sick with love or just convalescing, it should perk you up to know that Lanvin has bottled two of their most dependable prescriptions in tall, cut-crystal-looking flasks and capped them with error-proof, leakproof, un-losable spray tops. Spicy, sensuous My Sin and flower-cascaded Arpège are both newly and notably done up for home, travel, and largess giving.

An
IRMA SHORELL
discovery ...

Remarkable Deep Cleanser for Sensitive, Delicate Skin!



IRMA SHORELL

Women like myself have constantly hoped that a single cosmetic cleanser might be developed that would completely cleanse the skin of ALL the dirt, grime, stale makeup. **WITHOUT DRYING EFFECTS.**

Today—it is a reality with my **FORMULA FOR CLEANSING.** Based on a surgical scrub, it is predicated on the use of water and has solved the skin-cleansing dilemma for thousands like myself. It is a truly remarkable deep-cleanser for women of all ages.

HERE ARE THE FACTS.

- It cleanses far deeper than any soap or cosmetic cleansers can without drying effects!
- It completely eliminates the usual drying, taut feeling that accompanies deep cleansing.
- It contains **NO FRAGRANCE** ... truly excellent for all types of skin—especially sensitive or delicate.
- Its pH factor is close to neutral—it contains no alkaline or harsh, drying ingredients.
- It makes the skin feel velvety-smooth after usage—there is no other single product on the market in the world today that produces the same effect.



Irma Shorell

Write or phone

HENRI BENDEL
New York

JULIUS GARFINCKEL
Washington

NEIMAN-MARCUS

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth
Bal Harbour

Some perfumes will go to any lengths

One way to make up your mind about whether a long skirt or short shorts are the real you, is to decide which of Phillip Venet's two new perfumes is more becoming. Madame is worldly and smells of sapphires, which Venet associates with covered knees. Mademoiselle, on the other hand, has a jaunty freshness and is plainly destined for the thigh-high level.

Showers and milder

The first warm stretch sends us spinning in and out of the shower like a robin at a fountain, which necessitates gallons more emollient for the dear dry body skin. Estée Lauder's Azurée Moisturizing Shower Spray has come along at the absolutely apt time. It couldn't be newer—a liquid that squooshes on the skin after it's clean but still wet, and turns to a lush layer of cream. So each shower leaves one silkier, smthier, and ever more fragrant with the exuberant, birchy, unmistakable smell of Azurée.

Long day's journey into night

It's getting into the season where you start out on the tennis court, opt for a sail in the afternoon, and end up having dinner under the stars, without ever having touched home base. Reason enough to tuck one of the New Norell Perfumed Packettes into your carryall to keep your femme fatale franchise in passable shape. These newest of items are flat little pats, done up thirty to a dispenser box, and flooded with the caressing and enigmatic languor that is Norell perfume.

Italian ministry

One look at the exquisite women of Rome and you know where the fine art of cossetting got started. Princess Marcella Borghese, who couldn't agree more that the body must be tended as devotedly as the face, has just unveiled two new enhancements, both for the betterment of body skin, both refreshed with the flowery, ferny delight of Andiamo perfume. Andiamo Shower Gel, equally at home in tub or shower, is entirely non-alkaline, which is heaven for dry, sensitive skins, and does, besides, a scrupulous wash-up job. Andiamo Creme Fluff is an after-bath attraction, and is packed with a plethora of moisturizers that vanish into your skin, leaving only smoothness and scent.

Everybody loves the Midi

Who can resist that sunny, steep, flower-laden province we call the south of France? Definitely not Roger & Gallet, who on their own Grasse-y fields have been growing masses of lavender and roses for Shendy, their new light, bright flutter of a scent that breathes of summer. In addition to the full-bodied Eau de Toilette and zingy cologne, there's a facial soap, a particularly pleasing Bath Oil, and Crème Parfumée body lotion, which not only smooths and scents you all over with a lingering cling, but is hypoallergenic as well.

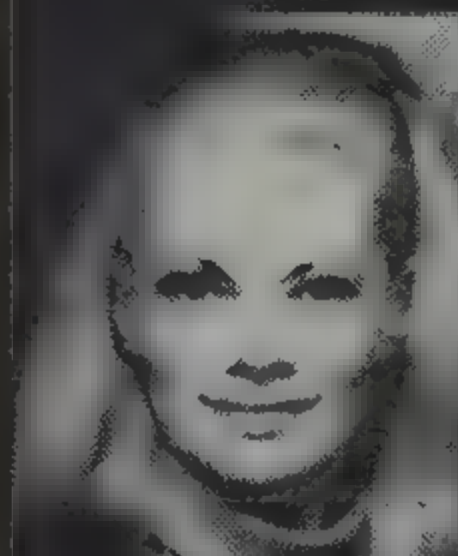
Open air trio

A general madness overtakes us in early summer, a passionate need to dig our bare toes into new grass and thrust our face into the handiest flower. Impossible to think of a better time for the larky freshness of three new young colognes from Shulton—"Butterfly Blue," "Runaway," "Wild Meadow"—all of them mingling their graceful, leafy notes with the entire outdoors, and drifting under nearby noses like a clement prevailing wind.

(More Ready Beauty, page 86)

Important:
to every woman over 35

NO OTHER COSMETIC CREME HAS THE HISTORY OF *Irma Shorell's* CONTOUR/35



IRMA SHORELL

Unanimously acclaimed in the leading women's magazines—**CONTOUR/35** takes care of over-35 skin like no other night cream can!

CONTOUR/35 has been responsible for the vibrant, youthful-looking skin of many of the world's most famous and attractive women. In the short space of 21 days many saw their contours tightened, face and neck firmed, color and tone improved and age-revealing dryness lines erased.

**EXCELLENT FOR HYPER-SENSITIVE
DELICATE SKIN**

CONTOUR/35—containing **NO HORMONES OR STEROIDS**—goes on easily, penetrates deeply... disappears quickly. Remarkable improvement has been experienced by almost every woman who applied my creme nightly as directed—it helped roll back the years to a younger-looking firmer skin.

I truly believe that **CONTOUR/35** is the most beneficial single creme in the world. Start today—and see for yourself.

Irma Shorell

Write or phone

HENRI BENDEL, New York

L. L. BERGER, Buffalo

REGENSTEIN'S, Atlanta

JORDAN MARSH, Florida

HIMELHOCH'S, Detroit

GIMBELS, Milwaukee

HARZFELD'S, Kansas City

EROST BROS., San Antonio

ROBINSON'S, California

LIVINGSTON'S, San Francisco

NORDSTROM BEST, All Stores

Chantilly
can shake your
world.



HOUBIGANT



Quelques Fleurs
The beginning of a
beautiful past.

PERFUME FROM \$8.00 EAU DE TOILETTE FROM \$4.50.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

B *edtime glory*

Lament of a lingerie designer we know dwells on the paradox of ravishing nightdresses trundling off to bed accessorized by necessary but sometimes *unravishing* nighttime lotions and potions. At Dorothy Gray, some independent thinking along this line has been going on—with the result that every retiring woman can now put on a face as engaging as the rest of her. Replete with moisturizers and Vitamins A and E, new Pretty To Bed misses not a trick in skin-nourishing deeds. The pretty part is its blush of colour: peach, pink, or beige for complexions that are, respectively, pale, natural, rosy. Definitely morale-sustaining.

H *air you go*

This summer's a really shorts season, so why not get things off to a fast clean start? The way Alberto Culver's Shimmy Shins does it with their Feminine Shaving Creme, hair hasn't a leg to stand on. A flick of your finger on the bright little aerosol, a few strokes of a razor, and that's *that*. Nothing but care-free, hair-free days ahead—and lots of long, smooth, shining leg.

S *cent for you yesterday . . .* *And here you come today*

Still waters may run deep, but there's much to be gained by speaking out. As witness the Femme and Madame Rochas devotees who have asked for More. Parfums Rochas listened and responded—by swirling those delicious fragrances through a new collection of Bath and Body benefactors. Now, to the accompaniment of the Rochas scent of your choice, you can steep in a tub bubbled with skin-toning-softening-cleansing Foam Bath Cream, followed by slathers of Body Cream and a whoosh of Spray Deodorant. All of which work hand in glove with such delectable incumbents as Rochas Bath Oil, French Soap, Dusting Powder, and Talc . . . and gloriously in support of the perfume of the same name. Inhale deeply. Everyone else will.





You've come a long way, baby.



Virginia Slims.

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.
With rich Virginia flavor women like.

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70

California talk for on-lookers and doers

Fresh on the Los Angeles scene, ONTARIO MOTOR SPEEDWAY speeds up on the third for Fourth of July fireworks exploding into a field of racers, not cars but high-flyers—vintage planes of World War I and 1910 competing for sky space with 1971 sky divers, their parachutes wafting like lollipops to the green turf. . . . MUSEUM OF THE SEA, upcoming, the new Jacques Yves Cousteau ichthyological surprise, will float aboard the "Queen Mary" now moored at Long Beach, the port of Los Angeles. . . . LION COUNTRY SAFARI, like a hunk of African veldt in the docile Laguna Hills, preserves wildlife for drivers caged in cars, while tribes of lions, zebras, cheetahs, elephants, white rhinos pad about freely. . . . HOLLYWOOD PARK, a show track for famous thoroughbreds, is as great for nature nuts as for racing buffs. Railbird buses take passengers on morning runs around grassy swards to six swanned lakes banked in thou-

sands of marigolds and pink and white petunias, and to the stable grounds for ogling race horses and their trainers. Early-clock trackers have breakfast at the Railbird Café; starting timers, an elaborate buffet lunch in the Director's Lounge.

Corned beef—the racetrack specialty—is served up at the Clubhouse, with cabbage or on rye, with cool draughts of beer at new stone tables under pepper trees at the Grandstand Garden. There, bettors follow their winners on closed-circuit colour television. Big Meets: Saturday Hundred Thousand Dollar Race Days; on May 7, Junior League Stakes; July 3, Hollywood Derby; July 17, Hollywood Gold Cup. . . . MARINA DEL REY, a water garage for over six thousand yachts—from Hong Kong junks to converted maritime cruisers, has a new fathom-and-a-half Jules Vernesque under-the-sea garden for thwarted skin divers who, without a splash, walk down a flight of steps into a

glassy cavern of sea fans and silver fish.

San Diego goings-on.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY, a spectacular of sun and sports, counts sixty-eight golf courses, from pitch-and-putt to championship. Now the big four—Torrey Pines, Singing Hills, La Costa, and Stardust—have a new neighbour, San Antonio de Tijuana, across the Mexican border. Savvy hoteliers and moteliers are planning new golf-safaris for guests who want to par the best. . . . MISSION BAY, the Pacific playland edging thirty miles of palmy coast, lures sailors, kite flyers, and whale watchers. At Sea World, a 4,000 pound grey whale has joined the clowning dolphins. In June and July, when about 25,000 California grey whales move like a navy to the warmer mating waters of Mexico, some visitors take whale-spotting tours on boats, others watch from Point Loma. . . . LA COSTA, super spa, adds new action with five-day tennis

camp for fifty players under the fast eye of that great pro Pancho Segura and his staff. On June 6, the first session is all women's camp; on June 20, mixed camp. Players—from starters to winners—take two hours of spa treatments and five hours of tennis, night or day, on fifteen courts. . . . CALIFORNIA—here I come. On American Airlines, first-class passengers can arrange a flying dinner party for four. Reserve in advance for the two tables; leg stretch over coffee and liqueurs in the 747 first-class lounge upstairs. Economy passengers wander to the bar a pace away from new roomier seats with special back supports regulated by push button. More space, fewer people, Polynesian food—grand luxe on these LuxuryLiners. . . . On United Airlines, passengers stay ahead of the game—for an economy-size tab they sit in first-class-size seats. With a sleight of hand, presto, two arm rests vanish. Flying is great . . . to California, to the sun, to the sea. ▼

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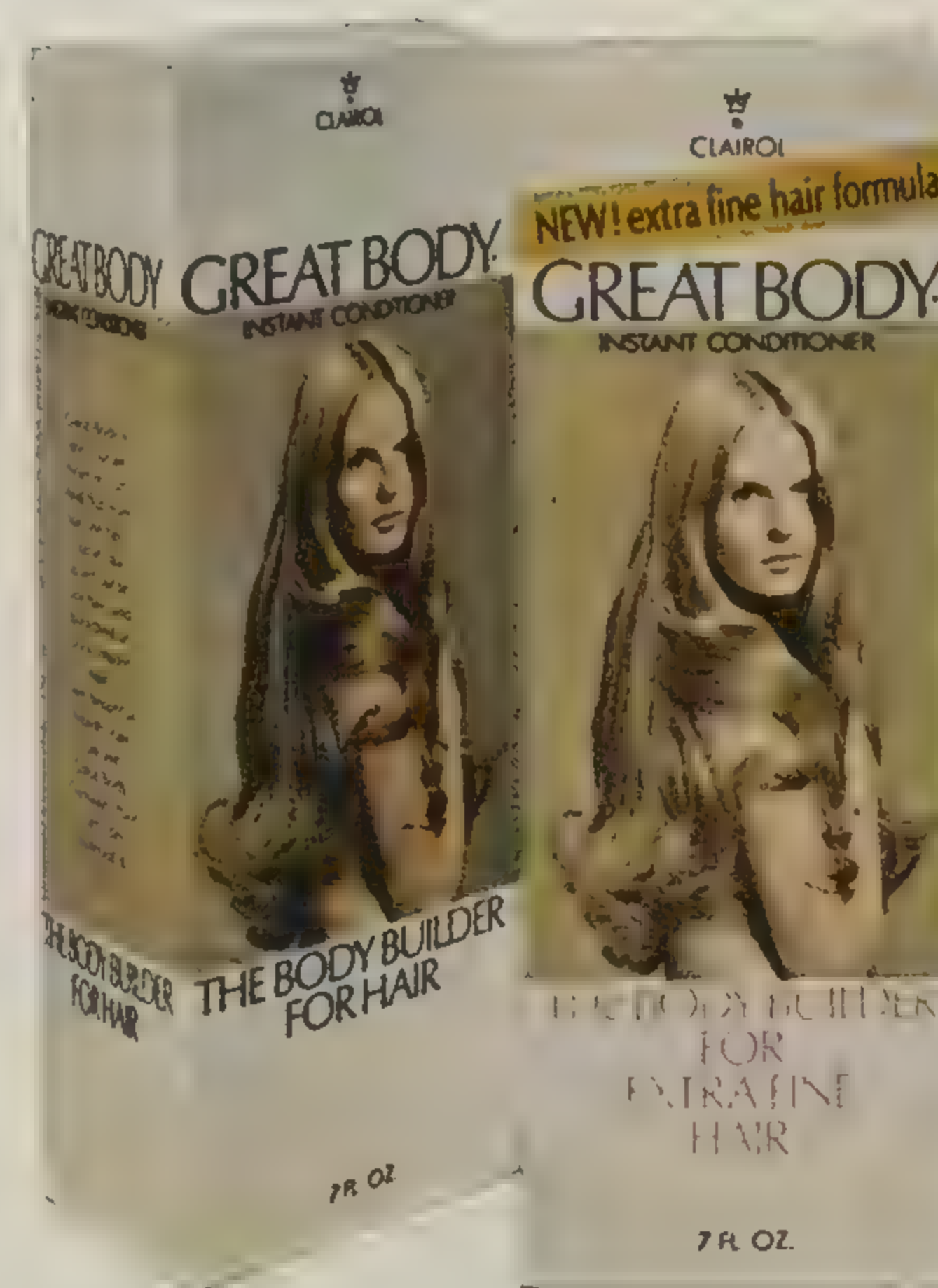
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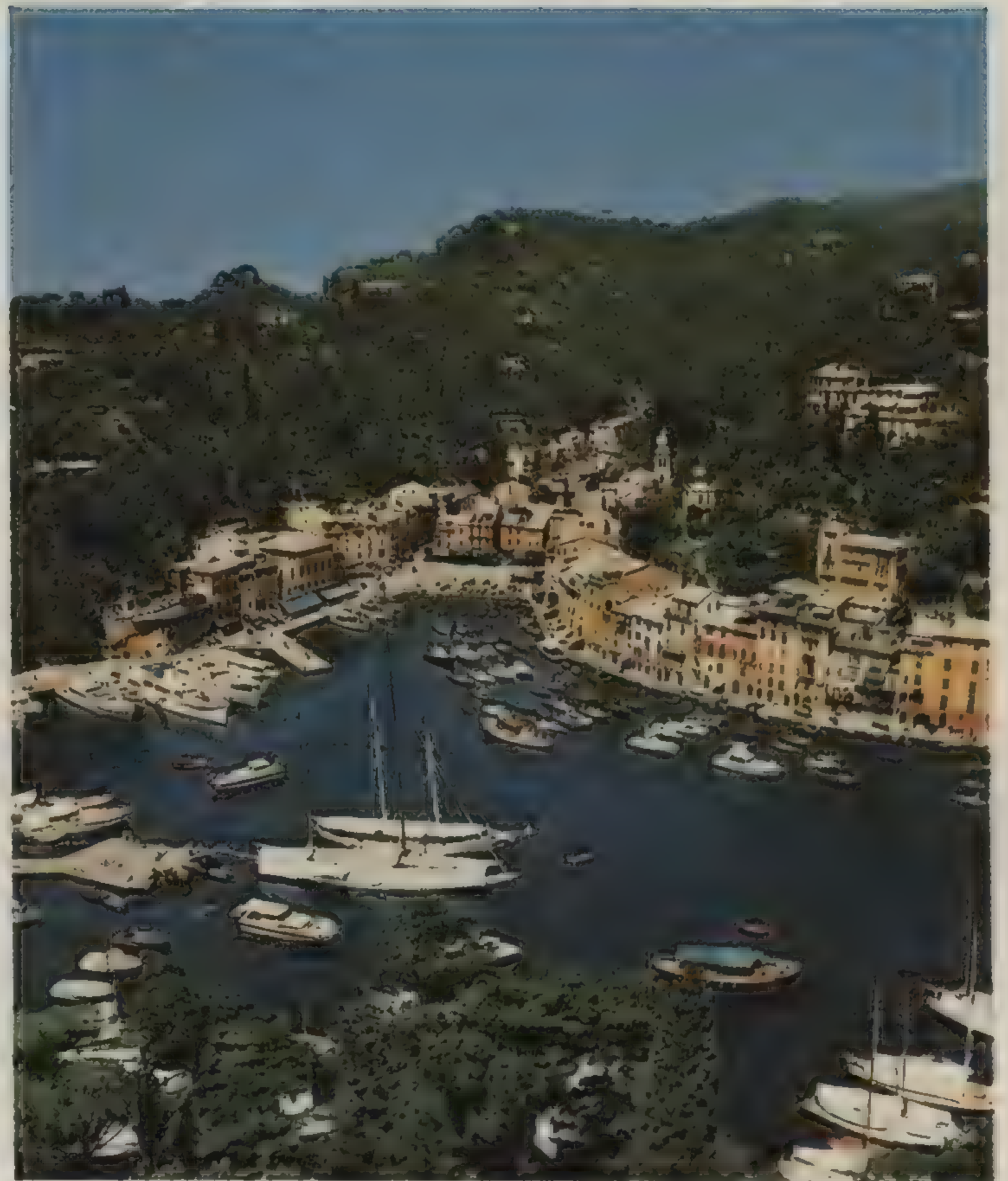
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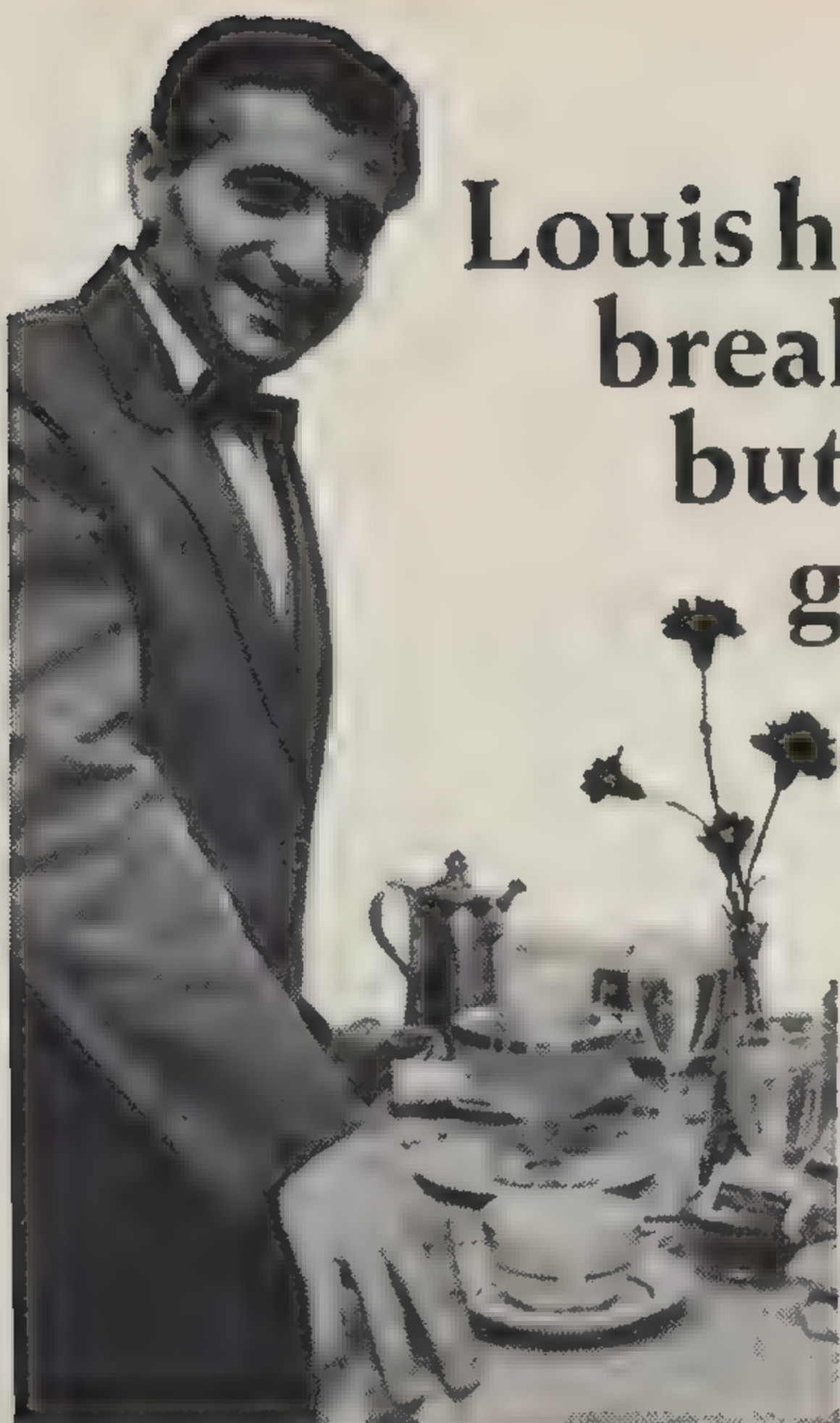
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LONDON LETTER

The Land of Wonderful Illogic

BY QUENTIN CREWE

Just because every single person under the rank of colonel is on strike and just because we were unable to send a letter out of the country (or within it, except by courtesy, expensive courtesy, of Lord Lichfield and various others who ran pirate postal systems) for months, you think our standards are slipping. Not at all.

Our sense of the proper order of things never wavers. As witness, the announcement in *The Times* of the death of Captain Henry Clervaux Chaytor Morley, late The Buffs. The Captain was, and I quote, "son of the late Major-General Francis Morley of Marrick Park, Richmond, Yorkshire, also late The Buffs, and descended from Charlemagne, Emperor of the West; Alfred the Great; Baldwin, first Count of Flanders; and Duncan, King of Scots. . . ."

Of course, the fact is that if you can prove your descent from Edward III, and almost anyone with the feeblest aristocratic connections can, you can have your pick of early historical figures. **(How can anyone resist Louis le Débonnaire, son of Charlemagne?)** You might as well include Adam and Eve (late The Buffs). Nevertheless, we mind about these points.

Only recently at Blenheim Palace, a remarkably proper sense of procedure caused a flurry among Earls. It was after dinner on the first evening of a shooting weekend. The ladies had left the men alone with their port. The Duke of Marlborough looked down his dining table and saw two of his guests, who recently inherited Earldoms, talking to each other. One was the Earl of Dudley, who used to be Viscount Ednam. The other was Mr. Tony Lambton, who last year renounced the title of the Earl of Durham so that he could continue to be an M.P. in the House of Commons. Jokingly the Duke called out, "Durham, come and sit by me so that we can discuss tomorrow's shoot." Lambton moved up. Whereupon Dudley left the room, found his wife, and announced that they must leave at once as he had been insulted. He was an Earl and should have been asked up. To make matters worse the Duke had called Lambton by a name which was no longer his. Marlborough managed to soothe Dudley, for a while.

But, of course, all this was very serious and it had repercussions. The next day, Mr. Lambton insulted Lord Cowdray at lunch and Lady Dudley wrote a letter to the Duke advising him against marrying another of the guests who had insulted her. The Duke read the letter out at teatime when both ladies were present. **Such are the effects of ignoring such important matters as precedence among the peerage.**

Lord George-Brown, formerly our Foreign Secretary in Harold Wilson's government, failed to observe the normal *sang-froid* when he was put up for election at the Savile Club (known in Edwardian times as the "home of seedy prigs").

Of course, Lord George-Brown is not known for his *sang-froid*. There was a dinner once, during the Gibraltar crisis, at which Princess Margaret was sitting next to the Spanish Ambassador. Lord George-Brown shouted at Princess Margaret across the table, "Tell him to open the bloody frontier." He kept on shouting the phrase. Princess Margaret eventually said, "Mr. Brown, if you have something to say to the Spanish Ambassador, why do you not ask him to the Foreign Office in the morning and say it there?" Mr. Brown, as he then was, let out a

yelp. "No member of the Royal Family has spoken to a Foreign Secretary like that since Queen Elizabeth's time," he said in fury. "Ah, Mr. Brown," said Princess Margaret, "but then we haven't had a Foreign Secretary like that since Queen Elizabeth's time."

Anyhow, on this occasion, Lord George-Brown, dining in the club for which he was proposed, got to his feet and addressed the dining room in general—recommending vociferously his own election. In the "home of seedy prigs" they did not falter. They knew where duty lay. The very man who had proposed him strode over to the election book and, with one stroke, **struck out the nomination.**

Another election that revealed our liking for the right way of doing things was that of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Everyone knew that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was going to be the new Speaker, but what some M.P.'s objected to was the suggestion that a Speaker could be, as it were, appointed by virtue of there being no alternative candidate. So when the moment came, several M.P.'s proposed another member, Sir Geoffrey de Freitas, who did not want to be Speaker and whom nobody wanted to be Speaker, to stand against the man who did want to be Speaker and whom everybody, including those proposing Sir Geoffrey, wanted to be Speaker. Mr. Lloyd was promptly elected. By these means we keep democracy alive, do we not?

If you doubt our sense of values or believe it to be shifting, consider the matter of our third London airport. We appointed a commission to look into the most advantageous, least disturbing area in which to situate this symbol of progress. Basically the choice lay between two sites. First there was a pretty village in Bedfordshire called Cublington. To place the airport there would mean destroying that village, with its fourteenth-century church, and several others. Some hundreds, even thousands, of people would have to be rehoused. The other site would occupy a marshy, forlorn area called Foulness. No human being would be affected. The dark-bellied brent goose, on the other hand, lives there and not in many other places. The commissioners knew at once where an Englishman's heart lay. Not with the people in their familial homes some centuries old. Certainly not. **It lay with our feathered friend, the dark-bellied brent goose.** The commissioners chose Cublington and you have no idea what a ridiculous fuss those people are making about their green valley and its pretty houses and homes.

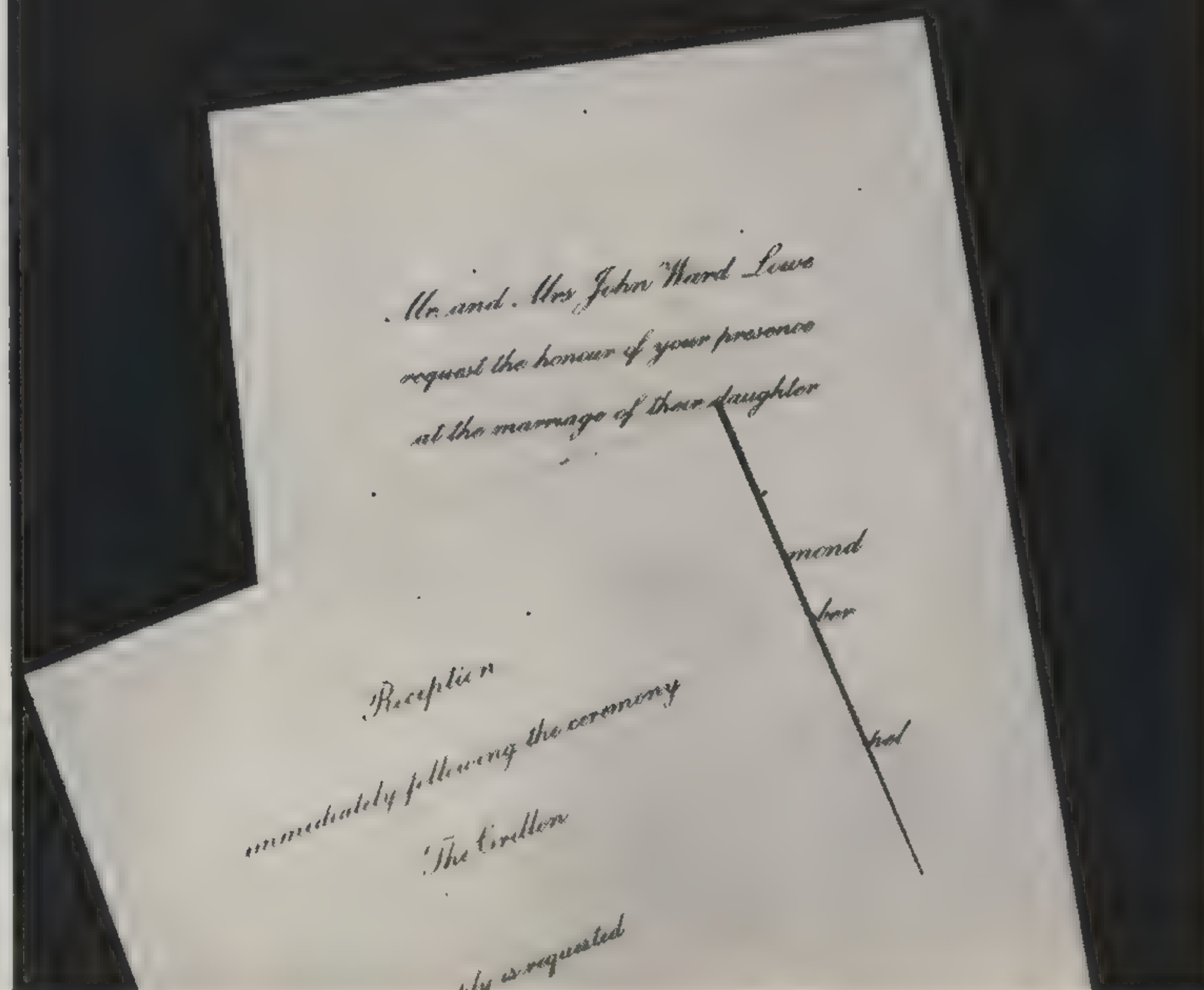
Most of us, you see, know what is right. Take for instance the matter of free enterprise and nationalization. We all know that free enterprise always works and nationalized industries can not but fail. It is no doubt so that this veriest of truths shall be upheld that we have been having some readjustments lately. Our coal industry has been dwindling for a long time, but, to bolster its last years, the National Coal Board, which runs that industry, has diversified a little. Some of the diversifications have been making money. They are being sold, very properly, to private enterprise. So is Thos. Cook & Son, a highly profitable, government-owned travel business. BOAC is to have some of its routes taken away from it. They will be given to a private airline. Next year may see the end of BOAC's profit. Meanwhile, naturally, private business has been flourishing. There is Rolls-Royce Limited, which, after two multimillion loans from the government, has had to go into liquidation; Cunard owes the government several fortunes; a private airline has foundered; a large travel business has gone bankrupt because the government could no longer support it.

There are people who think we are mad and illogical. How far from the truth is this strange notion. Our perfect logic was recently revealed in the House of Lords. They were told the following facts: It is legal on Sunday for a fish-and-chip shop to sell fish. It might have perished by Monday. It is legal for them on Sunday to sell chips. Naturally. But on no account may a fish-and-chip shop on Sunday sell fish *and* chips. A logical law to prevent people opening fish-and-chip shops seven days a week. ▼



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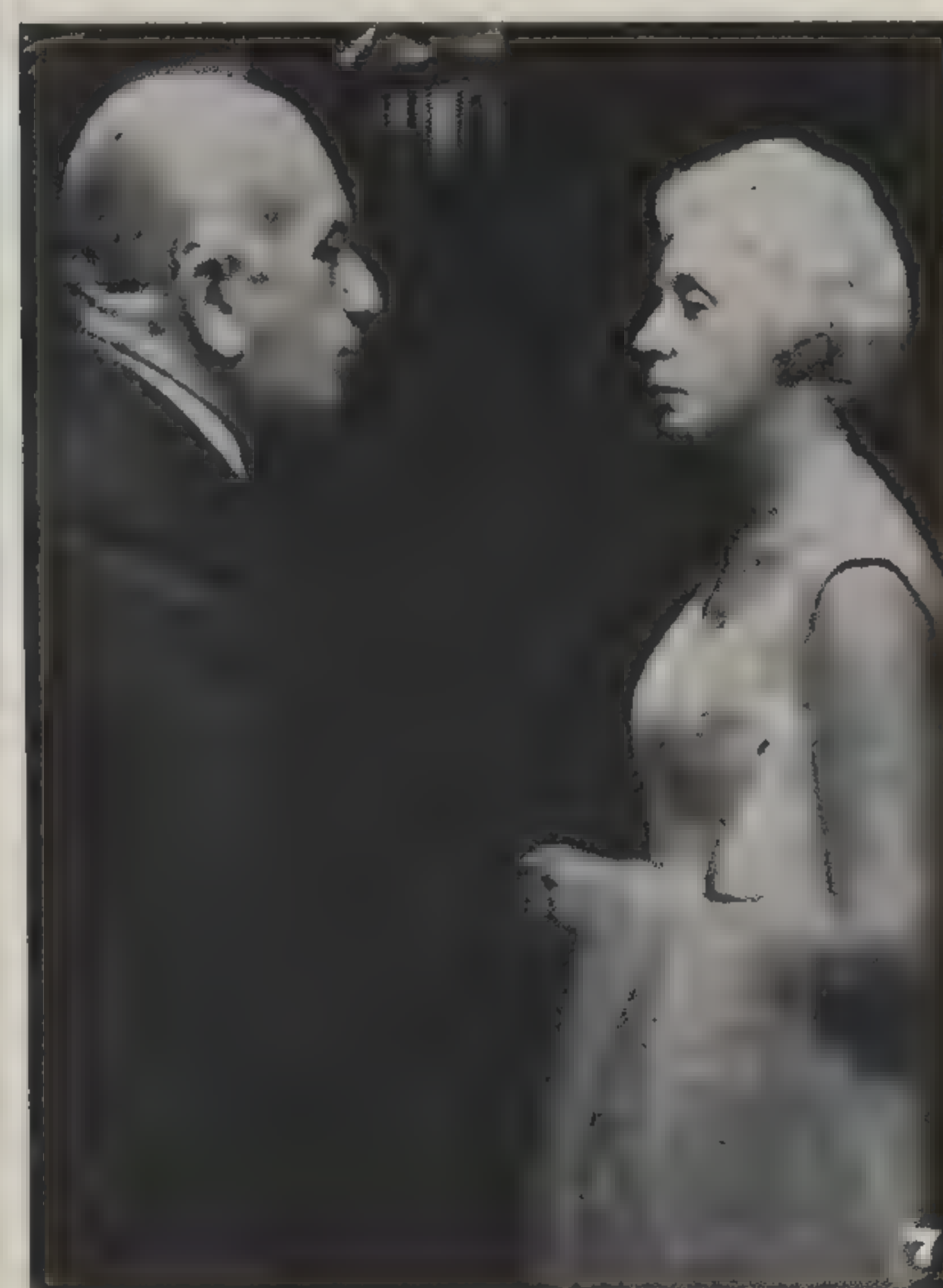


Venice on the Charles

Boston rescue party for a Venetian beauty



Vervy Venetian wines and cheeses, music and art spurred Bostonians at this rescue party to help save a seventeenth-century Venetian beauty from espousing "the everlasting sea." Rallying for a "Night in Venice" at the Fogg Art Museum, hundreds roused support to restore La Scuola dei Carmini, a wonder of baroque stuccos and Tiepolo paintings—one architectural masterpiece among the many being adopted by American cities to shore up "Venice . . . throned on her hundred isles."

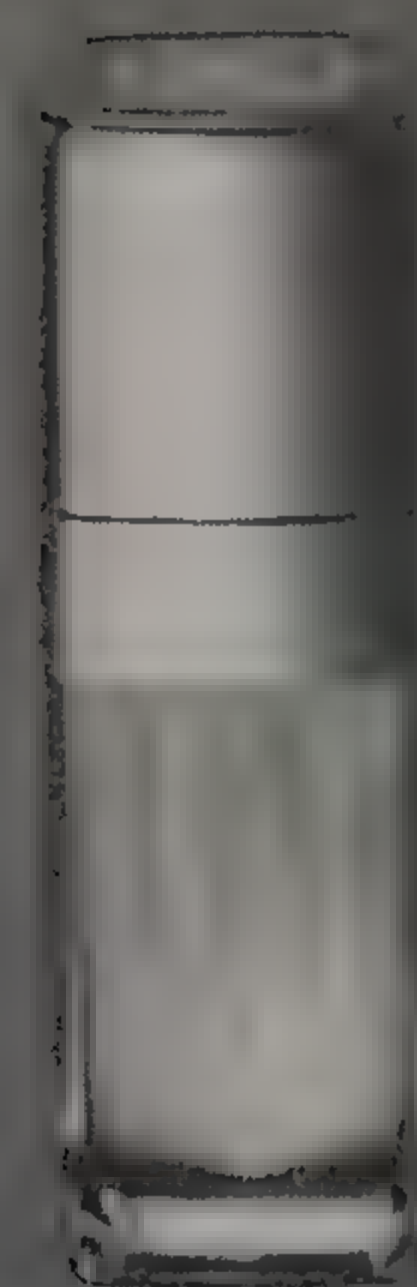


1. Guests at the concert by the Cambridge Opera Workshop and the Boston University Savoyards. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Constantin R. Boden. 3. Mr. Walter M. Noel, junior; Mrs. Vernon R. Alden; Mrs. Walter M. Noel, junior; Mr. Vernon R. Alden. 4. Mr. David E. Rust, Mrs. Sydney J. Freedberg. 5. Dr. Giovanni Battista Guerra, Mrs. W. Benjamin Bacon. 6. Mrs. William W. Howells, Mrs. Mellon Byers. 7. H. E. Egidio Ortona, Italian Ambassador to the United States; Miss Agnes Mongan, Director of the Fogg Art Museum. 8. Miss Barbara E. Pike, Mr. T. Curtis Forbes. 9. Mrs. E. G. Fischer, Benefit Chairman, with Dr. Fischer. 10. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Forbes. 11. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald B. Church.





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A double smash of the New York season—the *No, No, Nanette* benefit and party afterwards at Dinty Moore's—walloped with fashions from the 'twenties and 'seventies, mixing tap shoes and zany thrift-shop gear with short shorts, all for Leopold Stokowski's American Symphony Orchestra. Supper was jazzmatazzed up by a combo that wandered among the tables playing those 1971 re-hits, "Tea for Two" and "I Want to be Happy."

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take the
skinnitop
on a
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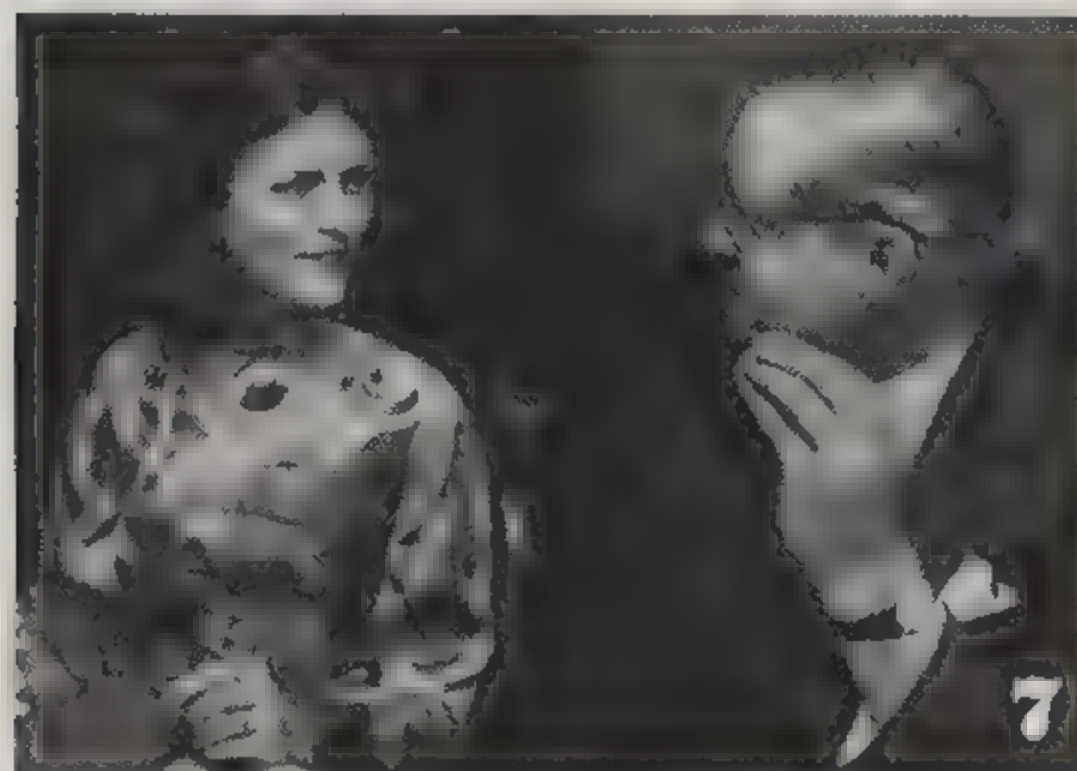
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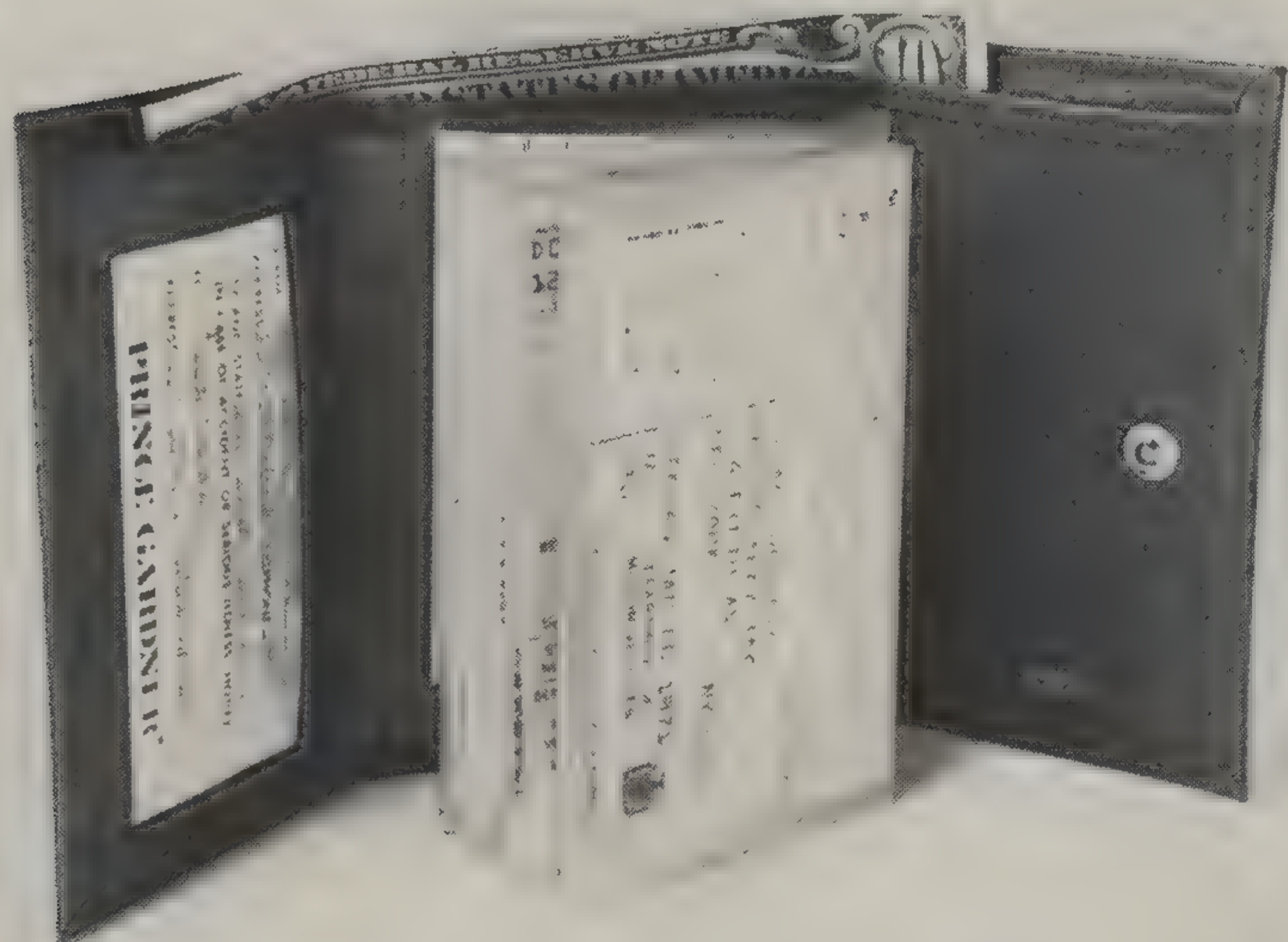
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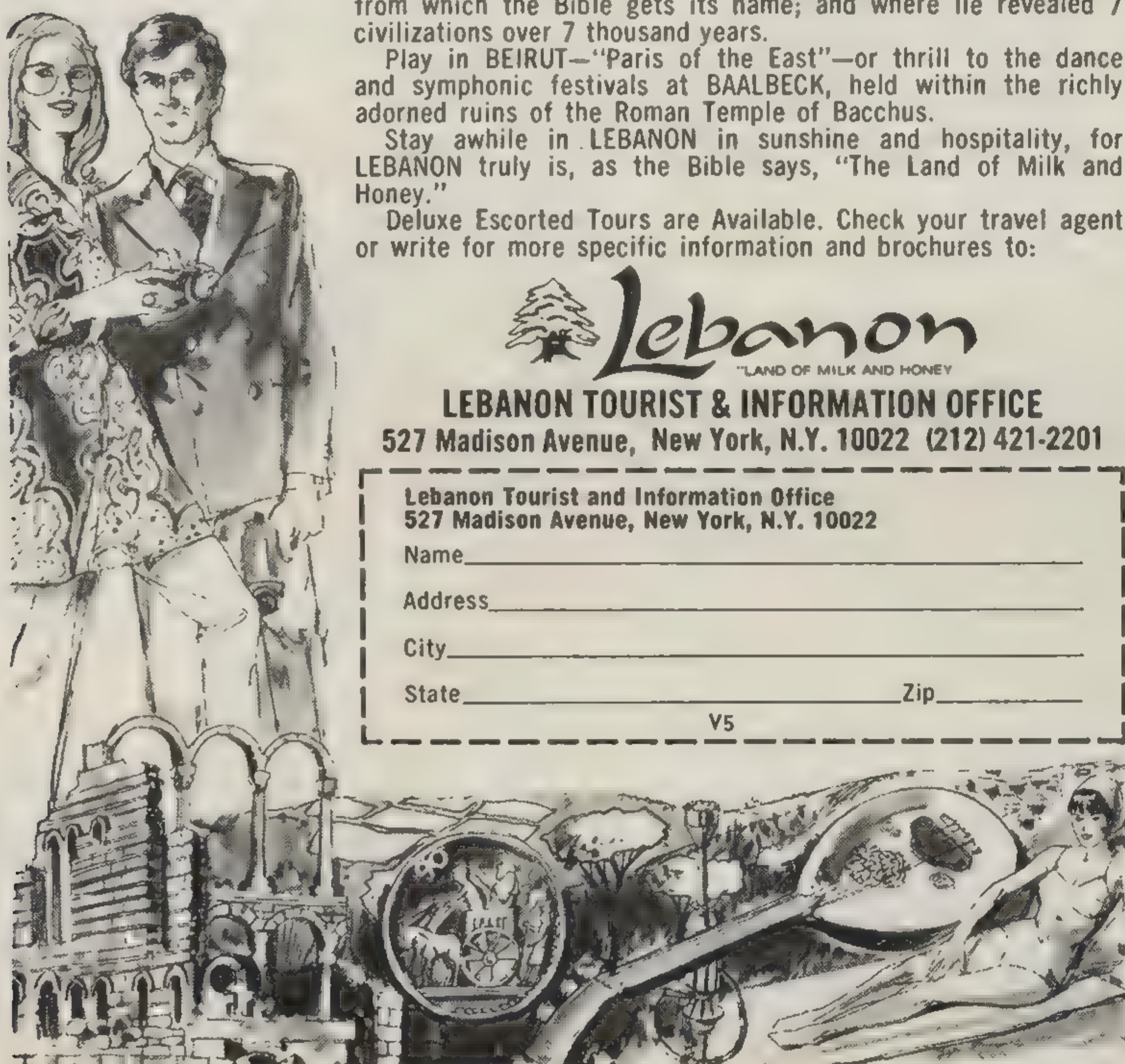
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Stirring exercises
to firm muscles
and light the face

By Maxime McKendry

Cooking's a marvellous exercise if you stir up vitamin-jammed dishes that brace muscles and rouse the circulation. I like to boost the protein power of meal-in-a-glass drinks with a protein concentrate from a health-food shop. Extra protein and minerals come in the organ meats, too; try the veal-and-kidney roast below for one of those.

Off-with-a-bang
breakfast
(two servings)

In an electric blender, combine a little less than two breakfast cupsfuls hot coffee, 1 heaping tablespoon non-instant dried skim milk, 1 or 2 whole eggs. Sweeten with dark honey and blend. A cappuccino foam with hours of energy.

Vegetable-juice
kickers

Carrots, celery, parsley, lettuce, radishes, watercress—all solid with health-giving good things. Combine them in your own juicer, or have them liquefied for you at a health-food shop. These juices are a delicious and vitalizing drink—cold or hot—and make snappy soups as well.

Hot soup: For each serving, use 2/3 mixed juices and 1/3 the same vegetables, finely chopped. Simmer the vegetables in a little soybean spread in an enamel saucepan until just tender; stir in 1 egg yolk for each 4 servings. Slowly add the juice, stirring over low flame without boiling—that keeps the vitamins—until thickened. Season to taste with salt, pepper, lemon juice; serve sprinkled with finely chopped herbs.

Cold soup: For each serving, stir a scoop of goat's-milk yoghurt into the mixed juices. Season, cover, and chill. Serve with chopped herbs.

Rognonnade de veau **From your butcher, obtain a loin and flank of veal, cut in one piece stretching from the backbone to the centre of the chest, with the kidneys in their natural position. Extra kidneys may be added, and the ribs almost cut apart for easier carving. Remove most of the suet.**

Boil for several hours in 4 quarts of salted water: veal bones, a veal foot, 2 onions each stuck with a clove, some carrots, celery, a few peppercorns, and a violets-sized bunch of tarragon or basil. Strain.

Pepper and salt the roast and cover the kidneys with a large bunch of fresh tarragon or basil. Roll up the roast like a jelly roll, wrapping the flank over the ribs, and tie loosely with string. Brown lightly in a large stew pan, add 3/4 cup white wine for each 4 ribs, and boil to reduce until roast almost sticks to pan. Add the veal stock to cover and another large bunch of tarragon or basil. Simmer gently 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Meat should be fork tender but firm.

Remove string, and place the roast in a deep serving dish. Pour the juices from the stew pot around it. Chill. Remove fat from surface of jellied stock. Carve from the dish and serve with the jelly and a cold macédoine of vegetables.

Genghis Khan often gets the credit for the first raw-beef energizer. Here's a version that can go (packed in ice) on the road.
(Continued on page 104)

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Steak
à la
tartare
(eight
servings)

**3 pounds ground "hanger"—butcher's
sirloin**
4 eggs, beaten
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 1/2 teaspoons pepper
1 2-ounce can anchovies in oil
1 2 1/4-ounce bottle capers, drained
1 cup finely chopped fresh herbs
(chives, basil, parsley)
Thin peel of 6 lemons, very finely chopped
1/2 cup finely ground nuts
1 1/2 teaspoons English dry mustard
Lemon juice
Olive oil

Crush anchovies with a fork and mix with meat, eggs, capers, salt, pepper, nuts, mustard, and 3/4 cup herbs. Add lemon juice to taste and oil to moisten; mixture should remain firm. Cover, chill 1 hour. Combine remaining herbs with lemon peel and spread on a flat surface; form meat in walnut-sized balls and roll in herb mixture. Stick a toothpick in each; or—for a picnic—wrap each, like a candy, in a twist of waxed paper.

Liquid gold

The father of the present Aga Khan served guests this nectar: Purée the flesh of a ripe fresh pineapple and its juice in an electric blender, combine with a cold bottle of dry champagne in a chilled earthenware pitcher.

African cooking is the newest challenge for food adventurers. From *The African Cookbook* (The World Publishing Company) comes this intriguing compote made in the Malagasy Republic:

Salady
voankazo
(eight
servings)

1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup water
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Vanilla extract
1 cup diced fresh pineapple
1 cup diced cantaloupe
1 cup thinly sliced oranges
1/2 cup sliced strawberries
1/2 cup canned lichee nuts

Combine fruits in serving dish, sprinkle nuts on top. Boil sugar, water, salt, and lemon juice hard for 1 minute; add 2 tablespoons vanilla. Pour syrup over fruits and chill 1 hour. Use a shaker bottle or cruet to sprinkle additional vanilla on each portion as it is served.

Robert Gardiner, a theatrical producer who keeps up to the pace with exercise and fresh, organic foods (his latest enthusiasm, a health-food shop that's a club: Greenhouse Association, 466 Amsterdam Avenue, New York 10024), favours another quick-energy drink and a lentil dish that's all vigour:

Banana
zip

Whip in the electric blender:
10 ounces skim milk
1 medium banana
1 tablespoon blanched almonds
1 tablespoon honey
1 egg yolk

Peppered
lentils

1 cup dried lentils
4 tablespoons sesame oil
1 medium onion, chopped
1 large sweet red pepper, chopped
**2 large tomatoes, peeled,
seeded, and chopped**
1 green pepper, chopped
Sea salt

Simmer lentils uncovered in 5 cups boiling water until tender—about 45 minutes. Cook onion and red peppers in oil until browned. Add tomatoes, green pepper, and lentils. Salt to taste and simmer gently 20 minutes.



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VOGUE'S

HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

FROM MAY 1 TO MAY 31

H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II was born April 21, 1926, in Taurus, with a chart that shows six planets in the four fixed signs. This reveals an unswerving determination to uphold her country's traditional laws as obligations of a cosmic parent.

ELLA FITZGERALD was born April 25, 1918, with a Taurus chart that, like the Queen's, shows four fixed signs—this time with five planets. She expresses through her remarkable singing equally unyielding force and energy.



BARBRA STREISAND, born April 24, 1942, is also a Taurian with six planets in the four fixed signs in her chart, indicating the same towering strength and boundless desire to give and to control. None of these Taurians listen to the reasoning of others: Each one follows her own will.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. No blaze is as spontaneous as a bonfire, that excitement that Aries feels in beginning a new project. The body enjoys motion and banks on itself. This is the one sign of people who do not need other people. The first half of the month is a duel of wits; the game is serious—results may make history. Your foe is unyielding and will convert or devastate.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. The usually determined attitude of the Taurian has disappeared in a fog of indecision. Unless seeing clearly, Taurians blunder. Listening patiently without understanding may make them seem bovine. The first half of the month is spent taking orders, serving others. Not until the last week are you roused to an evaluation that clears the air.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. This is the easiest sign to know, the hardest to hold. Perennially young, those born in Gemini are agile of mind and body, with open faces that inspire trust. In the last two weeks of the month, a preoccupation with resistant problems will fade in a flurry of activity. Two opponents will challenge and excite; you will handle both of them deftly.

CANCER, June 22–July 22. Cancer resists change, not out of stubbornness but from fear of leaving the family scene. Once feeling is aroused, energy is released and (Continued on page 108)



WEARING PEARLS IS ONE THING

WEARING MAJORICA IS ANOTHER

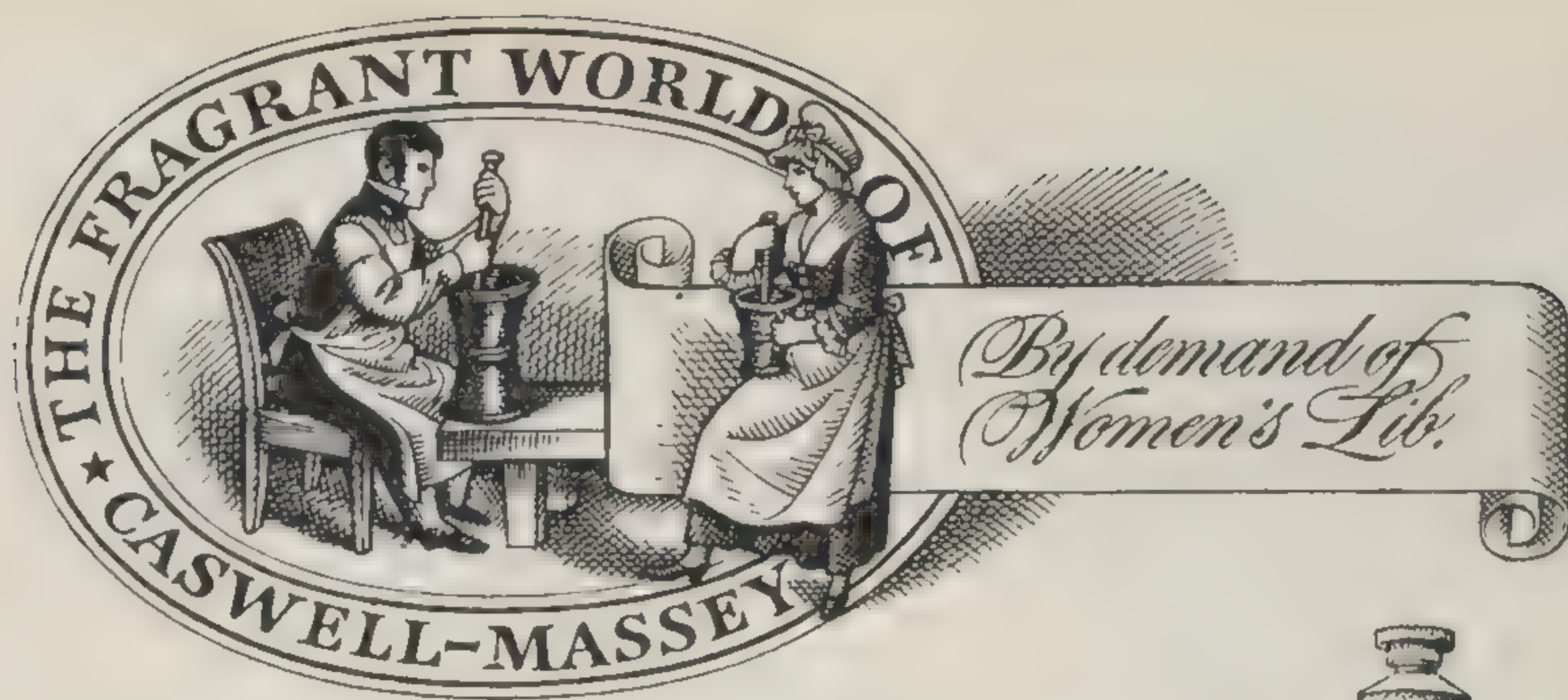
Majorica means "Perfection." In lustre. In iridescence. In creaminess. Now black & white. So right. All wrapped up in ropes and rings . . . bracelets and earrings. Majorica. The essence of elegance in simulated pearls.

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VOGUE'S

Continued from page 106

HOROSCOPE

the appetite for action is voracious. The Sun in a rival sign now
provokes a game of chance the first half of the month. Then plans
are brought to a conclusion pleasing to this sign that loves money.

LEO, July 23–August 23. Leo is the most consolidated of the Fire
signs, an ardent lover, in love with love, with heart interests that
include people, things, and places. If the will to dominate makes
love go wrong, the furnace fire is slow to cool. The first half of the
month is the time for a new love, the second is for making it work.
Fate is with Leo and all other Fire people now.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Virgos make good nurses,
critics, dieticians, but their ranks include Queen Elizabeth I. They
perfect their work by continuous concentration. Virgos' practi-
cality can make them seem cold when ideas are scratched or peo-
ple abandoned. For more than half the month, judgment, values,
consolidation are tested. Control extravagant performances.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Librans are the beauties of
the zodiac whether in looks, manner, or dress. People are their
profession: to stimulate, to marry, to rifle of ideas or to exploit,
to gather honey (money)—all with an air of total innocence.
Love: They mean it at the time. The first half of the month brings
immense activity, on which you will thrive.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. This sign is the zodiac's
secret service: No clue or weakness escapes Scorpio's glance. They
are not afraid to offend; as a surgeon may cause pain, so they use
caustic comment to rout out ugliness. You must work behind the
scenes now, spending most of this month in organizing material
to be used to deal with associates you will meet later.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. You relate to
others by stirring their thinking with your new ideas. There is no
rebellion in you—through giving in, you let the ideas flow; but
loyalty ranks high among your principles. During the second half
of the month, two historymakers occupy your sign and you face
important events. You win decisions through scholarly judgment.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. Interruptions bog-
gle you; as a writer, you give attention to continuity, correspond-
ing to your own personality. The first half of the month your
activity is blunted; you may have to return to the starting point in
order to succeed. Set your records straight, and outline your new-
est ambition. Later in the month you are sought for a campaign.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. To deal with the many
instead of the individual suits your breezy personality. You are
concerned with the overall. In group work, never allowing the
crowd to catch up with the Aquarians is the secret of your success.
During the first half of this month, you may develop new ideas
about marriage—an emancipation from the old mould.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Indecision may make Pis-
ceans prey to stronger signs; they seem reassured by finding in
others the courage that they lack. To escape domination after
feasting on strength, they may float into an imaginary world,
avoiding pressure. Now, with your ruler in a Fire sign, you will
change, flooding with ideas and imagination, seeking the limelight.

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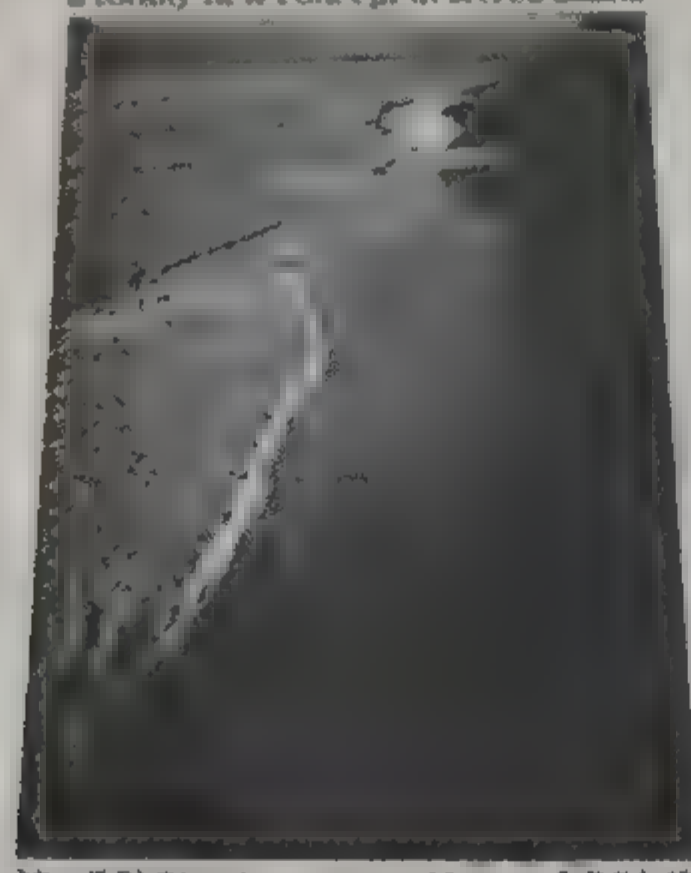
21 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. 70.



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Pure water from the tap

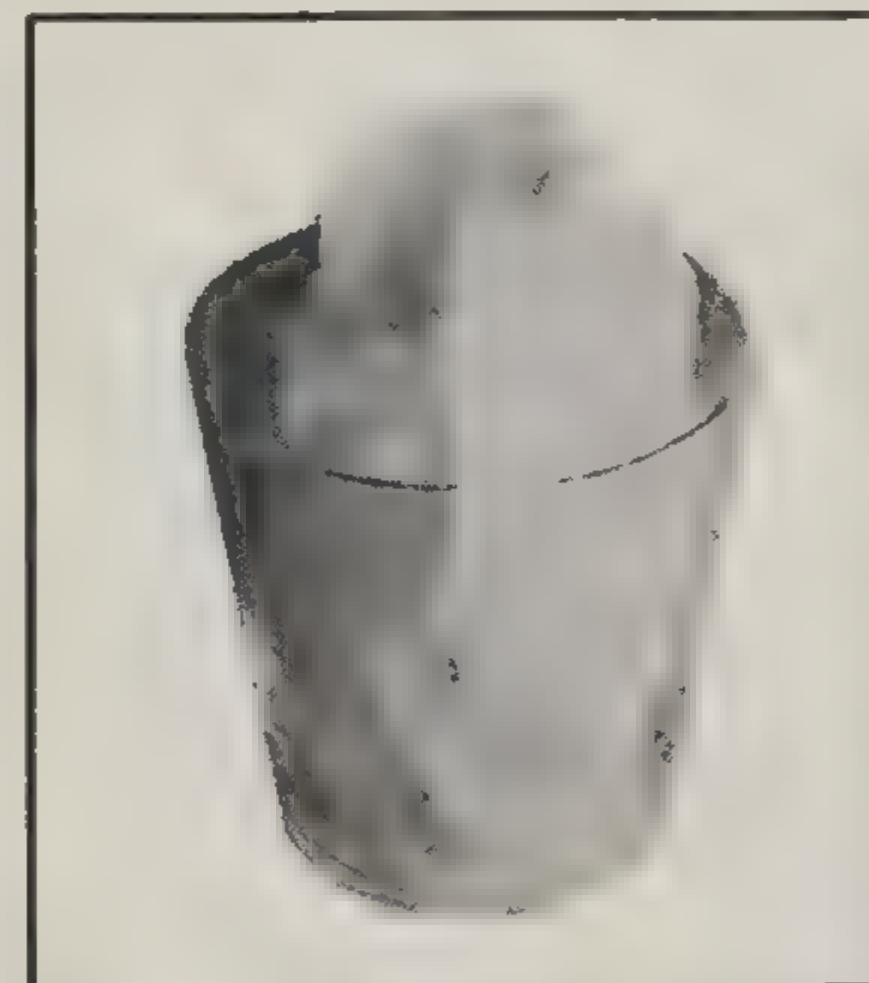


Pure water right from the tap: Spring-fresh water, the best beauty drink known, is a "must" for good tea, coffee, and mixed drinks, the touch of nectar essential to gourmet cooking. Since more and more water supplies are suspect, at best taste of chemicals, many people buy bottled water for drinking and cooking. Now even the finickiest may use water free of discoloration, taste, and impurities, right from home water taps by means of easily installed filters. For example, the Eaton, Yale & Towne filter shown *above left*. An off-white plastic box, 12" long by 6" high, houses a cylinder of charcoal through which cold water runs. Attached to the faucet by a tube, its swivel spout delivers water as needed. \$26.50. Additional filters, \$5.50. At Hammacher-Schlemmer, 147 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022. **Sonic tonic:** Shut out the world with Syntonic Research's *Environments* recording of ocean sounds and bird songs, shown *above*. These most sensual of natural sounds may be played at speeds from 45 to 16 rpms to fit the listener's moods and needs. Pleasant sound has an extraordinary effect upon one's ability to relax, concentrate, sleep, or turn on. This first multispeed recording becomes "psychological furniture." Schirmers, 4 E. 49th St., N. Y. 10017. **Pure air nature's way:** Growing plants and trees transforms

carbon dioxide in the air into pure oxygen, performs this silent miracle indoors, too. A fresh blue-and-white garden room, shown *above right*, has treillage walls, ceiling, doors, and masses of plants in baskets or cachepots. By Robert Perkins of The Greenery, 243 E. 53rd St., N. Y. 10022. A kitchen garden of potted herbs arranged on pebbles in a tin tray assists the cook, helps clear the air. From Horticulture House, 347 E. 55th St., N.Y.C. 10022. A further assist might be The Hoover Electronic Air Purifier, 22" x 19" x 10" in wood-finished metal. \$100, it uses AC current. **The purest ice** in the world makes any drink taste better, bubbles and crackles as it melts. Chunks split from the face of the Polar Ice Cap are towed to a Jakobshavn ice plant, broken into little ice rocks, and packed in plastic bags for shipment. Introduced into this country by Smirnoff for restaurants to serve with Smirnoff Vodka drinks, it will hopefully be in gourmet food shops soon. For information write to Royal Greenland Trade Dept., Strandgade #2, 1401 Copenhagen K, Denmark. **Humanizing plastics:** The transparent chair, shown *below left*, was designed in Italy by artist Paolo Buggiani. Glimpsed through and beyond its invisible sculptured form, any room would seem larger and more spacious.

Purify air nature's way indoors

DAVID MASSEY



Above: The purest ice in the world comes from the Polar Ice Cap as mini icebergs in plastic bags.

Left: Man-made materials shaped into nature's forms are news and symbolize man's return to nature. This humanized chair of clear plastic slung on a chrome frame is as at home on the beach as the waves which lap at it. Indoors or out, it is a comfort and a joy.

COURTESY OF DOMUS



Some have a gift for name-dropping

Like mentioning that their tables are from Lane's ultra-sophisticated *Hyde Park* collection. The classic *Parsons* design, featuring tops inlaid with walnut veneers in a striking checkerboard pattern. Lines are utterly clean and simple. Legs join tops in an incredibly smooth double-mitre of beautifully grained,

solid cabinetwoods. You'll find a style for almost any decorative or functional purpose.

from wall consoles to mini-cocktails to game tables. For color folders of Lane furniture, send 25c to The Lane Co., Inc., Altavista, Virginia 24517. Sofa is by Craft Associates, a division of Lane.

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MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.
Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

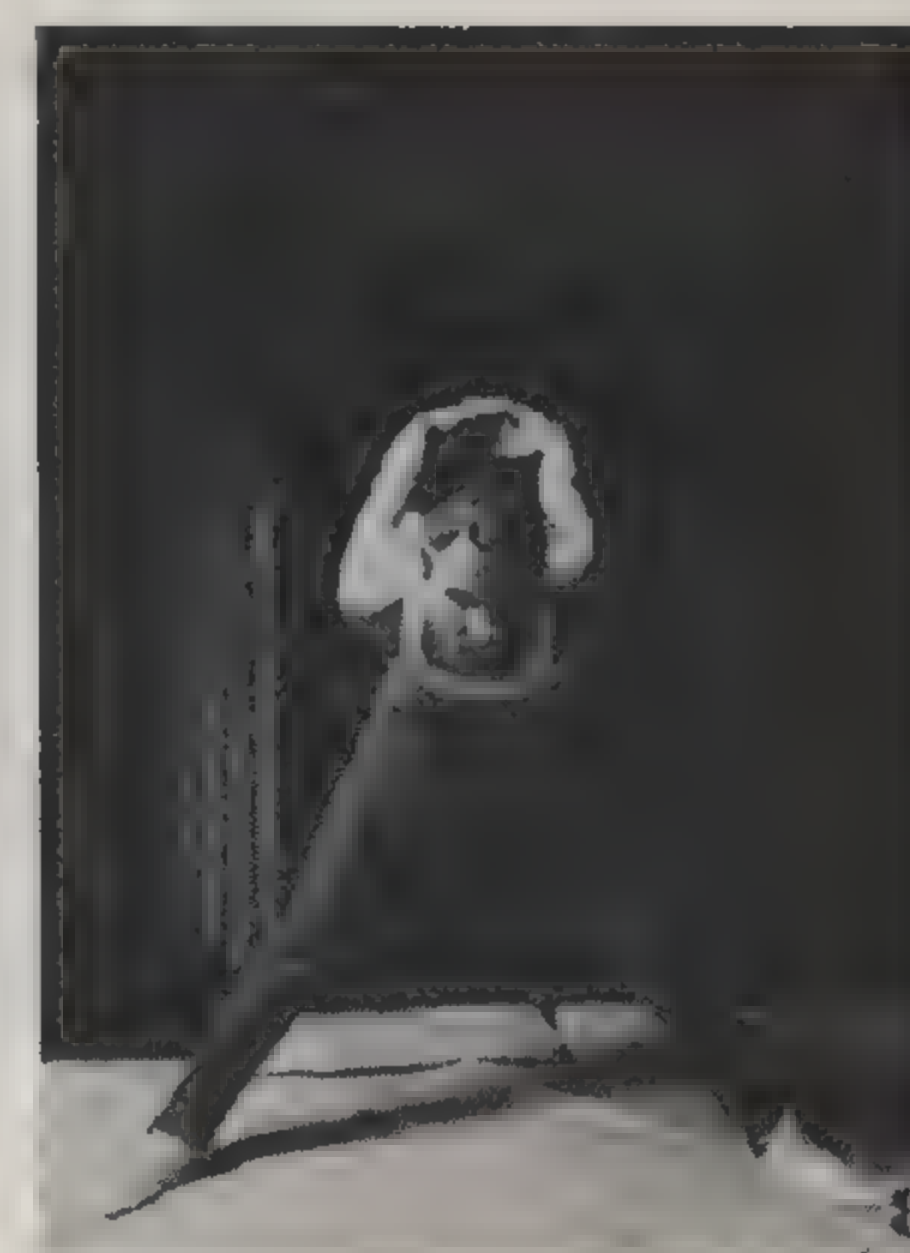
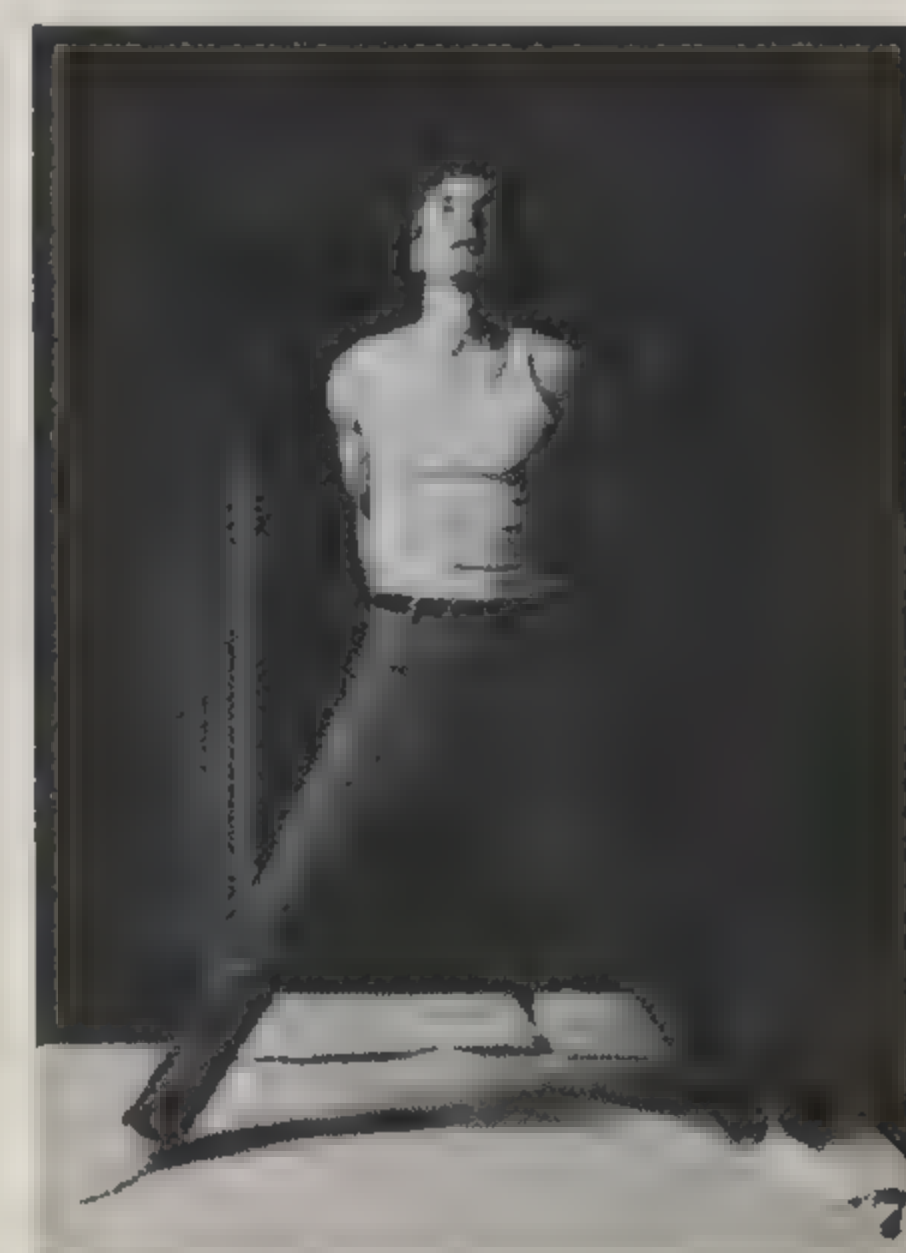
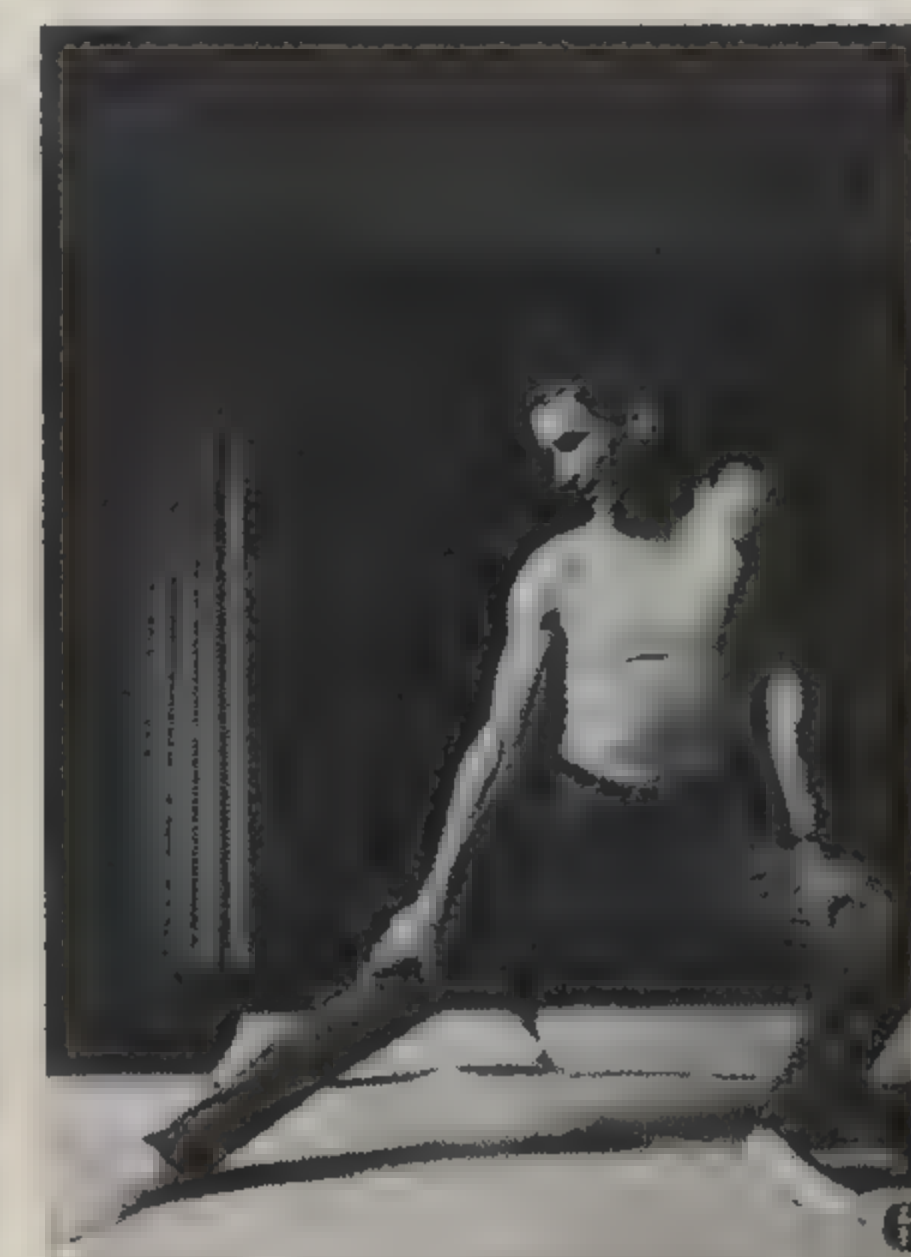
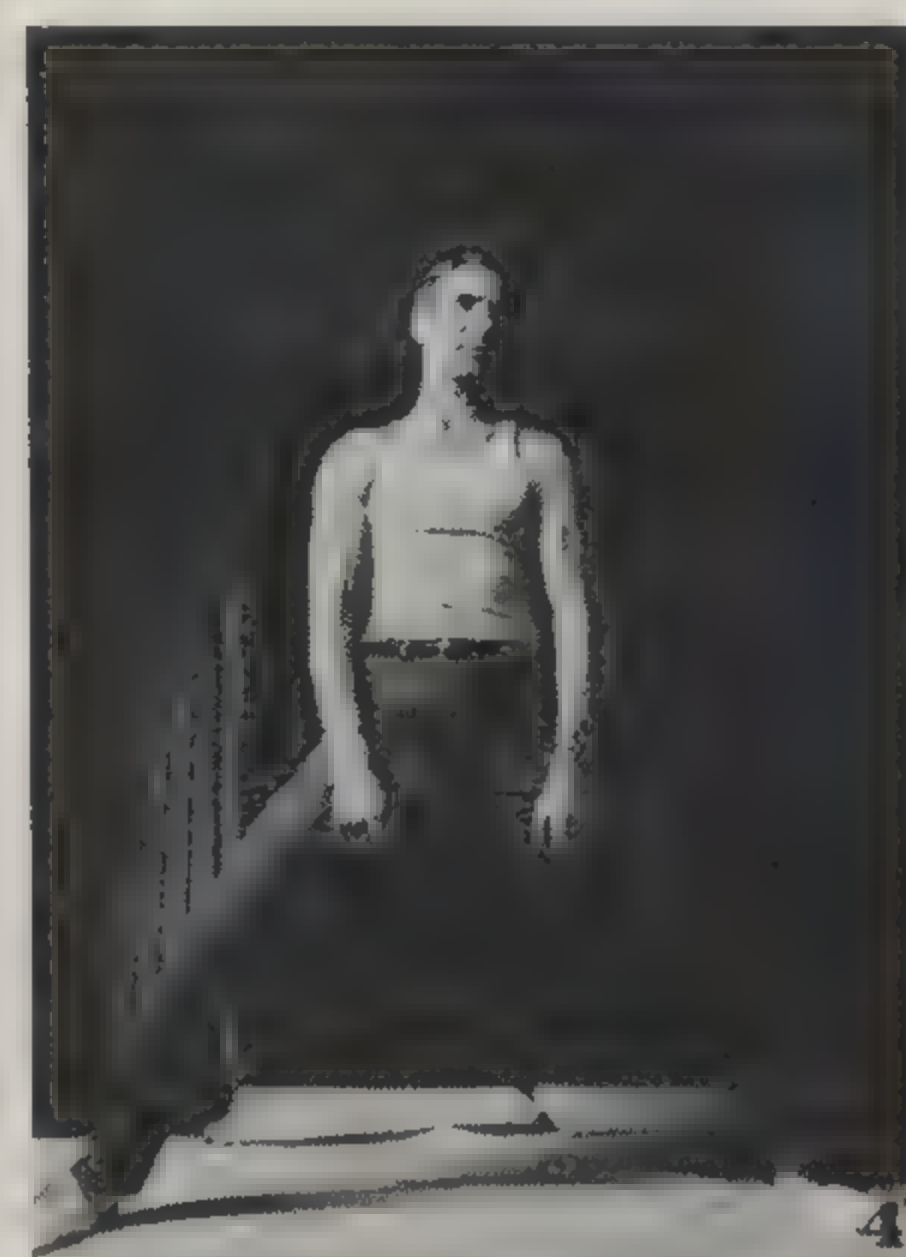
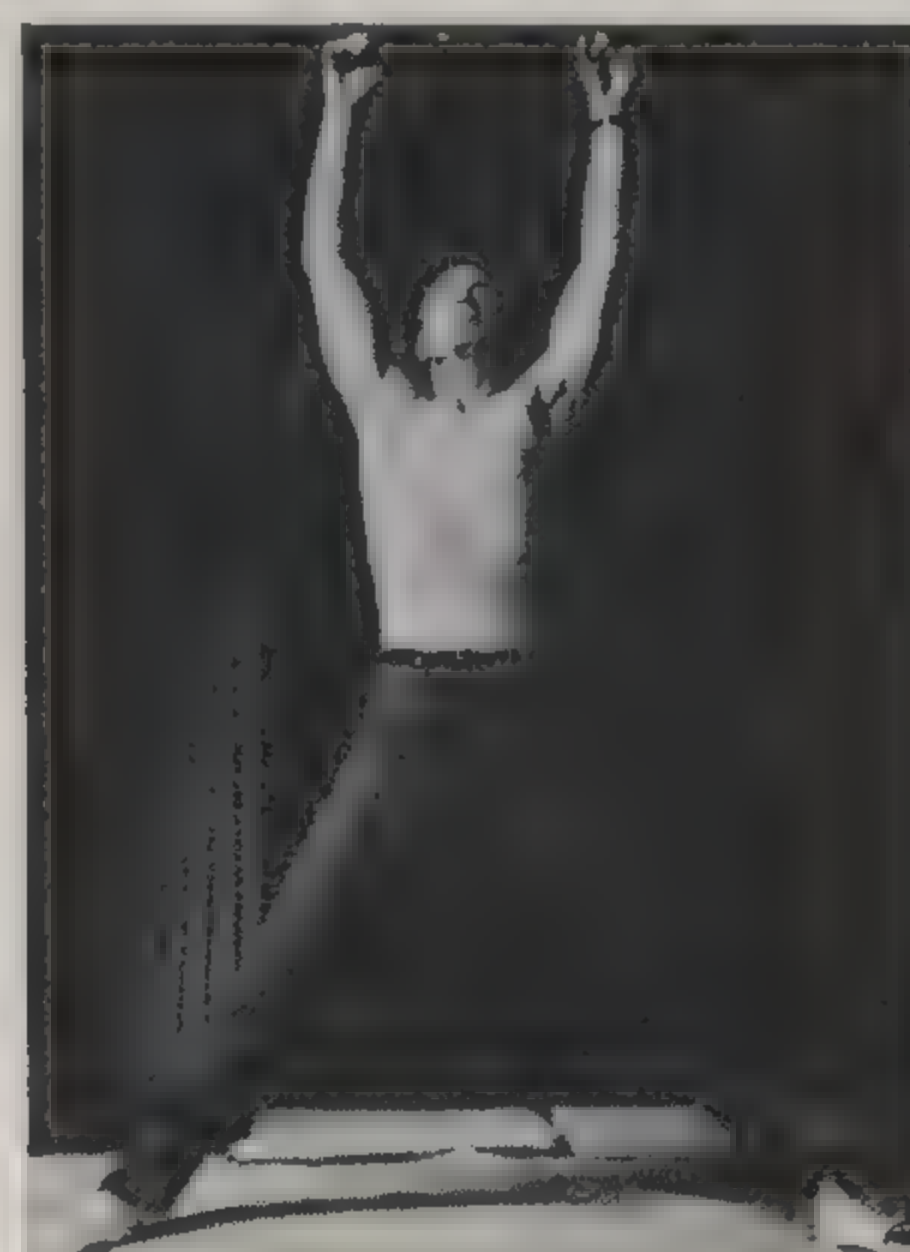
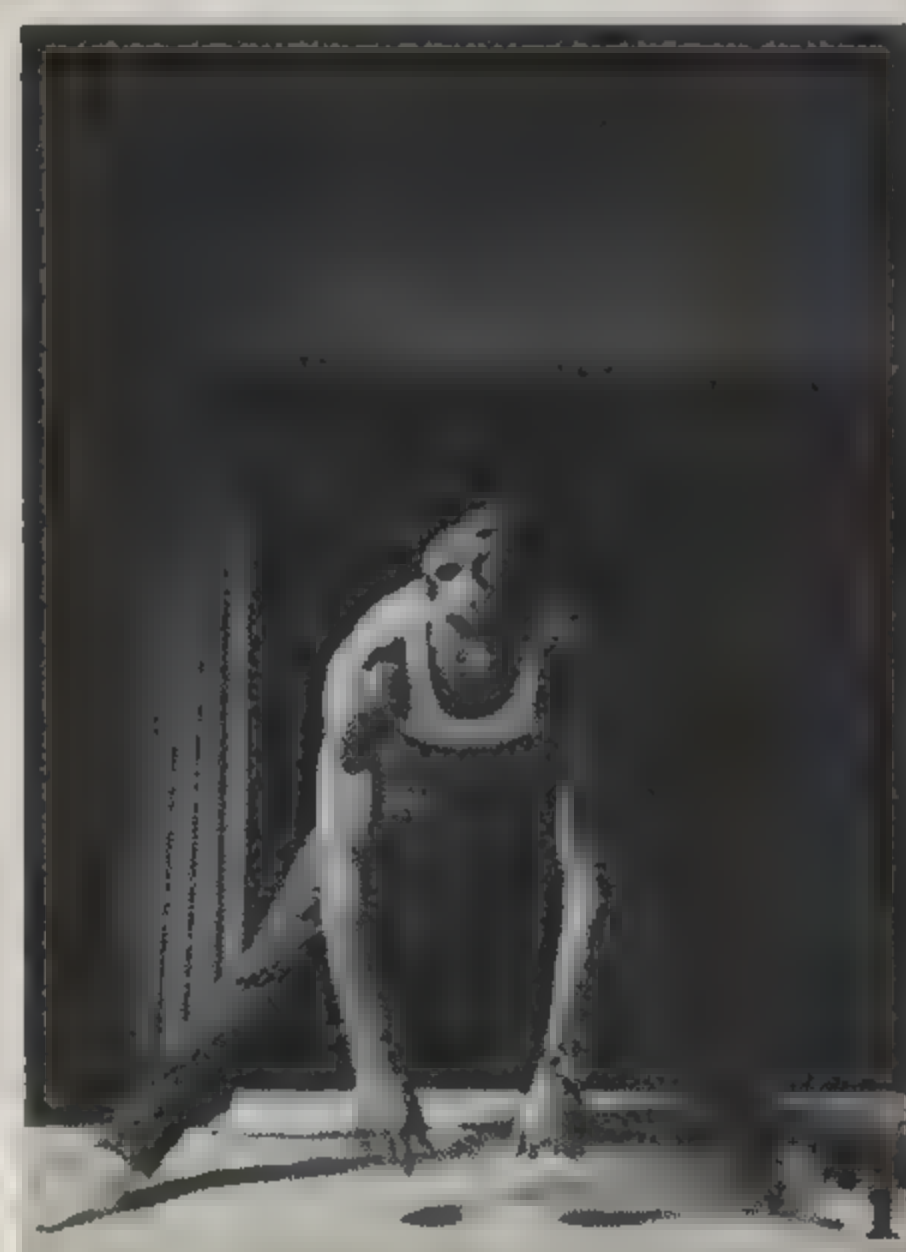
In Sporting Shape

two top gyms, two approaches to fitness

GALA FITNESS STUDIOS, 135 East 55th Street. Telephone: 355-3488. Emphasis here on brisk gymnastics: workouts on Olympic discipline rings, parallel bars. Super vigorous and it really works at developing strength, suppleness, timing, stamina, and skill. . . . "We transform the rules for competitive gymnasts into a routine for normal men to give them skills which develop co-ordination, that enable them to be better at sports, at everything," explains co-owner Larry. . . . Fiercely partisan clients say: "Calisthenics can be strenuous and dull, this is fun" . . . "I added three inches to my chest in a month."

First step: A half-hour private session to assess strong and weak points, then a one-hour class with five other men, an instructor to explain and guide as each man performs an exercise separately (to learn by watching for individual supervision and for a healthy, competitive spirit). Interest in the classes has "soared" over the past four months, and there are now nine one-hour classes a day. The charge is \$5 per class on a pay-as-you-go basis. No minimum or maximum attendance required; but three classes per week is fairly standard

JEAN-PHILIPPE BLAISE



ALEX AND WALTER PHYSICAL FITNESS STUDIO, 50 WEST 57TH STREET, TEL: (212) 265-7270. Alex says, "Exercise must be a luxury, done for the enjoyment of feeling good . . . to develop co-ordination, balance, and grace; watch exercises in a mirror, try to do them gracefully, slowly for better breathing and to avoid jerkiness." Here he demonstrates tension-relieving, circulation-improving routine to be done in ten minutes. 1. Lower head and arms. 2. Raise. 3. Lower again and swing from side to side. 4. Straighten. 5. Bend knee forward. 6. Stretch from left to right. 7. Clasp hands behind the body, stretch them out and up. 8. Lower trunk, raise clasped hands over head. 9. Arch torso and relax. Group sessions of six men at Alex and Walter are \$5 a session, involve calisthenics, some work with equipment.

Surfing in a shell

The Surf Kayak . . . in the fibre-glass shell a surfer stays dry and warm in the chilliest surf and can move through the surf line with a paddle, catch a wave, return for another wave in the time it takes a board surfer to reach the lineup. \$200. Surf Kayak Co., Encinitas, Calif. 92024.

MAURICE HOGENBOOM



Frances Denney paints THE MOSAIC EYE



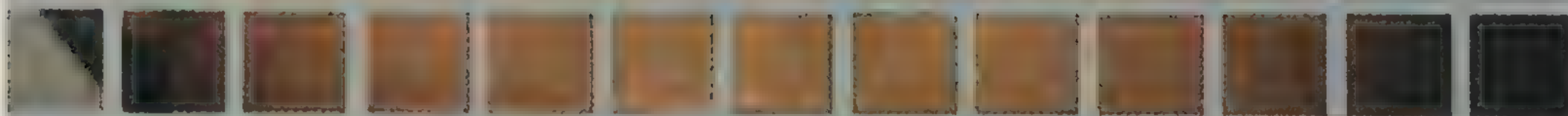
The eye. Frances Denney
sees it as a work of art.
Expressionism at its best.

Extravagantly lashed in
violet, copper, green or blue.

Framed in a collage of
fresco shades. Softly defined
with the Speedliner—
a lightning-quick wand to
orbit the eyes with fine line
perfection. The Mosaic Eye,
an inspired collection of
eye make-up.

See for yourself.

Frances Denney



MAY 1971

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: JOY RIDE



MRS. FRANCIS FARR

To get up early, before the sun has warmed the air or burned off the mist, and gallop hard on an empty beach is great. But to do it well—really well—with a leanness of gesture and elegance of line, and with every muscle so perfectly disciplined to the action at hand that the effect is a miracle of ease and style and the sense of well-being stupendous: this is divine, whatever your sport. As witness, 'above: Mrs. Francis Farr lets out Windsor April on the beach at Southampton... for doers and watchers: a joy ridé. Which is the name of the game, this issue.



NAKEDNESS *vs.* NUILITY

BY ANTHONY WEST

The body of a naked woman is an unchallengeable marvel, one of the great beauties in the natural order, with the calm perfection and the noble harmonies of certain gently eroded grassland landscapes, of water-worn stones, and of certain fruits, such as apples and pears. It is an entity that is at once very simple in its planes and masses and infinitely complex in its relationships, so that all bodies are alike in essence and each is unique in accident. (Continued on next page.)

NAKEDNESS **vs.** **N**UDITY

(Continued) Because each body is unique no woman becomes less than herself when she takes off her clothes. However closely she may resemble every other woman when she is naked, the body that is hers is unlike every other in a thousand ways. She is, indeed, often most herself in her nakedness because she is then liberated from the banal categories in which she unwittingly places herself by the way she does her hair, dresses, or comports herself. She sets her social being aside with her clothes and is visible undisguised.

In her clothes she is the person who has such and such a street address and this or that telephone number, or the creature of her fantasies, but when she is naked she *is*—like the tiger in the poem—one of those illuminations of the universe that make its infinite glory and majesty appreciable and make it a joy and delight to be a witness to its splendour. In her bare skin she stands outside the world of conventions and necessities of which her daily life is made and becomes part of that other realm of immediate sensation of which the blue flash of the kingfisher's flight, the lustre of the deer's summer coat, the warmth of a peach ripened in the sun, the transparency of unpolluted water, and the heaviness of moonlight are parts. . . .

A naked woman is one thing, and a nude one is another. The distinction was made plain to me a number of years ago by a misadventure that befell a cousin. She was brought up along progressive lines by parents who were rebels against the Edwardian conventions and who had taught her that her body was nothing to be ashamed of, but a possession in which she could take pride. From her earliest childhood she was allowed to feel that it was perfectly correct for her to shed her clothes and run about naked if she felt like it. She grew up to think that it was ridiculous to put on special clothes to swim in—it was so much more agreeable, and so much more natural, to go in with nothing on. None of these ideas raised any problems while she was a child, running across the orchard at her parents' country place in Sussex to plunge into the stream down at its far end or swimming off the isolated beach at the foot of the cliffs below their summer cottage in Cornwall. But when she was sixteen she was taken to Le Touquet for the summer by an uncle and aunt who did not realize how unworldly her upbringing had been or how innocent she was. . . . On her first day on the fairly crowded beach of that then rather stuffy Channel coast

resort, she did what she had always done when she felt like swimming, and slipping out of her clothes she ran across the sand and into the sea naked. It was when she came back through the surf, and found a smirking crowd waiting for her, that she realized that she was *nude*. "It was the expressions on their faces," she said. "They were all grinning—like horrid little dogs with their tongues hanging out. . . ."

It is easier to understand what *nude* means when one remembers that those who made a practice of taking their clothes off as a progressive social gesture called themselves *nudists*, referred to what they were doing as *nudism*, and described their gathering places as *nudist camps*. All this goes to show that what they were doing was neither natural nor unselfconscious. A person who is nude is clearly someone who is naked and uptight about it, either because the social context is unsuitable or for some other reason.

This concept of the nude is at first sight contradicted by the use of the word in connection with paintings and drawings; but this art-book and catalogue usage was established in the dark night of nineteenth-century guilt, and it was a description of something very special—that mysterious art person who had no pubic hair or underarm hair and who, if male, could be counted upon in every situation to keep something, a hand, a forearm, a thigh, or some accessory between him and the ultimate confrontation with the person painting him. There are even photographs of this singular being: Those who study the handbooks of anatomy that were used by art students until about fifty years ago will discover that there was, at one time, a race of artists' models who, normal in every other particular, revealed a region of foggy ambiguity devoid of any recognizable physical features when they took off their drawers and exposed their crotches to the camera. It is as hard for anyone alive today to believe in this creature as it is for them to accept mermaids or centaurs as realities, and the conceit seems harmless and rather comic. But the disastrous consequences of establishing ideals that do not correspond to actualities are exemplified by the case of poor Ruskin, who had been brought up on nudes and who was consequently horrified by the first naked woman he encountered. He assumed that his wife's pubic hair was a horrible deformity and could not bring himself to have anything to do with her sexually in consequence.

The most marvellous product of the cult of the hairless body, however, was comic rather than tragic, a legend of interracial good feeling and gratitude that was created by a late-Victorian English advertising man. The scene is British India. A pukka sahib, an officer in a marching regiment, has just rescued a wounded sepoy from a fate worse than death—if the sahib had not carried the dying man into the British lines, the Afghans would have got him and mutilated him horribly as he lay there helplessly. Knowing he is to die, knowing what a horrible end he has so narrowly escaped, the sepoy wishes to show his saviour how deeply and truly grateful he is. Holding the officer's hand and gazing into his eyes, he gives him his most precious possession, the secret of a recipe handed down in his family from generation to generation, and never before confided to any outsider, for a salve that will remove superfluous body hair.

The revolt against the set of taboos that produced the bland and denatured nude, of which nudism was a part, was not without its tragedies. The liberated parents of the 'twenties and 'thirties who insisted that their children should go naked whether they wanted to or not, when they were wrestling with the problems of adolescence, inflicted wounds on them that may still be seen to be hurting. There is, indeed, a psychiatrist of that bruised generation in practice today who was so shattered by having to face his naked parents and brothers and sisters at the family's seaside camp each summer through his adolescent years that he now makes a fetish of the need for secrecy, concealment, and deceit and tells his patients that they *must* have some hidden places in their lives if they are to survive. One's thrust of pity for the poor little boy who was tortured by being made to expose the body that he was not ready to accept is only partly cancelled by the realization that he has taken a more than ample revenge for his sufferings, and on the wrong people, by teaching scores of men and women to lie to each other and to poison with systematized lying the springs of relationships that should be founded on mutual trust and candour.

The trouble is that this gravely and nobly beautiful thing does not appeal to the aesthetic sense alone, it appeals even more strongly to the less intellectual senses. It is hard for a man who sees a naked woman not to wish to stroke and caress her, and ultimately to

share with her the greatest of all sensuous pleasures. No remark that embraces so large a class as that included in the term "all men" can possibly be true; but, insofar as they are creatures of instinct, most men would like to enjoy all the women who are physically attractive to them. Insofar as they are social beings and governed by reason and convention, they are committed to a belief in more elaborate patterns of response and to the aspiration towards a more selective pattern of behaviour. They wish to believe that they are capable of being loyal, true, and faithful to a single woman for long periods and that their instinctive sexual drive is linked with their emotions, so that they only want women with whom they are in love. From all this is born much warfare in the heart, and from it are derived those complex and upsetting feelings that make the naked body of a woman an awful and frightening thing for so many men. It is a talisman that reveals to them the fragility of the pretenses they live by and makes them realize how much there is in them that is primitive, instinctive, and unregenerate. Their embarrassment or fear is in the end the measure of their fear of what they know about themselves.

But for those men who can accept the realities of their physical being and who can handle their instinctive drives without anxiety and without guilt, the naked body of a woman is a mirror of their own delight in life and confidence in it. For these people who are without fear, being naked together and enjoying each other's nakedness is sacramental, a true act of worship in which the woman is at once the priestess and the embodiment of the divine. She is still herself, still entirely a person, but she is also something solemn and majestic, beyond herself and greater than herself.

In her nakedness she becomes one with the oldest of man's loves and the first of his goddesses, the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of all living, the mistress of the barren heights and the rich valleys, of the grasslands and the dark forests, of the lush pastures and the fields of ripening grain, of the abundant orchards and the fertile gardens, of the teeming rivers and the inexhaustible seas, of the wild things and the tame. She is the replenisher and the renewer, the giver of all gifts and the destroyer of all things; she is life in all the splendour of its infinite menace, generosity, and promise and, beyond all measure, *glorious*. ▼

BY
ANTHONY
WEST



THE
Cushings
OF NEWPORT

... their marvellous sea-girt summer life


PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONI FRISSELL



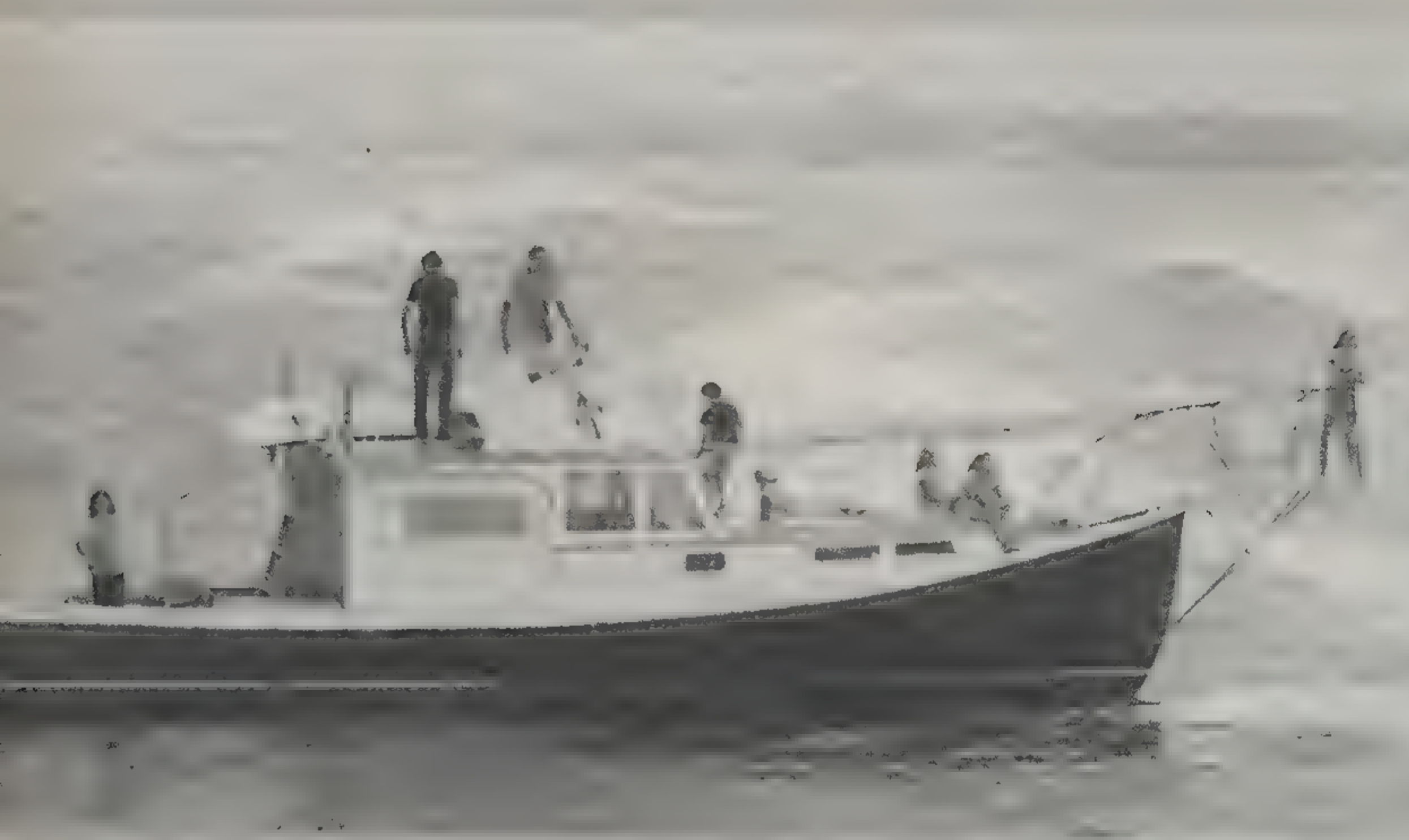
The summer life of the Cushing family at Newport is a continuous love affair with the sea—which sighs or thunders, rustles or crashes on three sides of the rocky promontory where their house, The Ledges, stands above sloping, breeze-swept lawns. “They live by, in, and on the sea—swimming, boating, fishing, lobstering,” said one visitor. “Everyone rushes out before breakfast and dives into the roaring waves—no matter how rough the sea or how late the party the night before.” There is also surfing, a sport the Cushings were perhaps the first mainland Americans to discover: years ago, Howard G. Cushing brought back surfboards from Hawaii for his sons, Howard junior, Freddy, and Tommy, who promptly launched them at nearby Bailey’s Beach—“we were all considered eccentrics, in those days.” Being considered eccentric has never deterred the Cushings from loving, and enjoying, the sea or the land, the natural world around them, the natural life that so many Americans are now trying so hard to rediscover. “We used to spend hours building rafts, or sailing in leaky canoes,” said Howard Cushing, junior. “There are so many simple pleasures—you just go out the door and there are endless things to do. We’re trying to do the same thing for the children. . . . Up here, they don’t get herded around.”

L. to r.: Tommy Cushing (running); Minnie Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Cushing; in back, Peter Beard, Charles Windisch-Graetz, Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Cushing. Next, Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Cushing, junior; Kitty and Edie Cushing; Mr. Frederick Cushing. Standing: Ames, Nini, and (almost hidden), Johnny Cushing; Constantine Windisch-Graetz; Lee Cushing. 121





Three jolly fishermen—Mr. Frederick Cushing, far left, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Cushing, junior—beaming with pleasure over three fine blues and a big striper, caught just off the point (shown on following page) below the house at Newport. There, a rock-rimmed, foam-swirled pool often yields up beauties like these. Many are relished there, others frozen, flown to New York for future dinners.



A boatload of Cushings, left, out for bluefish and striped bass in the churning seas offshore. Navigation here can be hairy, but “we know where all the rocks are—by touch and feel,” said Howard Cushing, junior. Often the boat goes farther out to sea after big, hard-fighting swordfish; every two days, it’s taken out to pick up the fifteen lobster pots—this, a special pleasure of Howard Cushing, senior....Below, fishing off the point: Howard G. Cushing, junior, and his five pretty mermaid daughters. From left, Edie; red-haired Lee; Kitty; and the twins, Ames and Nini.





THE *W*OOING OF THE EARTH AND SEA

By Dr. René Dubos

THE GOAL OF CONSERVATION: THE CREATIVE
INTERPLAY BETWEEN NATURE AND MAN

I grew up in small villages of the Île-de-France, north of Paris, near Picardy and Normandy. This is a land without any notable characteristics except those conferred upon it by several millennia of continuous human occupation. The hills have such low profiles that they would hardly be perceived if it were not for the old churches and clusters of houses that crown their summits. The rivers are sluggish and the ponds muddy, but their names have been celebrated so often in poetry and prose that they evoke the enchantment of pastoral scenes. The sky is rarely spectacular, but painters have created a rich spectrum of visual and emotional experiences from its soft luminosity.

Ever since the primaeval forest was cleared by neolithic settlers and mediaeval farmers, the Île-de-France has retained a humanized charm that transcends its natural endowments. To this day, furthermore, the land has remained very fertile despite continuous use during some four thousand years. Far from being exhausted by intensive agriculture over long periods of time, it still supports a large population and a great variety of human settlements. Hamlets, villages, towns, and cities have uninterruptedly nurtured civilization, despite the ebb and flow of men's fortunes.

These observations about my native country are not dictated by chauvinism, for I know they apply just as well to other parts of the world. Certain very ancient landscapes, particularly in Asia and Europe, have remained fertile and beautiful even though they have been under cultivation since neolithic times. In North America, also, some of the most attractive and prosperous farmlands are found in areas that were covered with forests three centuries ago, and that have been intensely cultivated ever since. The Pennsylvania Dutch country provides a convincing demonstration that wise ecological management can be as creative and lastingly successful in the New World as it has been for millennia in the Old World.

The preceding paragraphs are meant to convey my faith in man's ability to assume a creative stewardship of the Earth. Repeatedly and under a variety of conditions man has converted wilderness into farmlands so ecologically sound that they have become biologically richer with time and have been economically profitable, as well as propitious to the emergence, growth, and survival of civilization. The words of Charles Péguy as he presented the Beauce country to Notre Dame de Chartres are applicable to many humanized landscapes all over the world:

Deux mille ans de labeur ont fait de cette terre

Un réservoir sans fin pour les âges nouveaux

The transformations of the Earth by the works of man commonly reveal potentialities that remain hidden in the state of wilderness. The word nature therefore applies not only to undisturbed wilderness, but also to fields, meadows, forests, and waterways that have been so managed as to bring out characteristics that were inherent in the place—in the *genius loci*. For most persons, in fact, the word country evokes humanized nature. And this has probably been true for the immense majority of the world population throughout historical times, even in North America.

During the eighteenth century, the Virginian William Byrd, owner of the plantation Westover, set forth what he regarded as an ideal environment: "A Library, a Garden, a Grove, a Purling stream are the Innocent scenes that divert our Leisure." Of course, public attitude has greatly changed since that time. It is now commonly believed that undisturbed wilderness is the only true expression of nature—the only legitimate concern of the conservation movement. There is a widespread tendency to assume that the ultimate goal of conservation is to protect nature *against* man, whereas it should be the discovery and development of the potentialities that permit a creative harmonious interplay between man and nature.

Now that I am familiar with most of the United States and have travelled over a good deal of the earth, I realize that there is little, if any, true wilderness left in Europe. What I had (Continued on page 196)

THE GOOD SPORTS

WHAT TO WEAR ON THE PLAYING FIELDS
OF THE WORLD



TENNIS

THE SMASH SPORT OF THE '70'S

By
**Robert
Daley**

Tony Trabert, born too soon, was managing a sock business in Los Angeles the last I heard of him. The fact that his game, tennis, is at last exploding all around him and us must amaze and amuse and please him. But the game's new popularity will profit him nothing, not financially, not even emotionally.

I used to know Trabert well, for we both lived in Paris. He had an apartment on the Avenue d'Iéna. From his balcony, he once joked, you could see the Arc de Triomphe—if you had a long neck. Tony had a sense of humour then, and he needed it, for he was both managing the pro tennis tour and trying to play in it—and making precious little profit either way.

The Paris years of a professional tennis player: Sounds romantic, doesn't it? But romance it was not. Tennis was a dying game if ever there was one, and my reports in *The New York Times* must have helped kill it a little more whenever my editor ordered me to write about it. I liked Trabert, but I hated tennis. If two players were evenly matched, a single set, not to mention an entire tournament, could go on endlessly. A match might take three-and-a-half hours or more. I would sit there in agony, having a deadline to meet and a party to go to after that and no finish line getting any nearer. The pro players played only each other—same old faces all the time—in second- or third-rate places; I saw one tournament played on a huge canvas groundsheet tugged taut on top of an ice rink, and another played on a basketball floor painted green. The amateur players meanwhile had all the good tournaments and often played on handsome grass courts, but some of them were outright playboys and nearly all of them

were second-rate. Their matches might last even longer. Amateur tennis was also scandal ridden—the best players accepted pittances under the table, and these pittances were blown up into huge and immoral payoffs by the press.

Trabert really loved tennis, and he would talk earnestly—he was almost preaching—about what a lovely game it was just as recreation. One could play with one's wife. One could play into old age. But there were precious few converts in those days—I was not one of them—because, with the exception of one tournament, Wimbledon, tennis was like a room full of some distasteful perfume; and most of us chose not to go into it either as spectators or for recreation.

Once I ran into Trabert in Cannes. He was with seven other pros, and they were going to play a tournament there for a percentage of the gate. The winner, he said, figured to earn between \$700 and \$800. They had finished a tournament the night before in Cava de' Tirreni, south of Naples, and had left there at 5:30 that morning. Three hired cars took them to the Naples airport, where they flew to Rome, he explained. After a lay-over in Rome they flew to Nice, hired some more cars and drove to Cannes. Six-and-a-half hours on the road in all. He said he was going to try to sleep now after lunch to rest up for tonight's match.

I asked him about Rod Laver, then the world's best amateur, whom the pros were trying to sign. Laver wanted \$25,000 a year, Trabert said ruefully. He was too expensive. The pro tour couldn't afford him.

One day in Paris Trabert told me he was quitting. He had hardly seen his family in a year. He was playing badly. Lawyers were using up all his time, and the other players were sniping at him behind his back. One tournament owed the players \$13,000. The organizers claimed they had no money. Trabert was trying to force them to pay, while his fellow pros contended he had signed a contract with insufficient safeguards.

(Continued on page 128)

**Winner of the
women's singles—
the white
knit jumpsuit**

Zippy little champion, this—sleeveless, open at the throat, straight, easy, the shortest. Feel free to belt it or not—you'll be in great form either way. Vivo by Susan Thomas, in Fortrel (Lebanon fabric). Visor, sweatlet, Chemold aluminum racquet, all from Feron. Socks, at Abercrombie & Fitch. P. F. sneakers by B. F. Goodrich. Jumpsuit, about \$28. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. The look of a midsummer tan—one that really gels with Bain de Soleil Bronzer. Neatly coiffed, ready-for-action heads on all sporting pages, by Suga.

THE GOOD SPORTS DOUBLES EVERYONE

TENNIS: SMASH SPORT OF THE '70's

(Continued) A tournament in India had paid the players off four years before with a suitcase full of Air-India tickets. The suitcase was still half full. Trabert was trying to think up ways to travel by Air-India whenever possible. "We've got to use the tickets up," he told me. "But Air-India doesn't go everywhere, you know."

Trabert was thirty-three when he left Paris and tennis behind. He is only forty today. We are not here dealing with ancient history, and Rod Laver last year earned \$203,000 in prize money alone and perhaps added as much money again in endorsements.

But Trabert was the tennis pro I knew best and I liked best, and recently it has amused me to imagine him if he were thirty-three years old today, rather than way back then:

It's 1971. Watch him enter a room. There is the instant hush that greets the arrival of all rich and successful men, followed by an excited murmur. The other guests crowd around him, all of them, peppering him with the most personal (to them) kind of questions; he knows now what famous doctors feel like at parties: "Doctor, I'm having the worst kind of trouble with my backhand, what would you advise?" Because tennis is the fashionable game today, and everybody plays, including—me. (Continued on page 199)



Cool set of doubles, left, the kind you'd welcome when it's early or late, breezy or cloudy, or when you've just plain had enough sun—long-sleeved easy shirt sporting the traditional alligator, with an inch or two of shorts showing below. By David Crystal, in Dacron. Sun visor from Feron. The aluminum racquet that makes a real tennis breakthrough—it cuts down on air-resistance so it's the next best thing to a perfect backhand—by Head, at Abercrombie & Fitch. P. F. sneakers by B. F. Goodrich. White turnout, about \$45, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

When you're having more than one sport, try a shot of these, right—cotton terry sweatshirt and shorts; they're game for paddle tennis, sailing, picnics on the beach, you name it, do it, wear it. By White Stag. Kenneth J. Lane sunglasses for Tropic-Cal. Tensor paddle tennis racquet, at Abercrombie & Fitch. Shirt, about \$13; shorts, about \$7. White turnout, at Macy's; Hengerer's; Wana-maker's, Phila.; Halle's-Cleveland. One terrific stroke that anyone can master—and these two sports obviously have: that flick of the Shulton Bronztan Rich Tanning Foam aerosol that gets an early summer suntan on its smooth, gleamy way.



SHOULD ANYONE REALLY PLAY TO WIN? YES, OR ELSE . . .

By
Heywood Hale Broun

CAN A MAN LOSE TO A WOMAN IN A LOVE GAME? YES, BUT . . .

By **Sanche de Gramont**

One winter in Saint Moritz, when I was young and still believed it was part of a man's nature to want to show off to a woman, for, after all, what else was chivalry, I invited a pretty girl to join me on the Niarchos run, "if you feel up to it." We arrived at a steep icy grade in a cold wind that swept snow flurries around us. "Do you think we'd better try it?" the girl asked. "I think I can tackle it," I said with quiet authority, "just follow me." I started down and ten yards later I was flat on my back. She stopped prettily to wait for me. I kept falling, and after each fall, she sweetly called out: "Are you all right?" She pretended to be cleaning the snow out of her goggles, or fixing her bootstrap, to give me time to catch up. We got into deep snow, and I was stumbling like a drunkard. "Maybe I'd better try going first," she said with a charitable smile, and she slid effortlessly through the drifts, making a lovely trail for me to follow. Damn tomboy, I thought, I'll never give her another tumble, she's probably got legs like ships' funnels.

One of the reasons I married my wife is that she is a beginner on skis. She did not tell me, however, that she had spent every summer of her childhood and adolescence at the East Hampton tennis club. The first time she lured me onto a court, I

tried every trick in the book. I made faces when she served. I called her shots out when they touched the line. I told her: You know, women aren't supposed to want to win as badly as men. That's one hell of an unladylike aggressive instinct you've got. I told her: Hey, you really ate your spinach today. I told her: There's something very serious I want to ask you about afterward. Nothing worked. She won in straight sets.

"All right, you beat me," I said as I limped off the court, "but what does that prove? In championship matches they don't even let the women play the men, there's such an enormous difference. The top-seeded woman player wouldn't even get a game off the lowest-seeded man player. He would kill her serve and she wouldn't even be able to return his serve."

"Listen, Don Budge," she said, "I didn't notice you killing my serve."

"Why do you have to put everything on a personal level?" I asked. "I'm talking in general terms. Listen, there are some sports women aren't even allowed to take part in, like ski jumping. It would bounce a woman's insides too much to land on that hard snow after jumping 350 feet through the air. Let's face it, girls weigh less, they are less strong, (Continued on page 132)

When we talk these days of the will to win in sports, almost the first picture that leaps, jaggedly, to mind is of a pair of Little League parents, ugly in their back-seat batting, haranguing a tearful tiny caricature of an athlete. Or perhaps we see Vince Lombardi growling at a gore-splattered group of football players, "Winning isn't everything. It's the only thing."

Horrified, and mindful of our own occasional or possibly habitual defeats, we take refuge in that bastion of the unsuccessful, the balanced view.

"It isn't," we say comfortably to ourselves, "whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game." And having said so, we lose, winning for ourselves only another drop of acid for the dark inner pool where live the blind white fish of frustration.

Before the middle class took power in the nineteenth century and with the grey gloves of gentility squeezed us into the approved shape, games were an extension of the general savagery of human life. They were ritualized to a degree that life very often was not, but they were so rough and mean that one attempting to shout, "Well played, old man," often choked on his own blood.

The captain of an Aztec basketball team could not say anything graceful after a losing game because he was beheaded at the final whistle, while the defeated Roman boxer rarely gave his opponent a sporting hug because the gloves were studded with metal.

Indeed it sometimes seems that a large proportion of man's early games involved sticks and stones among the poor and sharpened pieces of metal among the rich. The Gauls enjoyed a lively pastime in which the player was handed a sharp sword just as he was pulled from the floor by a hangman's noose. If he cut the rope, he won—if he didn't, there was much rough laughter over the great horns of foaming mead. What a release of tensions for those who lived!

Where man matched himself in

games against wild animals there was none of the modern unequal war where the beast's only hope is that the telescopically-sighted rifle will misfire. The old boar hunter armed with a three-foot spear plunged into a thicket overflowing with angry pig. If he lost, it didn't much matter how he played the game.

Insofar as single men affect history, sport can be said to have largely been revolutionized by the attitudes of Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby in the days when Tom Brown was there, and principal moulder of that stiff-lipped, repressed, anti-intellectual sportsman, the Victorian gentleman.

Sir Harold Nicolson wrote that Arnold's father was a Customs inspector and formed his idea of the aristocracy from the repressed, stiff-lipped behaviour of Dukes who were having their baggage examined. He passed this erroneous picture to his son who imposed it on a whole generation of business scions whose parents were anxious for them to have the best.

Still today, that strange, indigestible cocktail of conflicting ingredients muddles the head of sport. Winning is the goal, but proper behaviour in adversity is nearly as important. Pleasure at victory and depression in defeat are appropriate—but within certain bounds. Screaming, weeping, cursing, or throwing up on the carpet—favourite releases of the pre-Arnold aristocracy—are out because they are not manly or were never done by Earls wondering whether searching fingers would discover a bolt of smuggled China silk in the bottom of a portmanteau. Sport, in short, became an extension of our social life instead of our real life.

Admittedly these remarks do not much apply to professional sport. Lombardi's war cries were appropriate in view of the stakes involved, but it is interesting that those games which vaguely are supposed to be "gentleman's" sports—tennis and, to a lesser degree, golf—still insist that (Continued opposite)



Great doubles match: absolutely pared-to-the-bone white polo shirt teamed with a matching button-down skirt. That's real tennis—sharp and fast. By John Meyer, in Kodel and cotton. Sun visor and wristlet, from Feron. Air-resistant aluminum racquet by Head, tennis socks; at Abercrombie & Fitch. P. F. sneakers by B. F. Goodrich. Shirt, about \$15; skirt, about \$16. Both, at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; The Denver.

(Continued) no one display impatience with bad decisions and that losers simulate a lot of pleasure over their defeat.

I think it is time that we buried Dr. Arnold. In a society that is a farrago of frustrations we need some acceptable fierceness, some temporary harmless hate. The burning, undisguised desire to smash an opponent whether at the backgammon board or on a tennis court is a tonic.

Golfer Bernard Darwin, a mild and equable man when not at his game, remarked, "Hard hitting has some of the great qualities of obloquy. It is like telling a man for once in a while what we really think of him. It may be that from Christian or prudential motives we had better have refrained. Our vocabulary may have been miserably inadequate, but we have done our best. We have screwed ourselves up to the effort which imparts a glow to the still trembling frame."

Aggression, however healthy to the nasty nature of man, must nowadays be limited. Aggression in commerce has given us a world covered with smoke and garbage, aggression in war a world endlessly rehearsing Armageddon. Christianity is no longer a great enemy of aggression, if indeed it ever was, but psychiatry tut-tuts over our angers and hopes that we will outgrow them. Even psychiatrists play tennis, however, and I suggest that we will all be better to channel our fury into a dream of acing the analyst.

I am, myself, a mediocre athlete but a determined one. I was banned from a fencing club because I tried to hit people with the bell of the foil and, when a badminton player, was noted both for the sloppiness of my strokes and for my willingness to fall face down in order to make one. If you play me and beat me, do not try to shake my hand for I will knock it aside and, like Grant at Shiloh, start figuring how to beat you tomorrow. As I write those words I realize that, for all my irritable ineptitude at games, almost the only time I am not ruminating some guilt is when I am playing them. ▼

THE GOOD SPORTS FORE GOLFERS...



CAN A MAN LOSE?

(Continued) their skeletal frame is different, their hips slow them down in the water, their breasts get in their way when they run. . . .

"Women started late," Nancy said, "they didn't enter the Olympics until 1928. They're chipping away at the margins of men's athletic records."

"They're not chipping away at anything," I said, "because in lots of sports, women get a break. Look at golf, they tee off fifty yards down from the men."

"What about the girl pitcher who struck out Babe Ruth?"

"Aw, come on."

"I'm not kidding, you can look it up."

"What about the first woman to play football," I retorted, "a husband and wife on a semi-pro team, the wife held the ball for her husband in an extra-point place kick, the ball was snapped back to her and she fumbled it and said Oh, honey, I'm sorry. It was the first time the word honey was ever used by a football player. Women haven't got the nerve for dangerous sports."

"Is that so," Nancy said, "what about the Maid of the Mist, who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel? And what about lady lion-tamers, and lady trapeze artists, and lady bullfighters?"

"Lady bullfighters fight dwarf bulls with filed horns," I said, "and as a general rule, ladies who indulge in rough sports are about as feminine as a long-shoreman."

"Annie Oakley only weighed 110 pounds and wore a size eight," Nancy said, "and she shot the ash from Kaiser Wilhelm's cigarette."

I saw no point in pursuing the discussion. We are living in times, I thought, when every inaccessible peak has become an easy day for a woman. And I realized, when I came across the following statement by a woman mountaineer, that, whatever their achievements, women will always provide a more convincing explanation of their motives: "We are asked by the discerning why we ascend mountains, why we face the icy slope, the vertical cliff, the shattered pinnacle of rock, the deadly avalanche, the bitter cold, the burning heat? The answer is simple: For the view." Sir Edmund Hillary, please note. ▼

T off in a shirt like this, left—navy knit linked up with matching short shorts, lean and limber. A Ban-Lon turnout by Booth Bay, of Du Pont nylon. Shirt, about \$14; shorts, about \$7. Over-the-knee socks by Bonnie Doon. Waterproof shoes by Jack Purcell for B. F. Goodrich. Golf club, at Abercrombie & Fitch. Turnout, at Lord & Taylor; Hengerer's; Vandever's; Bullock's, Southern California. **Great cycling gear,** at right, whatever gear you've got your shiny white Schwinn in—navy body suit laced close as second skin under culottes of navy twill. Nylon body suit by Danskin. Culottes by Davenshire, of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). Renauld sunglasses. Belt by Elegant. Jacques Cohen espadrilles, by Laura Tosato; I. Miller. Schwinn bicycle: Morris Toyland. Body suit, \$10; Bloomingdale's. Culottes, about \$8. At Carson Pirie Scott; Younkers; Capwell's.

AND OTHER WHEELS



FORE GOLF

The what-to-wear part of golf made easy, left: just pull a pair of nifty grey flannel shorts over a navy leotard—looks great, works great—can't pull out no matter how rococo your swing. With navy knee socks, a pair of really good golf shoes, you're on your way, getting some of the best exercise in the world—better yet when you caddy yourself with this roll-along caddy cart. Shorts by Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport, of Amity wool-and-acrylic flannel. Cart by Coursaire, at Abercrombie & Fitch. Shorts, \$28, at Bloomingdale's.

Prefer a skirt? Zip into white, right, with the same navy leotard, socks, shoes; the pouched belt totes every small necessity under the sun; and there's not a hair out of place—slicked straight back under control of a ponytail elastic and a smidgen of cotton scarf. Lineny skirt by B. H. Wragge, of Avisco rayon. About \$38. At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; I. Magnin. On both these pages: Scarfs by Givenchy. The leotards by Danskin, of stretch nylon, \$6. At Bloomingdale's. Knee socks by Van Raalte. Waterproof white golf shoes by Jack Purcell for B. F. Goodrich. Golf clubs from Abercrombie & Fitch. Both golf bags from Gucci... Refreshing as a hot day's lemonade: Shiseido's Golden Mellow Lotion, a brisk lemon-scented moisturizer to wear under or instead of makeup.







SUSAN COCHRAN

THE GOOD SPORTS WATER-BABIES



Down, down, down, she goes, left, shining all the way in a two-piece black wet-suit: deep-sea photographer Susan Cochran, totally covered—literally and figuratively—for a shot in the dark. Her own flippers and gloves, plus goggles, weight, belt, and a Nikonos II underwater camera from Richards Aqualung Center. Parkway/Recreonics wet-suit; Neoprene rubber bonded with Du Pont nylon. \$65. To order, at Abercrombie & Fitch.

Between perfect waves, right, intrepid surfers like Minnie Cushing keep warm out there—and visible—in seal-slick wet-suits such as this: One-piece, black, of Neoprene rubber lined with nylon. From Richards Aqualung Center, about \$35. The surf board, from Post Ski & Sport Shops.

MINNIE CUSHING



Berber blue for summer

Soft, scrubbed-looking, bleached-out blue cotton, shaded and faded like the cloth worn by the Berbers of North Africa—this is It for everyone for summer. Great for day and for evening . . . on lawns, at lakes, on hot city streets . . . with sandals and bare legs . . . with brilliant scarlet accessories and shells and good leather belts. And marvellously becoming to everybody—the tanned, the freckled, or the just slightly glowy. It costs little and it gives a lot . . . which is what hot-weather dressing is all about, right? . . . California is the mise en summer-scène for the Berber-blue looks on these six pages . . . and for the likes of Sally Kellerman, the smash of *M*A*S*H* and *Brewster McCloud*. A sun-streaked, mocha-voiced girl of wonderful length and humour and no side whatever, she doesn't whistle for attention, it wraps itself around her . . . she has the presence known as Star. Her next movie: *Labyrinth*.

SALLY KELLERMAN



Berber-blue shirt and skirt, above left, to button on first thing and go with all day (going here along the bridle path of Will Rogers Memorial State Park in Pacific Palisades). Fox Run cotton shirt and skirt; each, about \$16. Bergdorf Goodman; J. W. Robinson. Issey Miyake necklace. Wrist-bound scarf by Glentex.

Berber-blue battle jacket and quilted shorts, above, to hack around the Park stables—or any turf or surf of your choice. Fox Run cotton jacket, about \$32; shorts, about \$15. At Bergdorf Goodman; The Denver; J. W. Robinson. Hide & Side belt.

For barefoot evenings in sylvan places, right—or the equivalent thereof—a Berber-blue cotton shirt and long blowy skirt. By Ginori; Crantex fabric. About \$75. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. These six pages: coiffures by William Escalera of Ménage À Trois.





JUDY CARNE

Berber blue



Berber-blue shorts and bush jacket, above left—for such safaris as might be enjoyed in sunniest Palm Springs by game little birds like Judy Carne, who wears them with flashes of scarlet and her nifty new Jeffrey Spirit haircut . . . with wheeled escort bringing up the rear. Film con Carne: *All the Right Noises*, on the brink of release as we go to press. . . . Cotton turnout by Tracy Petites for Sue Brett; about \$24. Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Higbee's; Marshall Field; Joseph Magnin. Ship 'n Shore top; \$4. Gimbels. Sandals by Issey Miyake.

Berber-blue jeans and body shirt, above, to give a good figure its proper due . . . e.g., super Sally Kellerman, slim and racy case in point at Palm Springs' Smoke Tree Stables. . . . Anne Klein cotton jeans, about \$46; shirt, about \$40. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Kaufmann's; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. Echo scarf. Dynasty watch. Hide & Side belt. Fanfares espadrilles.

SALLY KELLERMAN



Bare shoulders and Berber-blue flounces, above left, for untold afternoons-into-evening in city gardens; in Hamptons N, S, E, and W . . . or, as on these pages, in California's Laguna Canyon, where it's worn by the ravishingly pretty Gayle Hunnicutt; her new movie, in which she acts with her husband, David Hemmings: *Fragments of Fear*. . . . Dress, by Ginori, of Crantex cotton; \$44. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Bergère cuffs. Issey Miyake clogs. **After a day in the sun**, above, how divine to get out of a tub and into a long slide-y Berber-blue caftan, and practically nothing underneath. Or at the beach, over your bikini . . . covered and cool as a Berber. By Tina for St. Cloud, of Avril and cotton (Crantex fabric); junior sizes. About \$19. At Altman's; Burdine's; Bullocks, Southern California. Necklace by Vince Pasacane. Cuffs by Bergère. Espadrilles from I. Miller.

HENRY CLARKE



GAYLE HUNNICUTT

Berber blue



FIT FOR

Bright little strips of bathing suits with new twists and ties, ready now to make you look marvellous, to give the body every chance for sun benefits—new beauty, and health, and glow. . . .


Red strips in the sunset, left, glowing from a good day—bikini held together with little golden rings. Glow for the skin, perhaps, from new Sure Tan—a sunscreening lotion that keeps out burn, lets in tan. Good follow-up for this: After Sun Beauty—a creamy lotion that replaces moisture after a sunny day. Bikini by Catalina, of Antron nylon and Du Pont nylon (Glen Raven Mills fabric); \$15. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rike's. Chain by Monet. Coiffure by François of Kenneth.

Fiery bikini, wrapped skirt, right, strips and a long swirl of flaming purple and magenta. For the tawny face, ins-tawn-ly: new Transparent Bronzing Gel that can be worn right over makeup, gives a suddenly sunny look. All sun-helps on this page by Bonne Bell, who takes special interest in outdoorsy skin; more BB gems to know about are sunscreened lipsticks and lip gloss, a hair conditioner that fortifies against dryness from over-sunning. Bikini and matching skirt by Cole of California, of nylon jersey (Milton Hinkis fabric, print by Colorcraft). Each, \$24. Early June, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Boston Store; The Denver. Coiffure by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.



THE SUN

In bathing suits like
bright body-sandals—stripped
over slick, glowing skin

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posing on a beach. She is wearing a bright red, one-piece swimsuit with thin straps. She is sitting on the sand, leaning back on her right arm, and looking over her shoulder with a smile. The background is a soft-focus view of the ocean and sky.

FIT FOR THE SUN—
SPACED STRAPS,
SPACED STRIPES

***Playing
sun smart—
a course
in browning***

Enter sun: the dazzling force that brings us the Browning of America—a process that can be nothing but glorious fun if it's done wisely. The point is to play it smart, to enjoy the benefits of nature for all they're worth. Stretch on the sand, exercise in the water, see that all of you gets more beautiful, more glowing, healthier. Remember what dermatologists say: "beware noon in June"—limit your midday sunning to a half hour or less. Check all the sun-helps around now, look to their labels, know how to use them. Have a sun-screener—could be lotion or gel—that's good for a slow start, or after you've had enough sun; a new formulation called Block Out by Sea & Ski practically turns sun off. Wear makeup on the beach, with sun-screener over or under; bright eye shadow and moisturizing lipstick will help protect delicate areas. To get a sudden browning, try an instant tan-maker that needs no sun but helps acquire it. Indoor/Outdoor by Sea & Ski is one of these, comes in new aerosol foam. And, while you're enjoying a summer day, ponder the words of—who else?—Browning: "If you get simple beauty and nought else, You get about the best thing God invents." . . .

Little Mary Sunspine, opposite, with her back to the sun—in a red maillot with crossed straps over the shoulders, nothing else till you hit bottom. In between, coppery skin that could come from new Coppertone Tanning Butter that sprays out the skin betterments of cocoa butter and coconut oil—this slick mixture moisturizes the skin and speeds a South-Seas kind of tan. Bathing suit by Snapdragon, of Antron nylon and Lycra (Deering Milliken fabric); about \$20, in junior sizes. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sanger-Harris; I. Magnin.

Bikini and shrink, right—little brassière and pants, topped with a shrink-sweater; all of rib-knitted cotton, space-striped in red and yellow. About that blow of hair: could be guided by Wella Care Do—a setting lotion with conditioner that programs a set, makes hair return to the style you gave it after a breeze has played around. Turnout by Monika for Elon, of Durene cotton. Shrink top, about \$9; bikini, about \$16. At Saks Fifth Avenue; The Denver. Coiffures: François of Kenneth.



F

IT FOR

THE SUN-LITTLE BROWN CUT-UPS



Brown body sandal, left, with ring clasps—stripped over skin that could get its own kind of browning with Leg and Body Bronzer, an instant-tan gel from Coty that dewes, sunscreens. Bikini by Gottex of Israel, of acetate and nylon; about \$25. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros. Choker by Hector Jorge. Coiffure by François of Kenneth. **White-edged brown**, above, short-sweater top, bikini pants. By 499 Division of Kloss-Pruzan; polyester by European Textile Trading; about \$32. At Henri Bendel; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

Brown velvet, above right—a smashing body suit with long sleeves, front zip, its own hood to shelter hair. By Estévez Swimwear, designed by Luís Estévez, of nylon and acetate; about \$38. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; J. W. Robinson.

Brown dots, far right—bikini, matching skirt. To un-frizz beach-going hair: Protein 21 shampoo by Mennen that conditions, helps sew up split ends. Bikini and skirt by Sandcastle, of Du Pont nylon jersey (Robaix fabric). Bikini, \$24; skirt, \$26. Early June at Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Sanger-Harris; Liberty House, Hawaii. Coiffures, above and opposite, by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.



Playing sun smart— supervised play for hair

Time, now, to let hair go out and play—in sun, in breeze, in water. Let it be uncombed, unarranged—hair is most fascinating when it moves. But know what precautions, and postcautions, are necessary. Oversunned, and overblown, silky hair could turn to shredded wheat, and pale streaks (chemical variety) can become blaring Brass Bands. Keep hair covered when sun is strong. Make free with hair conditioners, before and after playtime—these keep hair shining. New proteinized conditioners can be worn right out into the sun (they're better when the heat's on). Shampoo often, especially after chemical-laden pools; while drying, shake your hair—good strong root-shaking shakes to air it out. Use colour rinses to counteract sun-tarnished hair. Dab split ends with extra conditioner. Get

smooth in the evening—tie hair back, pigtail it, wrap in ribbons, tie in scarfs. Electric curlers with mist-makers produce quick, gentle curl. And wigs, in completely-other colours, produce a whole new you....






FIT FOR THE SUN—
CHAINS, LEATHER,
SLICES OF ORANGE



Chains in circles, opposite, holding together a black bikini. Also for the body: Tanya Hawaiian Coconut Oil, now in aerosol form, for real sun-lover —has lubricants but no sunscreen, permits maximum glow. Bikini by Robby-Len Collections, of Antron nylon and Lycra; about \$16. At Macy's; H. & S. Pogue; J. V. Robinson. Coiffure: Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

Little leather pants, centre, black, glossy, with a black crêpe shirt. Both by Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport. Shirt of acetate-and-rayon crêpe de Chine (Tussah Fabrics). Turnout, about \$75. At Bloomingdale's; Marie Leavell. Coiffure by François of Kenneth. Big squarish sunglasses by Pierre Cardin.

Sunset strips, left, bikini of bright red-orange that adds glow-on-glow to sun-loving skin. Slicking the body, BU-TO Hair Removing Cream, a rose-scented formula that works in four minutes. Bikini by Elisabeth Stewart, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra; \$13. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Swanson's; The Denver; I. Magnin. Monet chain. Coiffure: Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.




FIT FOR THE SUN—
MIDRIFF GLIMPSES,
MORE OR LESS

Ribs between ribs, left: black ribbed shrink top, tanned midriff, and black ribbed short shorts—all in super summertime shape. Hair, too —Clairol's Great Body shapes up extra-fine hair with protein, fights wilt with a will...Turnout: Prerogative by B. H. Wragge, of Antron nylon; \$32. At Bonwit Teller. Goggles by Bausch & Lomb.

Bare a bit of midriff, right, in a nifty black maillot lined with burnt orange. Geoffrey Beene for Roxanne, of polyester. \$36. Altman's. The coiffure by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon.

A racy laced plunge, below right, opens red knit jumpshorts to the sun while legs run on and on. By Traina Boutique, designed by Kay Unger and Jesper Nyeboe, of nylon by Barbet Stretchnit. About \$35. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Swanson's; I. Magnin....Sea & Ski Suntan Lotion takes you smoothly through summer from the first ray on, keeps up the good work after dark, too. Coiffures, left and right: François of Kenneth.





Rollies

*Sex opera in loveland,
where every skirt is
a velvet curtain*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...THEATRE

Love has its clichés and *Follies* knocks off most of them with a splendid, knowing accuracy. The story of this new musical doesn't matter. Music and showgirls carry it. The infidelities, the memories, the drunken passes, the disavowals at the onstage reunion party for old showgirls in a theatre that is about to be wrecked are a long prologue—the first act—to an extraordinary Fellini-like follies within *Follies* that has all the old glamour shot through with a good measure of sarcasm, a return of mile-high showgirl legs and witty, extravagant costumes, some glimpsed here. The two middle-aged couples, once lovers, that meet at the party are lost in separate reveries. Forget about emotions, it's sex they're thinking about, trying to dream up love with the same jitterbugging earnestness they felt as bobby-soxers. *Follies* is dazzling, cynical, and fatuous. But it is brilliantly cynical and fatuous. And it has a glittering satirical way with myths about sex that astonishes.

Stephen

Sondheim and Harold Prince play all the clichés of the musical comedy as if they were doing an East Side Manhattan

Der Rosenkavalier with casting by Ziegfeld. At its best, and its best is very good, Stephen Sondheim's score has a dizzying

syncopated charm that spins the carousel of amorous archetypes with a weary but brittle poignancy. Alexis Smith,

Dorothy Collins, Gene Nelson, John McMartin

suit their rôles because they are so genuinely second-rate. After all, they are puppets—like the showgirls—manipulated by desire. Suspense

leads to nothing. It is, at once, sentimental and cruel.

The lips that will not kiss.

The hair that can not be touched. The dress that will never reveal flesh. The dreams that will never land.

Follies almost makes the Broadway illusion real again.

BY
DALE McCONATHY



THE RE-SOUNDING TRIUMPH OF A WHIMSICAL COMPOSER:

ERIK SATIE, 1866-1925

BY ROBERT PHELPS

DEBUSSY SAID "FORM,"
SO SATIE WROTE A PIECE
IN THE FORM OF A PEAR

in ail weather. (Umbrellas must have been important to him, for after his death, his friends found a hundred of them in his room.) Stravinsky described him as a schoolmaster, Cocteau as a petty official. He was scrupulously clean, but he never used soap, regarding baths as dirty and preferring to rub his skin with pumice.

He was only half French. His mother was Scots and it was probably from her that he inherited his dour wit. Certainly he had a caustic tongue, as well as a choleric temper; and he never hesitated to nip the hand that helped him. Debussy had admired and defended him for decades, and in return he mocked Debussy's pretentiously vague titles by calling his own piano pieces *Three Flabby Preludes for a Dog*, *Three Pieces in the Form of a Pear*, *Unpleasant Notions*, *Things Seen to the Right and Left (Without Glasses)*. Ravel was among his earliest supporters; but later on, when the composer of *La Valse* declined *La Légion d'honneur*, Satie waspishly observed that "Ravel may have refused, but his music accepts. . . ."

His training was at best unpromising. He did poorly at the Paris Conservatoire. For years he played piano in a music hall called The Harvest Moon, and at forty he studied counterpoint at the Scola Cantorum. Stravinsky has accused his music of rhythmic monotony, and few of his peers have ever thought he orchestrated with distinction.

Yet for over half a century this same man's work has had a profound effect on music makers. A whole school of Frenchmen—Poulenc, Auric, Sauguet, Milhaud—regarded him as their master. As late as 1940, when Milhaud came to America as a refugee, he made room in his limited baggage for precious Satie scores and manuscripts; and it was about this time, too, that the American composer Virgil Thomson proposed the "three S's of modern music—in descending order of significance, Satie, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky."

The influence seems to have been more than merely technical or aesthetic. Schoenberg offered composers a new method. Satie offered them (as listeners as well) something closer to a new ethic: a fresh sense of how to think

He wore a goatee, pince-nez, a bowler hat, and carried an umbrella

about themselves, their work, and their place in the order of things. Satie's masterpieces—a cantata about Socrates and a ballet called *Parade* about a circus troop—are turning points in European music because, for the first time, they bypass the massiveness and sonic boom that Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, Mahler, and others took for granted. Precise, unfustian, unofficial, Satie's music no longer believes that Bigger is Better, that Apocalyptic Visions are Greater, that Rhetorical Pomp is Bolder, or that Louder is Truer. Satie's music is post-nineteenth-century music; and insofar as the twentieth century has gone on producing more nineteenth-century music, it is post-twentieth-century music, too. In fact, of all the music we currently think of as "new"—electronic, serial, aleatory, whatever—Satie's *Socrate* comes closest to suggesting what music of the future might be like.

Satie's entire *oeuvre* is not large, and it comes mostly in short units—songs, dances, piano pieces even I can strum through. It was usually composed at café tables, Poulenc said, and then tried out at a friend's piano. (Satie's own piano was apparently unplayable; and when he died, Braque bought it as a memento.) It is personal music, private music, yet it is never confessional nor esoteric. Tender and intimate, homely, homegrown, homemade, nothing could be easier to listen to. Despite the often perverse titles, it is also markedly courteous. Perhaps the best epithet would be *daily* music. It seems made for use. Satie himself once described the score of *Parade* as *un tapis résonnant*, a sonorous carpet, for the dancers to move on. He also spoke of *musique d'ameublement*, furniture music, music as useful and un-heaven-storming as tables and chairs. Plainly, Satie's example could be useful to more than composers. I wish certain politicians and television commentators and psychiatrists would consider his virtues. Meantime, the best way to listen to him, I have found, is in odd moments, about the house, preferably when you are alone, or even doing something else. The other day, I had a larky session with *Parade* while soaking in the bathtub. And the dozens of piano pieces are sovereign for shaving, opening the mail, playing with the cat, standing on your head. Witty, cosy, whimsical, sane, Satie is a modest but certain joy to be in the company of—always.

Satie's death came in 1925, "quickly and quietly" (Stravinsky), in a Paris suburb called Arcueil, where he had lived as a bachelor for years. Neither fashionable nor Bohemian, Arcueil is chiefly noted for a seventeenth-century aqueduct built to carry water to the Luxembourg Gardens; and, in a sense, Satie has become an aqueduct himself, continuing to carry water not only to other composers but, most recently, to a new generation of listeners as well. My son came home from college not long ago with a lapel button: "I'm on to Erik Satie," and when I expressed my delight, he gravely quoted from John Cage: "Art, when it is art as Satie lived it and made it, is not separate from life. . . ." ▼

Manny at the Movies

THE COCKEYED FUN OF
SEEING MOVIES
MANNY FARBER'S WAY
IN "NEGATIVE SPACE"

BY BARBARA ROSE

Imagine Walter Winchell telegraphing James Joyce's stream-of-consciousness puns to Mr. and Mrs. America, and you have some idea of the astonishing literary style of Manny Farber. Critic, painter, professional iconoclast, pillar of the avant-garde and its various periodicals, Farber has just published *Negative Space: Manny Farber on the Movies* (Praeger), his first collection of essays on film. It is a gem. Ranging from discussions of such esoterica as the underground film and its current hero, Canadian film-maker Michael Snow, to the comedies of Preston Sturges to an essay on Fellini called "The Wizard of Gauze," Farber covers an incredible amount of ground in his intellectual adventures. Adventures is the right word, for Farber appears to have the kind of abrasively anti-authoritarian intelligence that feels compelled to challenge preconceived ideals, tilt at the clichés of popular writing, and battle furiously with every homiletic platitude middle-brow thought can muster in defense against the advances of genuine culture. In short, the true critical intelligence.

That real culture is often found in unlikely places is one of Farber's fundamental tenets. As modern writers found quality and freshness in American detective stories, so Farber finds innovation and content in the despised B pictures that played as second features in neighbourhood movie houses during the 'forties and 'fifties. In this perception, he is the only important American film critic with a taste as developed as that of the group of Parisian critics who studied Hollywood and sparked the French film renaissance known (Continued on page 200)



A patch on Satie, from a Picasso drawing

This sew-on patch, shown slightly smaller than it is, can be ordered for fifty cents from Angel Records, 1750 North Vine, Hollywood, California 90028.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... DANCE

DE-SEXING DANCE: WOMEN

"She's not a woman; she's a dancer"

BY J MARKS

In 1650 the ballerina was unknown: Boys danced female rôles. But by 1850, male dancers were rare, having vanished behind the tutus of the touted grand ladies of dance. Since that time, ballet has been a cultural expression largely dominated by the image of women—but the image of woman as projected by men who still believe that while it's somewhat unmanly to dance, it's quite fitting to rule the field as choreographers of the dances women perform. Which makes one wonder if dance is the proper place for a *real* woman.

Since the time of Louis XIV, women have been dehumanized and desensualized in dance, becoming objects which are acted upon by men. Even dance reformist Jean Georges Noverre and his concept of the "ballet of action" with its intent upon forging a new realism, hardly altered the image of females. By 1877, when *Swan Lake* first appeared, real women had vanished from the male fantasies out of which ballet is created. Odette is, in fact, a Swan Queen—nothing more. The Black Swan is far more realistic: Somehow evil women are always more realistic than good women. With traditionally perspired brows and bleeding toes, women dancers have gained reputations for kinetic masochism: Accepting the rôles of Galateas in the hands of choreographic Pygmalions, they have been shaped and reshaped according to men's whims.

Not all women in dance have easily endured exploitation without giving resistance. Marie Taglioni won fame and then fought the men of her family (most of whom were famous choreographers) to win her expressive freedom. La Camargo put up a considerable fight and risked her career and her reputation in order to achieve goals that seem a bit tame today but were the subject of gossip in an art form animated by scandal. Her rebellion was nothing by comparison to the revolution that began with this century when women began to create their *own* dances and *own* dance concepts.

Loie Fuller, Mary Wigman, and Ruth St. Denis were heroines of the cause, but the true spectre of them all was Isadora Duncan who, like a stubbornly innocent whore, used the privileges given to her by men to forge her powerful independence, loving all of her men less than she loved herself. "I will free dance from its slippers and its corsets," she said, "and also free women from their kitchens!"

Another dance rebel, Anthony Tudor, changed the dramatic shape of ballet but not the dramatic

imagery surrounding the female. Tudor's women, like the women of D. H. Lawrence, are mystic shadows in false faces. *Pillar of Fire* is a sexist ballet—the gospel of the frustrated female according to Freud: All the suffering leading lady really needs is a man! *The Cage* by Jerome Robbins is downright anti-female: providing all womanhood with the burden of the black widow spider.

Modern dance, too, has its deceptions about women. Martha Graham seems trapped in the intellectual cage that women sometimes construct around their rôle in the male world. As Ruth St. Denis once said of Martha Graham: "How can anyone possibly be a real woman who envies and depicts the male sex so constantly."

But in the gloriously natural movement of Inbal, the Israeli dance company, one discovers flesh-and-blood women even when Yemenite masculine pride dominates the outlines of a danced love affair. And in the choreography of Louis Falco one finds a deep, touching love of women: direct, sensual, and affectionate if sometimes asexual. Finally there is Lorca Massine whose ballet for the New York City Ballet *Four Last Songs* has among its many virtues the most elevated, natural, and intense love of women I've ever seen on the stage. In Lorca Massine's work, men and women move in unity without distinctions or petty sexual classifications. When they come together there is in the movement a certain ripe openness that makes one conclude that young Massine is really onto women.

But when I think of great women in dance I always think of beautiful Doris Humphrey whose dances shed luminous drops of womanliness like a downpour in a tropical rain forest. When asked about the intense person pictured in her solo *With My Red Fires*, she laughed and said: "I dance about the woman I am—most of the other ladies pictured in dance are effeminate but rarely are they female."

As it turned out, Doris Humphrey's modern dance is a revolution not only against the restrictions of classical ballet but also against the restrictions of the woman in dance. Yet, considering the persistent image of women in ballet, there's something frightening about the fact that so many little girls want to grow up to be ballerinas. For ballet, like the romantic movie, continues to be a male-dominated theatrical form largely attended and supported by women. ▼



This dance-man understands women

Lorca Massine—dark, strong, romantic looks, brisk, wily, pertinent talk—is at twenty-six a mature artist (and offstage boxer, wrestler) who has danced, choreographed, directed his own dance company in the dozen years since he first appeared, with Carla Fracci, in a *pas de deux* by his father, Léonide Massine. Working at the Choreographers' Workshop of the School of the American Ballet, he uses instinct to put muscle in aesthetics; studies his people—what they are, their souls, their personalities—then creates relationships through dialogues of movement. Based in Paris until last year, Lorca Massine now will dance with the New York City Ballet, is at work on a second ballet for that troupe (the first, "Four Last Songs"), wants to take dance "a step frontwards."

WRITING *as a way* of THINKING— *for* PLEASURE

“Act and the Actor: Making the Self”

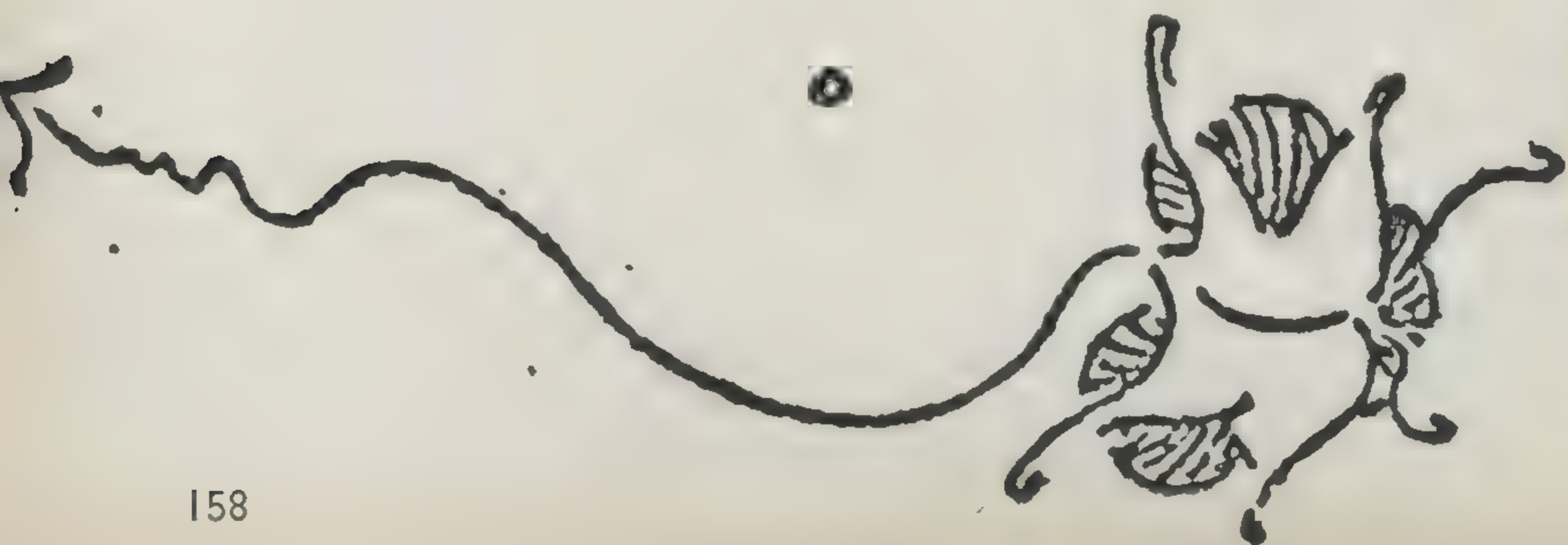
by Harold Rosenberg

BY ALFRED KAZIN

STING LIKE A BUTTERFLY

A NEW LOOK AT THE ART
OF JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER,
1834-1903, AT THE PHILADELPHIA
MUSEUM OF ART

“From Realism to Symbolism: Whistler and His World,” the startling but uneven exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art until May 23, shows a markedly different James A. McNeill Whistler. The nineteenth-century American painter, a fixture of late nineteenth-century Bohemia in London and Paris, has until now seemed the victim of his own faded art-for-art’s-sake legend. In this exhibition, his central importance to Symbolism, Aestheticism, and modern art is stirringly clear. His late canvases touched with vague unease, mysterious and floating, ask questions that washed his contemporaries onward with larger and larger ripples. Leaping national boundaries and artistic conventions, Whistler thought of himself as a butterfly with the sting of a wasp, the “signature” reproduced on this page. Degas, his good friend (who is represented in this show along with Courbet, Manet, Redon, Klimt, Rosso, and Sargent), once said of Whistler, “The rôle of the butterfly must be tiring. . . . Me, I’d much rather be the old ox. . . .” Put together by graduate students in the Department of Art History and Archaeology at Columbia University in New York, the exhibition, an anthology of styles of art, reflects the new interest in the ideas of artists for the ideas’ sake and the impact of those ideas on art. ▼



Criticism is often a spectator sport, the art of being a “tasteful” consumer. But the great joy of Harold Rosenberg’s *Act and the Actor: Making the Self* (The World Publishing Company) is that this critic writes in order to think things out, thinks for the pleasure of thinking (thinking is constantly illustrated here as a life-style) —yet advances the thesis that we are nothing but what we *do*. Action alone defines us and accelerates experience. So art is as much a form of action as action is a revelation of our “style” and our moral principles.

These essays—on subjects that become occasions for new explorations: Hamlet, Dostoevsky, Marx, Malraux, the Eichmann Trial—are of a quality and deal with a concern that humanists used to take for granted: Right thinking maketh the full man. But Rosenberg is no academic Polonius handing out tips to the good life from the Great Books. He sees life as a succession of dramatic fictions no less subtle than those in Sophocles and Shakespeare. He sees many a political profession and political deed in our over-sloganized world as both macabre comedy and tragedy we spectators who are *not* spectators can hardly bear to take in.

A work of art is a deed that can take us up and compel us to react. An action is the point where knowing and being can come together (though the first may come much later; that is the drama in all recognition of our feelings). The aesthetic component—style, form, pressing to a resolution of opposites—enters into much that we do. What excites me about *Act and the Actor* is the author’s shrewd, pressing, humorous awareness of the literal drama in so much that we do. What a play—even if art obviously does best as a more formal, more constructed form of life! Dostoevsky said it best when, after finishing *The Idiot*, he wrote: “I have my own idea about art, and it is this: What most people regard as fantastic and lacking in universality, I hold to be the inmost essence of truth. Arid observation of everyday trivialities I have long ceased to regard as realism. . . . Is not my fantastic ‘Idiot’ the very dailiest truth?”

So the supposed borderline between life and art is one we keep crossing all the time by our deeds. But the results are not pretty—pretty even when they are “aesthetic.” Rosenberg’s most brilliant illustration of this is the Eichmann Trial in Jerusalem. Though it was badly handled legally, it was a necessary retelling of the most terrible single story in modern history. By its very officialness, it provided an imperative form of release for the dammed-up anguish of millions still alive who had not been able to *act*. The drama in the courtroom was literally as terrible—re-created terror—as what we go through and recognize in ourselves as we watch Oedipus, Hamlet, Lear. The aesthetic as a form of dramatic truth is often as harsh as life is. But the sense we get of the different sides of ourselves *acting* together brings a recognition that can brace us as nothing else does. ▼



JACK ROBINSON

Aurora Cornu

A Roumanian poet, novelist, and, in *Claire's Knee*, a first-shot movie star, Aurora Cornu, above, helped out her friend Eric Rohmer, the film's director, by playing a writer who manipulates characters. "Never in life would I pull strings," she said. "My characters must have lives that develop by themselves." She developed her life admirably, deciding when she was eleven not to be a peasant tending geese. Taking the name of her village, Cornu, as pen name, she became—snap—a writer, with her first poems published when she was fifteen. Later, at a poetry conference in Belgium, she defected to Paris, "my village." There she writes, studies astrology, reads fortunes in coffee grounds: The strings that pull Aurora are sometimes occult.

VOGUE, May, 1971

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...MOVIES *an abundance*

of loves ERIC ROHMER'S DELICIOUS MOVIE, "CLAIRE'S KNEE" BY ANN BIRSTEIN

It's so rare to find a film utterly enchanting in all its aspects that it's hard to know what to say of it that isn't gilding the lily. However, just to get all the superlatives out of the way right at the start, let me say at once that *Claire's Knee* is delicious, witty, beautiful, humane, sexy, charming, expert. It's a movie which if the sun is shining on a Sunday in spring you don't feel gloomy for having gone in to see, and when you come out again it doesn't shock you that it's still broad daylight outside. To be less lyrical and maybe more grammatical, it's also the second of Eric Rohmer's *Six Contes Moraux* to be released in America, the first being *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*, in which Rohmer did something that perhaps seems harder to us than it actually is: He made intelligent conversation seem romantic and sexy, as indeed it can be between intelligent adults and in spite of the *ugh, agh* caveman dialogue we usually get around here.

In *Claire's Knee*, Rohmer does something even harder, two things in fact. First, he creates adolescents who are so real and sentient and, again, intelligent, so much young people, that the word "teen-ager" doesn't even cross your mind until much later when you're outside again and suffering the bends. Second, he's portrayed a real lady novelist, no mean feat—in fact, when has it ever been done?—even granted that he's had to use a real lady and a real novelist to do it. The lady in question is Aurora Cornu, whose work I don't know but that I'd like to look into now that I've seen her in the flesh, which perhaps she has a bit too much of—"robust," the hero calls her and she looks down at herself and smiles—a lady of a certain age, which means not really old at all, who runs into an old flame one summer in the French lake country. His name is Jerome and he's about to marry Lucinde who, after six years, is the only woman who still interests him: "All women are equal, only their intellect counts." (Imagine *that* line in an American movie.) Aurora, on the other hand, likes all men so well she can't pick one. Actually, this is a fib, since at the end of the movie it turns out she's been engaged all along. I kind of wished she weren't, since she's the sort of lady whose singular adventures one would like to follow. "Solitude . . . is my greatest pleasure," she says, smiling, to Jerome, "and one should live for pleasure."

The point is that by the rules of the game, and it's immediately established that it is a game, a *jeu* in an absolutely classical French style, these two are out of bounds for each other, notwithstanding their obvious and playful affection: I love the discreet, witty way they touch and handle each other. The game that Aurora wants Jerome to play is to be her guinea pig and help her out with a story she's stuck on by seeing how far a man of his age and conservative bent will go with a young girl who's madly in love with him, in this case little Laura. Another small miracle: Not only is Laura both gawky and thoroughly charming, she also loves her mother and says so quite plainly and nicely, evidently undistressed by the generation gap, even though her mother is also an attractive woman of a certain age, and pretty uptight at that. The game with Laura fizzles out, as it must, and Jerome decides to make up his own *jeu vis-à-vis* Claire, Laura's stepsister, who is far from robust but skinny and gorgeous as all hell, and whose delightful knee Jerome is determined to touch, having seen Claire's clod of a boyfriend do it unthinkingly, with a hand that is absolutely *bête*. At the end, Jerome accomplishes just that, doing it as a good deed, a consoling gesture, and so *Claire's Knee* does become a moral tale.

In addition to the visual beauty of the scene, the acting is perfect all around: girls; mother; Jerome (Jean-Claude Brialy), sometimes charming, sometimes faintly repellent, changing as men do in amorous situations; the fabulous Cornu, sitting around all covered up in some long, print, housedressy thing while the girls are prancing in bikinis, always finishing her page and being consistently and marvellously unathletic. Maybe "perfect" is a bad word here because it's such a trap critically speaking and makes you feel there's nowhere to go, nothing to add of your own. Whereas *Claire's Knee* is such a beauty, when it's over you want to see it all over again, just for the sheer pleasure of the ride. ▼

A COUPLE
OF
ROMANTICS
FOR
EVENING



LESLEY WARREN

DAVID KNAPP



It takes one to show one—so beguiling Lesley Warren just acts herself in these romantic evening looks from the Oscar de la Renta Boutique. Other star billings—TV's *Mission: Impossible* and, in the movie *A Time for Every Purpose*, shooting now. Lesley's leading man in these photographs, actor and producer David Knapp.

Pink and violet prints that go pouff in the night, opposite page—one pattern for the delicious peplum bodice, another for the long flouncing skirt. Cotton voile top; Concord cotton skirt. Dress, about \$145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Halle's-Cleveland; Maison Blanche; Swanson's; Sakowitz.

Fly-by-night denim skirt is on above, with a little off-shoulder jumpsuit in matching brown-and-white cotton voile. Skirt of Fortrel and cotton (Wamsutta fabric). The turnout, about \$130. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. All jewellery and shoes, by Oscar de la Renta. Lesley's coiffures by William Escalera of *Ménage À Trois*. . . . California settings, both pages: Will Rogers Memorial State Park in Pacific Palisades.



A COUPLE OF ROMANTICS IN FLOWERED VOILE

Tiny daisies blowing wild on a field of voile, left, in a bright riot of love-me, love-me-not yellow petals, banded with red ones high at the waist and low at the hem. Dress with long flounced sleeves: Vogue Pattern 2429. In Dacron and cotton (Ameritex fabric). Daisy voile head scarf. I. Miller espadrilles.

Violet roses tiered and tumbling, right, in thin voile air—pretty enough to turn the simplest country supper into a *fête champêtre*. Puff-sleeved dress: Vogue Pattern 2460. In Dacron and cotton (Avila fabric). On both pages: bracelets by Celia Sebiri for Henri Bendel; coiffures by Maurice Tidy of Vidal Sassoon. Pattern information on page 203.

VOGUE PATTERNS



A beauty who loves the sun, but guards her skin from its fiercer rays with sun-screen lotion, shady hat. . . .

Necklace by Vincent Wilson for Kamah Studio.

The Lurking Enemy of beauty

...how to cope with it

What have kisses and cold winds got in common? Or sunshine and psychic stress? Not much, maybe, except that they're all among the "excitant" factors that can touch off an outbreak of herpes simplex—generally called cold sores or fever blisters, since colds and fevers so often trigger them. Less often, so do menstruation, stomach upsets, allergies, and shocks. Lowered resistance can make one a prey to these painful, bothersome sores. But they also afflict outdoorsy people in the bloom of health.

If one of the above-named factors actually causes the infection. Nor does diet (good or bad) seem to play any particular rôle. The cause is a virus, *Herpesvirus hominis*, which exists in most people—probably 60-90% of the population—in varying degrees, from infancy to old age. After an early flare-up, it may lie dormant for years, held at bay by antibodies the system has produced to fight it. If these defenses are toppled—by a bad cold, a high fever, an overdose of sun, or whatever—the infection may surface.

The problem may be—and often is—as simple as this: too much sun. It's a well-known, proven fact that the sun's ultra-violet rays bring on herpes outbreaks in many people. If you're one of them, the solution is equally

simple—apply a really effective, no-nonsense sun block. . . . A new "maximum sun protection" lotion called PreSun has just appeared, after two years of intensive testing by a team of dermatologists, that seems to have all the answers. Endowed with incredible staying power, it resists washing away by perspiration, sinks deeply into the skin's horny keratinous layer to give stubborn, day-long protection (though it should be renewed after swimming). The formula combines PABA (p-Aminobenzoic acid), a proven sunscreening agent, with alcohol for penetration, non-greasy emollients to keep skin from drying out. And it permits gradual tanning. . . .

The herpes lesion may appear as one fluid-filled blister or a cluster of them, on a sensitive, reddened base. Its favourite target areas are those where firm, smooth cutaneous tissue joins an expanse of softer tissue or mucous membrane, as happens around the mouth and nose. But, says one medical treatise, "any part of the skin may be affected." The most potentially dangerous area is the eye.

Can one person catch herpes from another—by a kiss, for example? The answer is yes, under certain conditions. It can be transmitted by any kind of bodily contact, if the person being contacted happens to have a cut, an abrasion—any break in the skin through which the virus can pass. Herpes simplex is a problem on college and high-school wrestling teams, according to an AMA publication on sports: the "repeated trauma, common skin abrasions, and intimate sweaty contact . . . appear to favour the transmission of the disease."

What can be done? Once the herpes lesion has appeared, very little. In the first three to five days, drying and antibacterial lotions—spirits of camphor, calamine, or zinc—may help; after that, lubricant antibiotic ointments. Iced wet dressings with Burrow's solution, applied several times a day, will relieve the irritation, but avoid prolonged soaking (excessive moistening makes herpes worse). The sores generally disappear without treatment in one to two weeks. . . . The real problem is prevention—how to suppress the infection, keep it from erupting to the surface over and over again. New herpes simplex vaccines look promising, but they're still in the testing stage, not yet available commercially. . . . One medical publication states: "The importance of psychologic factors should not be underestimated. Supportive psychotherapy may be indicated for patients with emotional disturbances. . . ."

The best friend of beauty could be a really concentrated, deep-acting moisturizer that keeps skin fresh, supple . . . protects it from drying and ageing . . . maintains the crucial balance between oil and water in the tissues. The beauty opposite is wearing just that—Countess Isserlyn Night Concentrate, by Alexandra de Markoff. A new formulation, charged with rich emollients, it appears as a deceptively light, cool lilac liquid. Used at bedtime, it recharges skin while you sleep; worn all day under makeup, it freshens, protects. . . . Bright-green cotton cowboy shirt strewn with white daisies, polka-dots; by Beene Bazaar. About \$22. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Trifari choker; Bloomingdale's. Wig by Charles of the Ritz.





THE HEALTH EATERS

A special interview with
Adelle Davis, the grande dame of
let's-eat-right-cook-right
and lick your weight in Tiger's Milk
... plus some thoughts on health
cuisine from Gloria Swanson,
Carol Channing, Gwen Verdon,
Allegra Kent, and Jodi Wexler.

Adelle Davis, a consulting nutritionist and the author of half a dozen books on eating healthy, has probably been the single greatest force to turn Americans on about "the forty or more nutrients" needed in every day's diet, organic food, natural vitamins, vitamin supplements, minerals in the soil and on the table, and the promise of buoyant spirits that the Davis plan for consuming and balancing all of these can bring to former "junk-food eaters." Strong and undaunted by the controversies that sometimes seethe around her, she comes off as a wonderfully jolly woman of sixty-seven who lives the Southern Cal life with her husband—swimming naked, playing two or three sets of tennis a day ("I used to be so bummy he wouldn't play with me, but I improved; he's got a harem he plays with on Tuesdays and we play the rest of the time"). Daytimes are deeply domestic, and in the small hours of the night she works on her books.

Adelle Davis thinks Americans are "nutty about research," but she studied at Purdue, Columbia, U.C.L.A., and earned her M.S. at the University of Southern California Medical School. "At any rate," she says, "I did the dietetics from my angle. When I was an undergraduate and even a graduate student, there was always a big animal colony—sometimes dogs, rats, mice, guinea pigs, hamsters, et cetera. You always had a control group that you wanted to stay healthy, and the way you kept them healthy was just go down all the nutrients we knew were necessary. . . . Now, where's the protein and what kind of protein do we have, and is it adequate? Is there fat in the diet and how much, and are there some carbohydrates? Then you would go down the alphabet—is there Vitamin A and where's the source? Where's the B and so on? Of course, in animals other than guinea pigs, you don't worry about the C and E. Then the same thing with minerals, right down the line. Now all I've ever done from the very go, is come to the conclusion that this is exactly how you give an adequate diet to a human being. That's exactly what I try to do."

Asked what she considers an inadequate diet, Miss Davis came on strong: "My feeling is you pretty much have to avoid the refined stuff—all the additives, vitamin and mineral and protein, the whole thing, and all the processing. I was reading the other day what happens even when milk is pasteurized. And homogenized milk—what they do is spray hot air into it and this destroys the Vitamin A." . . . How about an adequate diet? "It varies with every person. But suffice it to say that as nearly as anybody knows, it supplies someplace near the standard amount set up for protein, the amount of B₁ and B₂, and so on to satisfy the body requirements. Every nutrient there is, and there are at least forty, we should have every day: 10 essential amino acids (the building blocks of protein); 15 vitamins and 15 minerals, more or less, and unsaturated fats. . . . A lot of the trace minerals [such as cobalt, chromium, copper, manganese] are getting new attention. Zinc is very important, and they're trying to get it on the market."

What about the current swing to natural and/or organic foods? "There'd better be a swing or we won't have a country to swing. . . .

The terms have never been defined but what we're trying to get at is food grown in soil composted and mineralized without chemicals and without poison sprays; it must have a fairly high per cent of humus, and in that humus grow fungi and moulds which produce in a healthy plant enough penicillin and aureomycin and that sort of thing so the bugs don't want to eat it and it's self-protecting. Soil should be enriched with oyster shell powder and sometimes ground limestone—it depends on the soil's need after it is analyzed. You're called a crackpot if you say it, but our soils are terribly depleted. It's almost impossible to see fruit or vegetables on the market that come from good soil, and they show it. . . . That word enriched! Those people don't give a damn about your health or beauty."

Are there any specific diet plots that make for good looks, strong hair, clarity of skin? According to Miss Davis you can't pick out just one thing for skin or hair or eyes, but "if a person is healthy, chances are his eyes look pretty good." Her own eyes are a clear lively blue. The eating plan chez Davis goes like this: "No hydrogenated fats. We use plain butter; I get raw butter—

we have a certified herd of cows out here and we get raw milk. My husband gets whole milk and I get skim milk because I've always had a weight problem. If we don't make our own bread, we always get 100% whole grain bread with no preservatives added. We've got a little two-bit garden behind the bedroom back here where we grow some of our own food, and we try to buy food that's grown on good soil as much as we can, and meat that's produced from animals on good soil."

For the long-term champion of sound breakfasts, Miss Davis's is remarkably uncomplicated: a glass of milk, a poached egg on one slice of toast, melon or peaches. "Then in the middle of the morning I take yeast and milk—I get brewer's yeast which is built up with calcium and potassium. Lunch is usually a salad with tuna. We're eating less beef and mutton, and more fish, chicken, and turkey. But I'm big on liver—it's the storehouse for all the nutrients. . . . If we have guests, I like a little Grand Marnier on fruit for dessert."

In a tackle box designed for trout flies, Adelle Davis keeps at her elbow assorted vitamins, dipping into them as if they (Continued)

Adelle Davis on the brink
of her wonder drink, "Pep-Up"

Look to the rabbits

(Continued) were chocolates. But not quite: "I think there are an awful lot of supplementary vitamins that aren't good, but it's almost impossible to get an adequate diet without them. You don't get proteins from vitamins; you don't get the essential fats. What I take every day is A and D (cod liver oil concentrate), 6 B-complex capsules called 49A, and—when I'm under stress—at least 2500 mg. of C at every meal; 300 mg. of E, 2 calcium and magnesium pills, and 1 zinc twice a day." She rather regrets her one cup of coffee a day, but doesn't cringe at the suggestion that there *are* health cranks; "I think some people go too far. Good food should taste like good decent food." The way it does in the French countryside? "Marvellous. . . . The whole thing can be so simple it isn't even funny. Just go back to your natural food—a quart of milk daily, 2 or 3 vegetables, 2 or 3 fruits, a hunk of cheese, an egg, and that's about it."

(For Adelle Davis's basic recipe for "Pep-Up," see page 198.)

Gloria Swanson has known she was a star since she was fourteen. Ascending now in the touring company of *Butterflies Are Free*, she attributes her vivid and constant flow of energy to pure food. . . . "I won't eat things with artificial colouring. No dyes. No preservatives. No added chemicals. Just natural God-given food—that's all." Size—the size of fruits and vegetables—is so important to people today that they want things with the "oomph of looks" and no strength. For real clues to goodness, we can look to the rabbits, maintains Miss Swanson. "If you have two fields, one of tired, exhausted soil and one of good soil, compare the carrots being grown in each." In the worn-out field, the carrots grow big—forced by chemicals added to the soil and sprays showering the plants, both destroying useful insects and wholesome bacteria. In every instance, the smart rabbit makes for the brisk, wiry little carrot flourishing in the naturally good soil, nibbling up nifty vitamins people ignore.

In her twenties, when she was a producer, Miss Swanson discovered food sense from a doctor who asked her simply, "What did you have for dinner last night?" . . . "I told him—a hollandaise with one vegetable, another sauce with shrimp, white wine with the fish, red with the meat; you know that was the way we ate in those days." . . . "Close your eyes," he said, "and, mentally,

put all that in a pail. Now tell me what animal would eat that garbage. Why do you treat your tummy like a garbage pail?" . . . It was a lesson well learned, and besides eating natural foods, not too much meat, she often lends her name and fame to the cause for pure food and what's good for the country. . . . "I bless Ralph Nader in my prayers every night," she declared hopefully.

Allegra Kent—the swan in pool, opposite—has that rare spring of energy released on demand that marks a superb dancer and the stamina to observe the rigorous schedule of the ballet as well as mixing-it-up with three exuberant young children. Her concentration on eating for health began over a year ago and, visibly, it works. Everything she eats is "healthy," but not necessarily "organic."

Breakfast: eggs, lots, the fertile kind from the health-food store. A mix of seeds—sunflower for zinc, and pumpkin. Lunch: usually a small hamburger and salad. At night: meat, raw vegetables ("the only way to eat them"), salad. Nibbles constantly seeds and *crudités*; but no more chunks of honey-sunflower-and-sesame-seeds because of the calories. For salads: vinegar, lemon juice, and the only oil she has in the house—"cold-pressed vegetable oil" from the health-food places.

Drinks only bottled spring water—Manalapan; and a variety of teas—rose hip, corn silk, sassafras, sarsaparilla, and peppermint for good digestion. Honey and molasses are heavy with calories but worth their weight for quick energy. Carrots *must* be organically grown, but otherwise good fresh vegetables will do. Likes broccoli, mushrooms (good for the hair), celery, sprouts, green peppers (but watch out for wax coating); her present craving is for raw asparagus. No milk for Allegra Kent, but she does eat cheese (never the processed slabs) and yoghurt or, to cut calories, yoghurt pills. Recommends nuts, dried fruits—especially apricots for their copper and vitamin A—but thinks twice on account of the calories.

In a kitchen cupboard she stores shelves of colourful supplementary vitamins; may take 20 in the morning just for starters, up to 50 in the course of a day. Vitamin A (good for the skin), three kinds of B, C in large amounts, D, and E extracted from wheat-germ oil. Plus alfalfa

pills for iron and vitamin K, calcium, bone meal, dolomite (a mix of calcium and magnesium), papaya pills, pumpkin-oil pills (for hair), and yeast tablets. . . . Does it all work? You've only to see her dance the *pas de deux* from "Diamonds," and you know the answer.

Carol Channing—blonde of blondes—said, "I think it all started when I was at Bennington and started to bleach my hair." That was the beginning of a siege of allergies that now make it an "absolute necessity" for her to follow a strict organic-food diet. "It's not a cult with me . . . I don't try to convert people . . . my husband and son seem to be able to tolerate preservatives and other chemicals. I can't, it's as simple as that." And the method? "My cook orders meat from a 4-H farm in California where they use no sprays and chemicals; fruits and vegetables from two other farms; fish from a special place, too." . . . And when she goes out? "I have this marvellous black leather case from Mark Cross that holds two silvery thermoses; my cook fills them with my dinner, and I take them everywhere. Most people are jealous—Princess Margaret was dying to have my plain roast lamb at a luncheon in California, and I think the Kennedys invited me to the White House just to see what I would bring. Bobby Kennedy and Art Buchwald always made a thing of pretending it wasn't a bit extraordinary while other people were buzzing about what I was eating and they weren't. . . . At home my family eats what they want to." . . . For Carol Channing, no extra vitamins. The theatre is, after all, the survival of the fittest, and her doctor says she's in great shape.

Gwen Verdon—the nifty dancing star with the egg-beater touse of red hair—lives high above Central Park with her husband Bob Fosse, choreographer and movie-maker, daughter Nicole, four cats and, apparently, two dogs. Although she was a vegetarian for years for psychological reasons, her interest in health foods started because of Nicole, now a second-grader at Dalton, whose life was plagued by sinus and allergy problems.

Miss Verdon really knows her way around food and says frankly she can't go all the way with health foods because she likes to eat out too much. She also likes to cook—a lot—and, while she points out that pure food and organic vegetables

taste better than others anyway, she feels free to add a splash of wine, a fling of herbs, whatever, so food *tastes*. She buys only range-fed beef and lamb, poultry that's never known a hormone, and fish she has faith in; the whole idea is to have food that's natural and untreated. (Plus a supplementary lift from natural vitamins A, D, C, and E; and for Nicole, A and D chewables.)

To make sure she knows just what she's getting and the price is right, Gwen Verdon and another enterprising friend in her building organized a cooperative market-club (250 members now, perhaps more later). Called The Greenhouse, it's run entirely by the customers, who, in fact, rented the store and scrubbed it down themselves with a salt compound they learned from a dairy farmer. Everybody has to put in time minding the store, which fortunately is open only two days a week. Vegetables and fruits are flown in from California during the winter (in the summer they come from New Jersey), and there's a general pickup on Monday; members are required to estimate their orders in advance and retrieve them Tuesday or Wednesday. The whole project was carefully researched from Government lists of organic farmers and regular sources of range-fed beef and lamb. There is also a steady supply of fertile eggs and organic wheat breads and pastries baked by a woman in the neighbourhood.

In warm weather Gwen Verdon—who must be getting all that energy from *something* right—has a rather astonishing small farm in boxes on the terrace: tomatoes, peas, carrots, miniature apples and corn, even grapes. Organic? You bet; you can tell by all those rich bugs doing good things to the soil. BUGS? No problem at all; you fight them with other bugs. She orders stingless bees, praying mantises, moths, and ladybugs which usually arrive in snug cocoons, hatching just when they're needed. At first, of course, the resident cats ate a lot of the mantises until they grew powerful enough to deal cat noses some telling uppercuts with their saw-edged forearms. All of which proves you can "get right back to nature and relax" in the heart of Manhattan.

Jodi Wexler, a tall, nicely curved, Colorado blonde who models, sings, and this year landed (Continued on page 198)



Allegra Kent...

of The New York City Ballet...eats the health food way (see left)...exercises the water way, a half-hour a day, everyday—underwater arabesques, développés, splits, et al—regular barre-work notwithstanding. Here, with a couple of children's life belts around her leg for lift, an Allegra-choreographed backbend—greater suppleness and flexibility is the point, with special benefits to buttocks and tummy....Other water ways, next page.



1

1. For hips, outer thighs:

Brace yourself in a pool with ladder. Grasp ladder, bracing left leg against pool wall, with knee bent. Drop right leg straight down, away from wall. Swing right leg in wide arc, far right to far left. Reverse legs and repeat. 5 minutes.

2. For the bee's knees: In shoulder-deep water—pool or flat-bottom lake. Stand on toes with legs slightly apart, hands on opposite knees. Charleston as fast as you can for 3 minutes.

3. For calves and ankles: Lie on back in pool or lake with ladder, hold ladder with both hands. Bicycle kick, lifting feet out of water with each kick. Special push on downkick. 3 minutes.

4. For waist whittling: In pool with deep-water ladder, face ladder, grasp firmly, and swing body from waist, side to side, fishtail fashion against the water's resistance. 5 minutes.

5. For backs of arms: Push. Stand in shoulder-high water, pool, lake, or ocean. Cross arm in front of body with palm facing body. Push back against water with elbow held straight. After each complete movement, repeat with other arm. 20 times with each arm.

6. For firming bosom: Play ball. In the pool, squeeze a volley ball between hands. Push ball down below water level, then up. Stay with the ball. Flex and stretch arms. 3 minutes.



Exercise:

THE WATER WAYS

Summertime and the exercising is easy. Not to mention great fun when you switch from an everyday dry-land routine to one in water. Buoyant and floaty, you have more bounce to the ounce. And you get more out of it: more of a workout pushing against the water's resistance. More glow and tingle just from being immersed. Therefore: the half-dozen water ways here—for shaping up, tightening up, firming up. All devised for Vogue by inventive Anne-Marie Bennstrom, director of California's Sanctuary spas.



FITNESS FOREVER

BY DR. WARREN R. GUILD

Is this fitness kick due to increased leisure or tension or both?

"It's due to a little bit of everything, including new lifestyles. Fitness is a great status symbol in America today. It's less and less acceptable to be either obese or out of shape. Fitness has to do with vanity, an entirely normal thing. Anyone who says he doesn't want to look neat and trim, i.e., sexy, is a damn liar. People don't do things that are only good for them—they have to have motivations other than health."

What is stamina?

"It means being able to do a number of things and specifically the same thing over a long period of time without tiring. It means building up enough physical reserve to do your daily work effectively, to survive physical emergencies such as dashing for a train or shovelling out the driveway. And third, and this is where most people break down, having enough physical reserve and energy to enjoy leisure time. The idea is not to work all day, run for the train, catch it breathlessly, and then, once home, collapse from exhaustion and do nothing. A person needs to move, to exercise—to non-relax."

Is the interest in fitness fairly recent?

"It certainly is. Twenty years ago when I returned to Boston I was twenty-nine and I liked to play squash. It was almost impossible to round up friends for the game at the hours I was free, so I decided I'd better settle for running. At one o'clock in the morning, after I'd taken care of an emergency, I started out for an unwinding run along the roads in my suburban town. I was doing fine when a patrol car pulled up with two policemen and asked what I was doing. I had my track suit on which looked like underwear. I said I was Dr. Guild of the Harvard Medical School and they said, 'Oh, sure, a doctor from Harvard Medical School out running at quarter of two in the morning.' I was invited into their car and taken to the station. That wouldn't happen now. The place is full of people running around the block, up and down the Charles River, all over the place, all over the country."

Beyond better looks, doesn't fitness have other pluses?

"Of course. The real advantage is in increased self-confidence and improved stamina. Stamina gives a person a more zestful and perhaps longer life."

How should you plan exercise?

"Three things. First, it's got to be for fun. Second, it's got to be approached with a joyful attitude. The puritanical attitude that anything good has to be hard work and preferably unpleasant has to go. Third, not only is it wrong to feel guilty about taking time out for personal daily attention but taking the time is a necessity for doing better in life. When people take a half hour to exercise, they ought to know they'll have a clearer head and be better able to do their jobs."

Does general fitness come before specific fitness for a certain sport?

"A good point. I put my people into a regimen for one to three months, depending on their condition. After they're up to a certain level, I suggest they pick a sport they would love and that wouldn't be a chore. My sport is long-distance running. Most people would be bored to tears with that. Others like to ride a stationary bicycle and pedal while they listen to television. I couldn't care less what pleases whom as long as a basic program is established. The next step to remember is that one sport is not apt to exercise all parts of the body. Let's say you run. This doesn't do much for the arms so we suggest two to five minutes of sit-ups as well as some other exercises."

What is an ideal fitness schedule?

"One basic enjoyable sport that is pretty much possible the year round as the main course, plus seasonal sports as dessert. This means a person can be in shape twelve months of the year."

What is the prescribed regimen for a woman for the first months?

"It depends entirely on whether the woman has been active or sedentary, and I decide on a program after learning more about her habits and after an examination. Pretty much it goes like this: A brisk half-hour walk before supper. Obesity begins at 5 in the evening and ends when you go to bed. Women can skimp on breakfast and lunch but when it comes to supper, it's another matter. Walking briskly just before supper ties your stomach in knots, and you'll only be able to eat half as much. As the woman feels peppier, in two to four weeks, we step up the program. The walk is carried on in an ordered way. Walk the first five minutes, then jog three telephone poles and walk three telephone poles until you taper off the last five minutes and are sensibly cooled off. Increase your speed as you do your walking during these first three months."

"That's one reason people get fat; they're embarrassed to be caught exercising. They should exercise without thinking they are making spectacles of themselves until they are in good enough shape to be proud of themselves. Loose-fitting clothes save worrying about how you look in a leotard."

What about being too embarrassed to exercise?

Dr. Warren Redwood Guild, an associate in medicine at Harvard Medical School and senior associate at the Brigham Health Center at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston, wrote *How To Keep Fit and Enjoy It*. Past president of the American College of Sports Medicine, Dr. Guild believes being free of disease does not necessarily mean being fit; by his estimate, only 3 per cent of the nation's adults are physically fit.

What are the best sports for overall fitness?

"Swimming and jogging, bicycling, tennis, probably. But any sport is worthwhile, even Ping-Pong: Running twelve feet back from the table is exercise. The only sport I don't see any benefit in is training race horses—it's great for the horse but it doesn't do a thing for the trainer."

Is standing straight a secret of fit-making housework?

"Exactly. Women should think of themselves as bipeds, not tripods. Working around the kitchen sink, for instance, a woman has her two feet on the ground and her stomach leaning up against the sink. This doesn't do a thing for the abdomen except encourage a sway back. She ought to be able to stand straight at the sink, not with her feet together at attention but somewhat apart. The same thing at the stove. Vacuum cleaning, the important thing is to shift from arm to arm and to stand up instead of humping over. I'm six feet tall, and when I vacuum I stand up."

How about bending constructively?

"In picking up items from the floor, women should lean forward a little bit, body semi-erect, knees bent. Instead, most women bend from the hip and keep their knees tight."

Should you modify exercise during pregnancy?

"After six months I'd certainly avoid jouncing and bouncing, sports like basketball or volleyball, or jumping a horse over a fence. There's no reason not to keep moving in a sensible fashion."

Are calisthenics, rather than sports, a basis for keeping fit?

"In a way, but really you should have both. Exercises alone are drudgery. Only if you're flushed with the exhilaration of a darned good recreational workout can you put up with them. For me, calisthenics are no substitute for running. If I can't run and I try to work out in the basement, after three to five minutes I'm bored to death."

What about convenience, time, equipment in choosing a sport?

"All three matter, especially if you're programming for all year round. Consider the facilities of local high schools and clubs for swimming, badminton, volleyball, and tennis, for instance. Health clubs where all you get is a steam bath and a massage don't qualify. Massage keeps only one person in shape: the masseur. As for equipment, it should be safe and inexpensive—in that order; dependable with no frills."

Do men or women have more inherent stamina?

"Stamina is entirely a matter of training. Women can develop the same stamina as men can. They can equal men in *that* respect."

At what age do you start easing up?

"The day you go underground. Oh, you slow up anyway in speed and skill, but you needn't peter out in stamina ever."

Should you modify exercise during menstruation?

"That depends on a girl's attitude toward her period. While there is no reason to modify exercise medically, it may be advisable for other reasons. Often, exercises involving agility and flexibility, such as ballet, minimize menstrual cramps."

What ought to be done differently?

"When a mother slings her child over one hip, a repetition of the way school girls carry books, she's off to a bad start. It's terrible for the posture and does nothing for physical fitness. This applies to bundles as well as to babies: Carry them standing straight and with both arms."

In case of injury, what happens to the fitness schedule?

"Taking it easy for a few months is never my suggestion in the event of pulled calf muscles, ski breaks, tennis elbow. This allows every part of the body, along with the injured part, to slow down. I advise keeping up exercising except for the injured part. When the injury heals you're back in business as soon as possible."

What do city women do who haven't facilities available to them?

"There's lots of exercise walking up a staircase as well as in housework. If you ascend at a slow and consistent rate, you're exercising intelligently. You can do this for many flights up. I'd caution against walking down more than one or two flights. Your mind begins to wander; you find yourself skipping a few steps, and a tumble downstairs is likely and dangerous."

Where do you begin on a fitness program?

"Read books, for example my own, *How To Keep Fit and Enjoy It*. Pick out what means something to you. Realize that any program has to be tailored to the individual. There is no blanket program. Pick out what's enjoyable. Pick out the exercises, pick out a sport. Work at this until you have some pride in what you're doing. Accept the challenge. Fitness isn't just being free of disease. It's having energy, it's being exhilarated, and it means being physically pooped afterwards—otherwise the work didn't amount to much. It's hard to describe what fitness means to the uninitiated. It's like describing an ice cube to someone who has always lived in the Sahara Desert. Fitness means having more control over yourself, and therefore others, having a new outlook. Women ought to exercise because they enjoy doing so, because they like having self-pride and getting as a bonus mental and physical health."

Coup de spa





MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL CHEW, JR.
PROGRAMMED FOR FITNESS
AT LA COSTA, THE
**HIS AND HERS
SUPER SPA**
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Like lots of young California couples, Sam and Effie Chew, a pair of dazzlingly attractive transplants from the East, have a healthy dedication to looking and feeling their best. Both have been gung-ho for sports since childhood: Effie—always called by her nickname and never by her actual name, Josephine—is a slender, soft-voiced girl, a crack horsewoman and tennis player, and a fierce competitor on any field; Sam, an actor and writer in films and television whose latest rôle is in the movie *The Skin Game*, has raced everything from sloops to sports cars, and has the deep-tanned, rugged physique of an ardent amateur athlete. Both Chews exercise at home—Effie at yoga and Sam in the family pool—but recently each found they had a reason for following an extra rigorous regimen. For Sam it was to prepare for a film rôle, for Effie, to whittle away four pounds she'd been unable to lose since the birth of their delightful son, Andrew. It was Effie, who'd been there before her marriage, who suggested La Costa, California's super resort-spa for men and women—a contemporary grand hotel set in 7,000 acres of healthful, green, golden glowing New Worldliness. La Costa has it all—everything from aviation (private flying lessons at nearby Palomar air field) to zoology (observable at the renowned San Diego Zoo), cuisine ranging from spa-rtan to Lucullan, hand and foot service for everyone, plus warm mineral water baths, swimming pools and a private Pacific beach, Swiss showers, Swedish saunas, French herbal wraps, beauty salons, shops, Jap- (Continued)

Love and warm games, above: Effie and Sam on one of La Costa's thirteen smashing tennis courts, five of which light up for night matches. At left, karate instruction with black-belted Ward Hutton, director of the spa.



**Crack-of-dawn
canter over La Costa's
7,000 acres of
rolling hills and Pacific
coastline along paths
lined with orange and
fuchsia ice plants.**

—"IT'S A TOUGH REGIME
BUT WE LOVE IT."

Coup de spa

anese back-walk massages and karate lessons. La Costa's sports' lures include an 18-hole championship golf course—the site of several professional tournaments including the CBS Golf Classic; 13 well-tended tennis courts—five light up for night matches—and all presided over by Pancho Segura and a team of pros; twenty miles of bridle trails and stables stocked with gaited English saddle and Western horses; sailing and fishing boats on charter from ports along the adjoining Del Mar Pacific coast; and even bicycles built for two. Everybody goes . . . and some who come because it's a more than nice place to visit, decide to live there, in a new, luxurious, sun-drenched community of La Costa houses and apartments.

Though La Costa has seen

more than its share of celebrities, most of the guests are simply attractive people, there, like the Chews, for the sheer pleasure of getting and keeping that way.

And so, Effie by plane and Sam by sportscar, the Chews took off for La Costa, for the weekend photographed here.

The traditional La Costa spa plan the Chews opted for invariably begins with a physical examination conducted by one of two staff physicians. (Everything at the spa is run according to American Medical Association specifications, and the physician's exam is the basis for the scheduling of spa activities.)

The physical is followed by an appointment with Mrs. Aichele, La Costa's dietician, who charts a course for gaining, losing, or re-apportioning weight

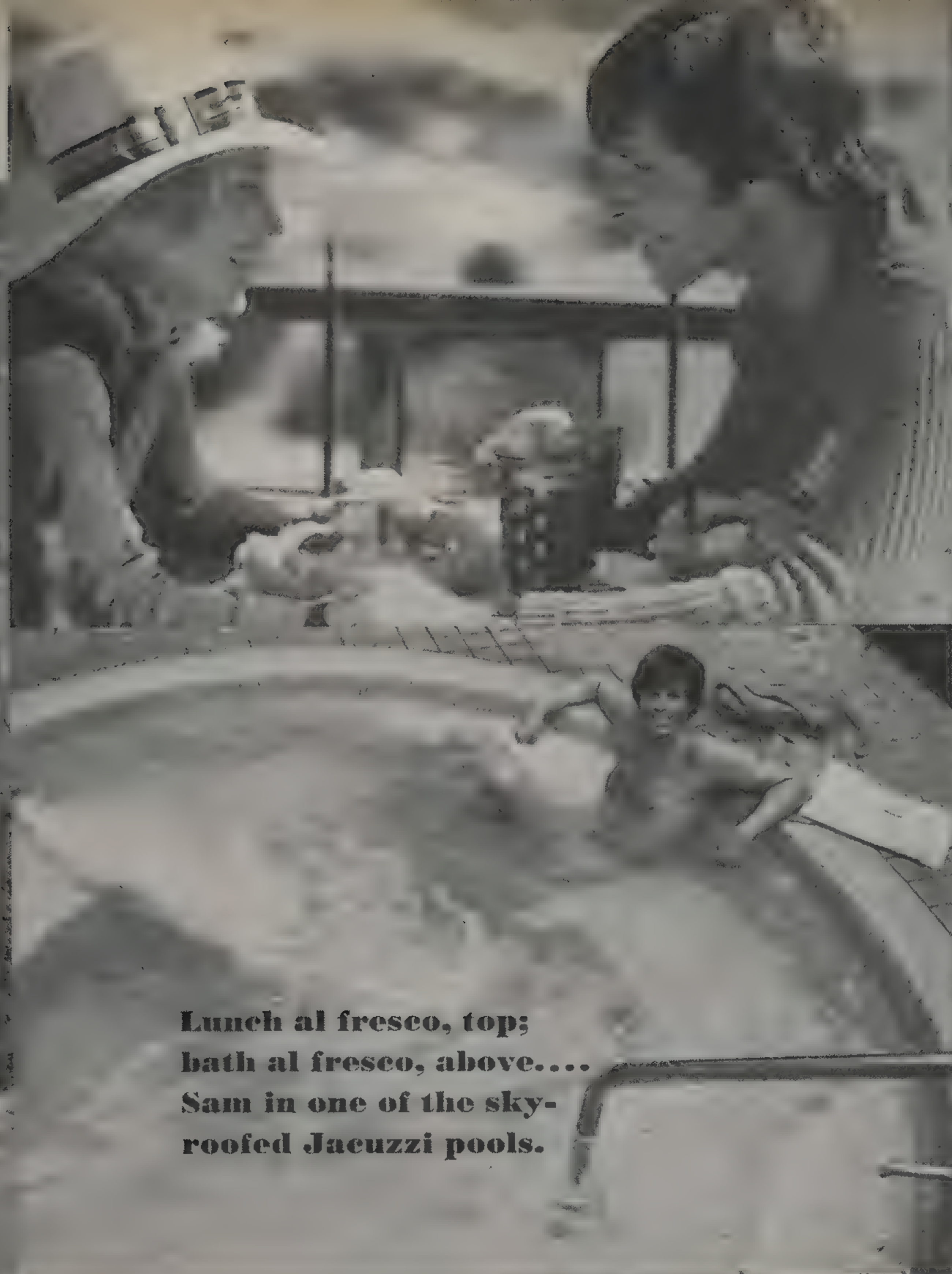
and who makes out individual menu schedules according to what the doctor prescribes. (Breakfast for Effie, tea and fruit juice; for Sam, juice, eggs, bacon, and coffee. Lunch, for both, a cottage cheese and fruit or vegetable salad and iced tea with no sugar. Dinner, steak or fish, salad, and a fruit dessert.)

Then, you're turned over to La Costa director Ward Hutton and one of his staff of five program administrators who'll set up your schedule for your stay. They will arrange as much or as little free time as you require or work out daily routines of nine to five organized activities. Your program is then recorded on cards which are posted daily in the men's and women's dressing rooms. (Spa activities are set up on a 40-minute time period basis,

so, for example, if your program calls for only ten minutes in the sauna or a twenty minute whirlpool bath, you can spend the remainder of that 40-minute period relaxing or sunbathing.) Then you're re-weighed and measured and the information added to your records.

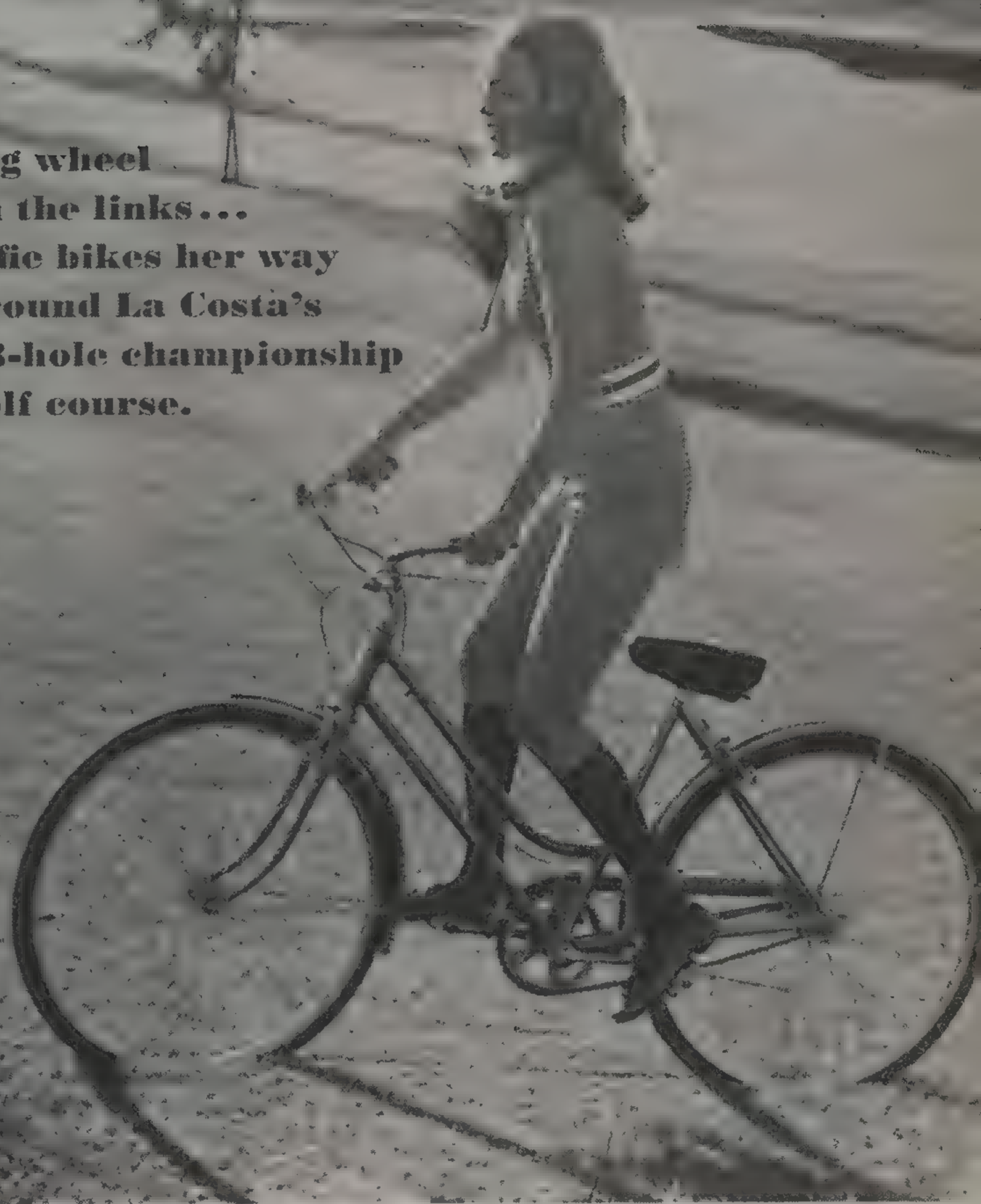
Among the goodies your schedule may include are appointments with expert masseuses and masseurs able to give many different kinds of massage—gentle or tougher, geared to all sorts of muscle problems, and outdoors in the sunshine if you prefer it. There are facials for men and women, given only after thorough skin analysis.

Sam, who enjoys an occasional facial to keep his face camera ready, describes them as "purely hedonist"—a ritual performed



**Lunch al fresco, top;
bath al fresco, above....
Sam in one of the sky-
roofed Jacuzzi pools.**

**Big wheel
on the links...
Effie bikes her way
around La Costa's
18-hole championship
golf course.**



under dimmed blue lights to softly piped music, using oils squeezed from avocado fruit rich in vitamins and minerals. During the process, the hands and feet are also oiled, placed in soft cloth mitts and booting, and bathed in infra-red heat.

There is also a wide choice of spa heat treatments . . . baths in a Jacuzzi whirlpool at 97°, saunas, Finnish rock steam baths, roman pools, and herb-wrap treatments.

Or you may want to try La Costa's gyms—separate establishments for men and women, but co-ed classes also available—housing some of the most sophisticated equipment and gadgetry in the country such as the Orithion multi-therapy table—the sort of gear you might naturally expect only at such high-power medical establishments as the Mayo and Scripps Clinics. (It has three-dimensional traction ability, can give thoracic, lower lumbar and cervical treatment either simultaneously or intermittently, and is fantastic for increasing flexibility in stiff or aging muscles and joints.) In addition, there are inclined boards for abdominal exercise, rollers

and vibrator tables, leg presses, and, for golfing enthusiasts, a promate and supermate machine to improve the swing through wrist and forearm exercise. But the Chews' favourite among all the machinery is the Hack and Calf Machine, used to tone up lower leg, knee and quadracept thigh muscles. "It makes every muscle in my body ache," says Effie, "but it's really improved my tennis game speed."

If you'd like to learn something new, there are classes in yoga, water exercise, isotonic and isometrics, and self-defense courses for men and women in judo and karate . . . one of Sam's special interests.

And, of course, like the Chews you can add in the sports you prefer.

For night life, there is La Jolla and San Diego, and at the spa itself, movies, dancing, cards, billiards. . . . On the other hand, it is, as Effie points out, a tough régime. "We get happily into bed by ten." Adds Sam, "We really need nine hours' sleep to get recharged for the next day's program." . . . (P. S. Effie is now four pounds lighter, and Sam taut as a bowstring.)



**Legwork on the Hack & Calf Machine...
the Chews with instructor Doug Tico.**



BARBARA LEIGH

In summer, when life rolls out-of-doors, what's wanted are lots of little easy-breezies that you don't have to think about twice; you fall into them in the morning and sun around all day . . . as on these ten pages, which come to light in California's beneficent sun. It shines on Barbara Leigh, dazzly new girl in movie-land and moving fast—*Pretty Maids All in a Row*, *The Student Nurses*—on two of the prettiest legs around.

Little red riding knits, above, sitting pretty at the stables of La Costa (whose super-spa lures are reported on page 175). Top, about \$7; shorts, about \$9. By Quote Me, of Durene cotton. Bloomingdale's; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Earrings by Flemming for Judith McCann.

Red knit bits, right, to alert everyone to the smooth brown midriff you've worked up at La Costa (or wherever you sun around).

Ship 'n Shore; cotton-and-polyester top, about \$4; cotton shorts, about \$6. Gimbels; Hengerer's; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson.

THE SUNAROUNDS

**. . . RED KNIT UNDERSHIRTS
AND SHORT-RIDE SHORTS**





SUNAROUND SHORTS . . .
RED IN THE
DRIVER'S SEAT



Red-hot and blue, above left: a print of scarlet kisses on the smallest of the smalls—cotton shorts and shirt with a crack of skin showing where they don't quite meet.

By Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport; about \$56. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan. Leather cuff by Ruza Creations.

Long on shirt, short on shorts—the girl in red, above, gives everyone a lift. And vice versa (Barbara's admirer drives a Kyote II Dune Buggy, hard-top kin to the roofless Kyote I seen striped for action across the page; both, designed by Dean Jeffries). Cotton knit shirt, \$18; shorts, \$15. By Melba Hobson for Tannerway; Concord fabric. At Lord & Taylor. Ruza Creations choker. Bracelet: Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Both pages: Bucherer gold ear-loops; I. Miller espadrilles. Coiffures in California settings, here and on the next four pages, by William Escalera of M nage   Trois.

HENRY CLARKE

BARBARA LEIGH



White sea legs, above—low on the waist, easy on the way down. Plus smooth navy jersey jumpsuit underneath. Great way to deck yourself out for sun days on land or sea—as Barbara does here on a Chris-Craft 42' Commander Sports Cruiser—smooth-sailing for sport-fishers or do-nothings.

Anne Klein turnout. Ban-Lon jumpsuit, of Antron nylon, about \$28; Arnel pants, about \$48. Belt: Benson & Partners. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; The Denver.

Bare legs at sea, right, and the rest is black-and-white geometrics—jumpshorts with a little skirt to wrap around. . . . And the perfect place to be at sea—on board the Chris-Craft Catalina Sedan—a 33' fiber-glass sport cruiser with sunbathing patio and enclosed deckhouse when you want to take cover. Mr. Dino turnout, of textured Arnel. Bracelet by Bergère. Turnout, about \$70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz.

Down to the sea in stripes, above right—navy-and-beige ones on your pants and a navy undershirt top over them. California dockside scene, these pages: the Chris-Craft slip at Marina del Rey, largest yacht harbour in the country. Here, Chris-Crafts can tie up for the night or for their regular little checkups. Turnout: The Rancher's Daughter for Jack Winter. Celia Sebiri choker, Henri Bendel. Armband: Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Shoulderbag: Thomas Robbins for Lesco Lona. Riviera sunglasses. Both pages: Bucherer earrings; Jacques Cohen espadrilles, by Laura Tosato for I. Miller. Cotton-and-polyester pants, about \$12; cotton top, about \$6. Lord & Taylor; Chas. A. Stevens.



BARBARA LEIGH



S UNAROUND ON SEA LEGS





Red shorts sand-sail in the sunset, left—and all day long across the South Mojave Desert (or whatever playground you like). With a white jersey shirt. Both by Vera. Ban-Lon shorts, of Du Pont nylon, about \$14. Top, of Antron nylon, about \$20. Belt: Elegant. Espadrilles: I. Miller. Turnout: Bloomingdale's; Hengerer's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Frost Bros.; J. W. Robinson. **Easy-glider shirt, above**—patch pockets on brown-and-white voile, to belt over shorts, a bikini, white jeans, anything. Sunning around here with a high-performance Schweizer #1-34 glider, at the Briegleb Soaring School, El Mirage Field, El Mirage, California. Shirt by Frank Smith for Evan-Picone, of Dacron and cotton (Fisher & Gentile fabric). About \$26. Scarf by Echo. White webby belt by Elegant. White espadrilles, at I. Miller. Shirt at Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson.

Short take in print, right—splashes of chocolate brown and white with a chocolate-brown jersey shirt. Taking five with Ross Briegleb, 1970 U.S. Open Class Soaring Champion, at the wheel of his ace glider, "Diamant." Turnout by Giorgini. Cotton shorts, about \$28. Enkalure nylon top, about \$26. Echo scarf. Over-the-knee socks by Bewitching. Jacques Cohen espadrilles. Turnout at Bonwit Teller; Hengerer's; Gidding-Jenny; Hudson's; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin.

SUNAROUND LEGS SAIL OFF IN SHORTS





Flowering lawn, left—leafy greens, pinks, blues, yellow—delicious little cotton lawn shirtdress for every sunaround day. This day: with the record-breaking jockey Laffit Pincay, at the scene of his triumphs—Santa Anita, granddaddy of all Southern California tracks and site of the first American \$100,000 handicap. Lilly Pulitzer dress. Belt by Elegant. Tropic-Cal sunglasses. I. Miller espadrilles. Dress, \$50. Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire.

White twill skirt, little brown pull, right—everybody's daily double, in fast company here with super-jockey Willie the Shoe in the tree-fringed walking ring at Santa Anita. Just beyond: the main track, a mile-long ribbon of thrills silhouetted against the majestic San Gabriel Mountains. Turnout by C. Capriotti, of polyester. Jerry Edouard sandals. Shirt and skirt, each about \$48. At The General Store, I. Miller.

A

DAY AT THE

RACES IN SUNAROUND

SHIRT LOOKS



THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN WHO MAKE MONEY IN SPORTS

BY PETE AXTHELM

During O. J. Simpson's rookie year in professional football as a running back for the Buffalo Bills, he also made his debut as a rookie actor on a television show called *Medical Center*. The reviews were good—better, cynics might have pointed out, than some of the reviews of his performances on the field—and several producers sent him inquiries and scripts. One project intrigued him; he was offered the part of a Black militant in a heated drama that ended with a ghetto street in flames. O. J. showed the script to his business manager, Chuck Barnes.

"Sure it's good," said Barnes. "And as long as you play the part, you might as well go out in the street and throw Royal Crown Cola bottles through the windows of Chevrolet showrooms."

If the answer was somewhat facetious—neither Simpson nor Barnes really believed that anyone would take a mere acting rôle that seriously—it was also indicative of the thought processes of the men behind today's wealthiest athletes. Barnes feels he must weigh every business decision against O. J.'s lucrative contracts with firms like Royal Crown and Chevrolet. After all, he is being paid to market a product named O. J. Simpson, and he insists on controlling the exposure and distribution of that product. Barnes calls his approach "total management"; in two years it has made O. J. a millionaire.

Barnes, whose Sports Headliners Inc. has offices in Indianapolis and Los Angeles, is one of the best-known figures in a rapidly expanding sports profession. As sports have become increasingly big businesses, business managers have inevitably grown more important. Many such men are the fast-talking flesh-peddlers who have always lurked on the fringes of sport, hoping to snare 10 per cent of some young athlete's bonus money and get out of sight. But at the other extreme, such people as Barnes and Mark McCormack direct vast and meticulously planned financial empires for their clients. They are not agents, they emphasize, but managers. And their concepts have altered the economics of the entire sporting scene.

McCormack, a Cleveland lawyer and confessed golf nut, started the modern area of sports management when he began representing Arnold Palmer in 1959. As a participant sport played by affluent consumers, golf probably provided the ideal testing ground for a would-be sports merchandiser; but no one could have anticipated McCormack's stunning success. Before joining McCormack, Palmer enjoyed a few traditional endorsement contracts and a total annual income of around \$60,000. McCormack junked the endorsements and set up whole new companies in Palmer's name. Within a few years the true Palmer fan could swing Arnie's clubs, wear his sportswear and get it cleaned at his laundries. Palmer's (Continued on page 193)

LAFFIT PINCAY, opposite
WILLIE SHOEMAKER, left 187



SUNAROUND SHIRTS AND SKIRTS FOR A DAY AT THE RACES

White denim skirt, brown to a T. above—inside track for summer in the city, on the road, or at the track itself. Here, Hollywood Park in Inglewood, the Track of the Lakes and Flowers, where, if you move fast, you can still catch the Century Handicap, May 1st; if not, the flash finish Sunset Handicap runs on July 26th, and plenty of action in between. Cotton top, \$8; Dacron-and-cotton skirt, \$50; Dorso, Beverly Hills. Choker by Celia Sebiri, Henri Bendel. Bag: Thomas Robbins for Lesco Lona. Belt by Elegant. Vittoriana sandals. **Racing checks,** right—red, white, and blue Tattersalls with a Glen plaid skirt, studded suede belt—after the races at Hollywood Park. In the background, the runners—and also-runners—cooling off on the hot walker. Glentex scarf. Belt: Elegant. Sheffield watch. Lisa Cobb shirtdress of polyester and rayon; about \$32. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Halle's-Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Frost Bros.



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



Mambo

Latin rhythm is sweeping the dancing world, and the avid dancers . . . mambo here, tango there. . . . And, often as the music goes, so goes fashion. . . . So, here we are into the flashing, electric, alive clothes. . . .



1. ROZ SWINGS IT IN RED, WHITE, GREEN PRINT FLOUNCE SKIRT AND SCARF-WRAP TOP. \$110. D D DOMINICK, 246 EAST 51ST STREET. . . .

2. ARLENE FLIPS IT IN FLASHY YELLOW SATEEN SCARF-WRAP DRESS WITH BARE MIDRIFF. \$75. D D DOMINICK, 246 EAST 51ST STREET. . . .

3. PAT WAVES IT IN HER FEATHER CHUBBY, SHINY SATIN SHORTS. \$165. KAMALI, 229 EAST 53RD STREET. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND



TRACY

WE ALL KNOW AMERICA LOVES TO DANCE . . . AND THE LATIN BEAT—IT'S SUDDENLY THE INFECTIOUS NEW JUMP TO AMERICA'S FAVOURITE SPORT. . . **4 & 5.** DEANNA AND DON MOVE IT, SWAY IT. DEANNA DANCES IN THIN SLINKY WHITE MATTE JERSEY WRAP TOP AND SKIRT WITH FLOUNCY, FLUTE-Y DOUBLE EDGES. BY STEPHEN BURROWS. \$145. HENRI BENDEL, 10 WEST 57TH STREET. WITH HER LAVENDER LEGS, DEANNA'S DANCING IN PURPLE SUÈDE WEDGIES. \$45. GOODY TWO SHOES, 244 EAST 60TH STREET. . . .

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Mambo

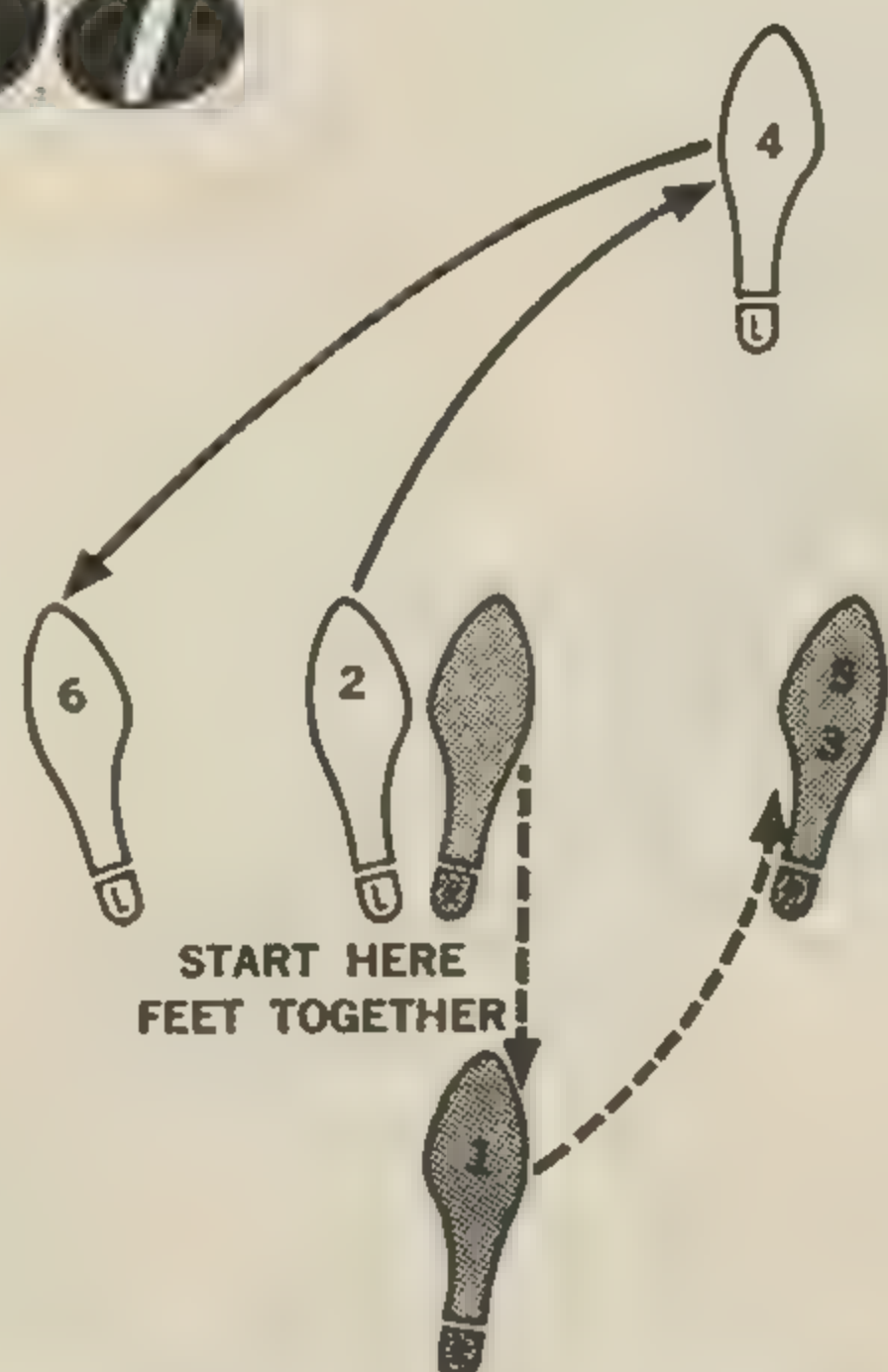
MAMBO BOX STEP

Rhythm: Quick, Quick, Slow
Quick, Quick, Slow

GIRL'S PART:

1. Right foot backward, Quick
2. Left foot in place, Quick
3. Right foot forward and to side, Slow
4. Left foot forward, Quick
5. Right foot in place, Quick
6. Left foot backward and to side, Slow

NOTE: See note under man's part.



1. WAITING TO BE ASKED TO DANCE, LEFT TO RIGHT: RED-YELLOW-AND-BLUE OPEN-TOE SUEDE WEDGIES, \$45. GRAPE SUEDE OPEN-TOE LACE-UP WEDGIE, \$45. RED-AND-WHITE POLKA-DOT CARMEN MIRANDA SHOE ON WHITE CORK SOLE, \$30. GREEN SUEDE WEDGIE, \$45. ALL AT GOODY TWO SHOES, 244 EAST 60TH STREET. . . .
2. ARLENE WHIPPED UP HER TURBAN FROM A SNIPPET OF TANGERINE JERSEY, TUCKS ON TOP A BUNCH OF SHINY RED CHERRIES, AND . . . SHE'S READY TO . . . MAMBO!



TRACY

The Dance Report:

Wonderful! It's happening everywhere. . . . All over the world the dancing people are onto the new beat . . . the new rhythm is sweeping them along . . . all at once, everywhere, now!

New York: The Latin sound is everywhere! "At **Le Club** the other night, the sensation was a couple doing the most fantastic rhumba."

. . . At **Hippopotamus**, the Latin dances, especially to Santana's records, are the big news. . . . At **Roseland Ballroom** there are now two Latin bands on Tuesday nights, as well as the regular Latin band that plays alternate sets with an American band every night. . . . At **Arthur Murray Dance Studios** the news is: "The méringue, the pachanga, the samba, the rhumba, the tango . . . all the Latin dances are what people are coming in to learn." . . . At **Fred Astaire Dance Studios**, "We don't push any one dance, but what new students want to learn are the Latin dances . . . especially mambo and the tango!" At **parties**, a Lindy revival. . . .

beautiful Romans start dancing at one A.M., don't stop till four in the morning. . . ."

Los Angeles: "More togetherness on the dance scene, more communication between dancing couples, and they dance together, with one partner following. . . ." At **Bumbles**, you will see a couple revert to swing, or the dances of the fifties, or . . . move into a samba . . . to **Bits and Pieces** playing "Oye Como Vay," or records by Santana or Mongo Santa Maria. . . . That noise number is definitely over, we are leaving the hard rock of the sixties for the soft rock of the seventies. . . .

Paris: "The boîte à la mode is **Le Privé**, and the music is pop, but more funky—one step on from the Chicago sound, also fox-trots, blues, and Brazilian sambas. . . ."

Rome: "A big comeback for the samba, the tango, and slow dances at the **Number One Club** and the brand-new **Three Tops**. . . . "All the

New Jersey: "The most popular boy in our school is the boy who grew up in South America and knows all the dances. He gives samba lessons to everybody. . . ." Even when the dances aren't Latin, the emphasis is on movement of the body rather than the feet, and is accompanied with wide wind-mill arm movements.

MONEY IN SPORTS

(Continued from page 187)

income was estimated at more than half a million dollars, but even that was beneath McCormack's concerns; he spoke instead of long-range benefits at lower taxes and of equity and net worth—which was clearly in the millions.

The Palmer boom didn't go unnoticed among his fellow pros, and soon Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player had also joined McCormack, giving him total control of golf's "Big Three." A dozen or so lesser stars back up McCormack's front line, and he has recently ventured into such sports as skiing (Jean-Claude Killy) and pro football (New York Giant Fran Tarkenton).

Barnes launched his own empire in 1964, in another sport that offered great riches in products and endorsements—auto racing. Before Barnes's arrival, many drivers had been content to slap various oil, gas, tire, and parts decals on their cars for modest fees and free equipment; Barnes convinced such champions as Parnelli Jones, Mario Andretti, and A. J. Foyt that they were worth far more. Soon the drivers were looking into pizza franchises and auto service centres as well as lucrative contracts with auto manufacturers—and Barnes was seeking new challenges in pro football.

The football fields were already littered with the casualties of the war between the National and American leagues. Among other effects, that fierce bidding battle for talent had attracted legions of new agents and lawyers. A few had helped young stars to play the leagues against one another to grab huge bonuses; others merely took advantage of circumstances and accepted credit for contracts that would have been paid in any case at the height of the war. Joe Namath's case illustrates the latter phenomenon. Namath placed undying faith in the men who won his \$400,000 contract with the New York Jets, forgetting that Jets' president Sonny Werblin *wanted* to pay a record price for the publicity value. And as he struggled through a disastrous fast-food franchise operation as well as his near-retirement over his Bachelors III bar, Namath continued to listen to his young yes-men. At one point Werblin, the former president of the Music Corporation of America and one

of the most successful agents of all time, tried to aid Namath, only to have one of Joe's young lawyers question Werblin's business judgment.

Entering after the merger between the leagues had ended the inflated bidding for players, Barnes could afford no mistakes with his most publicized client, Simpson. As O. J.'s negotiations with Buffalo stalled, Barnes called on every power of persuasion or threat; but ultimately he knew he would have to take less than he wanted, because so many outside deals depended on O. J.'s playing ball. The contract Simpson signed was hardly a capitulation—he's getting at least \$250,000 for four years and a \$100,000 loan—but it provided only a minor percentage of O. J.'s income. As McCormack had done with his golfers, Barnes had transformed Simpson into a one-man financial boom.

If the trend toward management was born in such individual sports as golf and auto racing, then fueled by the league wars in football and later basketball, it is finally making inroads into the more entrenched and monopolistic sports. A Toronto lawyer named Alan Eagleson has almost singlehandedly dismantled ice hockey's feudal structure. Once, young skaters were swept into big-league organizations as teen-agers and expected to be grateful for any salaries the parent club might eventually grant. Representing individuals as well as The Players' Association, Eagleson has given the players a new voice and sent salaries spiralling.

Eagleson and his flamboyant counterparts in other sports arouse rage among club owners and other traditionalists; but having experienced the joys of increased power and higher salaries, the players are never going to be without the Eaglesons again. Nor will they turn away from such money managers as McCormack and Barnes, who can parlay relatively short athletic careers into comfortable lifetimes. Palmer went fourteen months without winning a tournament; Simpson suffered two sub-par seasons—and both continued to ring up six-figure profits. Others have played better and earned far less, but that only bears out a fact of sporting life in the 1970's: It matters not whether you win or lose, but how you've chosen your business manager. ▼

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Roumania: angels among the roses

The painted churches of Moldavia

By Marina Sulzberger

Bucharest is delightful. Practically every man I met, including a taxi driver, kissed my hand and called me Doamna, hardly the expected greeting of Marxists-Leninists. Most Roumanians seem to speak *something* besides Roumanian, and the people are so friendly that the briefest human contact, such as being taken up in the hotel lift, or handed a room key, becomes an agreeable experience. We stayed at the Athénée Palace across a huge square from the former Royal Palace, now the National Museum holding remarkable Roumanian, German, and Italian Renaissance treasures, a few wonderful El Greco paintings, Queen Marie's beautiful collection of jade.

Rose-rimmed avenues banked by opulent turn-of-the-century architecture lead to a ring of lakes and the park of the Village Museum. A panorama of regional peasant cottages, each one transported "pig and dog," as they say, with its original paraphernalia: tiled stoves, tall box-beds, embroidered dresses, rugs, spinning wheels, and bright folk paintings, mostly icons on glass. In a capsule, it gives visitors an image of peasant life as it was, and still often is, in Transylvania, Moldavia, the Danube Delta, and other parts of Roumania.

"**B**EARS, WOLVES IN RED RIDING HOOD MOUNTAINS . . ."

From Bucharest, we drove north to the famous monasteries of Moldavia that my husband and I had always wanted to visit. After five hundred kilometres of brown, almost horizonless plains, we reached sunswept Suceava, once the walled and castle-turreted capital of Moldavia but now a flourishing modern city. From here, Mr. Christoreanu, a charming Roumanian who had learned impeccable American-English at the University of Michigan, guided us through the foothills of the Carpathians. In these thickly fir-forested Little Red Riding Hood mountains hiding bears and wolves, the triangular hillocks shone with trout streams racing into fields of flax and beets, bright-orange pumpkins, and corn for *mamaliga*, the staple cornbread of the country people. Lace curtains, pink geraniums, and cats light the windows of every peasant's house, shingled, often pale blue, slide-roofed to shed the winter snow. Although collective-farm workers, each farmer owns pigs and sheep and a patch of land, making his family self-sufficient. For the women, needlework replaces television; and on long winter nights they embroider beautiful fur-lined tunics or weave rugs with enormous red and pink roses. I have rarely seen such gentle countryside, more illustrative of fairy tales by Carmen-Sylva (pseudonym of the former Queen Mother) than of our Orwellian notions of collective farming.

"**T**HE PEERLESS PAINTED CHURCHES OF MOLDAVIA . . ."

The churches and monasteries of Moldavia are unique, utterly different from anything I have seen. Built in the sixteenth-century, most of them by the Moldavian prince Stephen the Great and his son Petru Rares, these five famous legacies fanned around the rolling hills of Suceava astonish by their frescoes. Were these frescoes confined to the interior walls, their splendour might dazzle but not amaze. The rarity here, however, is that, from their foundations to their eaves, the outside walls of these churches are covered with the most magnificent frescoes imaginable. Neither snows, storms, blazing sun, nor attacks of the Cossack, Austrian, or the most infidel Turk have diminished their shimmering colours, almost as perfect today as they were four hundred years ago.

Contemporary in time and space, all the churches were probably decorated by the same artists and their pupils, their iconography varying only slightly according to mood and imagination. At Voronet, for instance, the north wall is now flaked by wind, but the south wall is flawless, a backdrop for the Holy Family painted on lapis lazuli imported by Stephen the Great. Against this blue sky rises the Tree of Jesse with twisting branches of prickly leaves and flowers, some tulip-shaped, some replicas of the bindweed growing now in Moldavian fields. From the painted blossoms emerge the austere or tender faces of saints, prophets, and, oddly, of some Greek philos-

ophers. Another scene shows dear old Saint Nicholas handing a sack of gold to three young ladies in an enormous bed saving them, *soi-disant*, from the eternal sin of prostitution. Inside, seraphim and cherubim, their eight wings studded with all-seeing eyes, symbolize their ability to be everywhere and see everything. From the shingled steeple, Stephen's bells still echo his power over the rolling hills: *Stefan cel Mare . . . Ste . . . fan . . . cel . . . Ma . . . re*.

"**S**UCEVITA . . . FORTIFIED FOR GOD AND COMMERCE . . ."

"Our peasants," wrote the Great Stephen to the King of Poland, "have begun to challenge our will, claiming they can no longer endure their misery." Both the restless natives and hostile neighbours inspired the thick walls fortifying the monastery of Sucevita. A trading centre, too, having been granted the right to exact tolls on merchandise, salt, and honey to and from Transylvania, it grew into a hive of scholars who practised their arts among vast treasures of gold, books, and icons.

At Sucevita, waves of superb golden-halo-ed angels fly red-winged over one exterior wall of the church; on another, the souls of the dead struggle up the slender ladder of virtue, each of the thirty-two rungs signifying a particular sin. I was heartbroken to see some sinners, as close to heaven as the thirtieth step, falling into the embrace of delighted devils leering below. Tempted by a realistic serpent, Adam and Eve appear in a tropically non-Balkan Eden until the Fall, when they re-appear dressed as Roumanian peasants, Eve spinning grumpily on the same kind of spinning wheel we had seen in a village house.

Another fall, that of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453, is a constant fresco epic. That cursed siege marked an end to freedom in the Balkans for twenty generations, until 1878 for Roumania. Oddly, the only vestige of the Ottoman Empire today is the Roumanian taste for Turkish coffee.

"**M**OLDOVITA . . . A NIGHT IN VAULTED ROOMS . . ."

After visiting the embellished chapel of Humor and the walled enclave of Dragomirna, we arrived at the convent of Moldovita, where we were offered shelter. Sweet-faced nuns, with black headdresses over velvet pillboxes that gave them the look of mediaeval châtelaines, guided us through a grassy courtyard, up spiralling stone steps to vaulted rooms warmed by crackling fires in high plaster stoves. Later they called us to a lyric meal: baked meats with raw onions and pickles, hot *mamaliga* and fresh bread, large bowls of thick fresh cream, sweet and salted cheeses, cakes with the monastery's wine and plum liqueur.

All Saints' Day—and the chapel shone with special offerings: decorated breads, wine and oil and, in memory of the dead, *coliva*, a loaf of wheat and sugar spiced with candy-coloured crosses. Peasants filled the chapel, silent, except for a single bell and the rhythmic thud of a wooden hammer on a block of wood, beat by a nun as a call to prayer. On the way out, I lit a candle and made the Orthodox sign of the cross, right to left. Smiling, Sister Lavrentia said: "You are one of us."

By full moon the frescoes shone like enamel above the courtyard, white-walled and secure. I was overwhelmed with pride and gladness to think that after centuries of war and revolution the stones, colours, nuns, Orthodoxy, and I were still alive and there.

GOOD NEWS: Pan Am's first regularly scheduled nonstop flights, New York to Bucharest, begin April 28, and the new Hotel Inter-Continental Bucharest opens in the capital city this month.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Marina Sulzberger, Greek, with dark eyes and flashing wit, observes, absorbs, and records her impressions on travels around the world with her husband, the well-known writer and New York Times columnist, C. L. Sulzberger, whose latest book is *The Last of the Giants*.

Theatre in dreamtime

Robert Wilson's productions are magical, visual, sensual, entertaining. Are they theatre?

BY MARTIN GOTTFRIED

Robert Wilson makes theatre in dreamtime. His preoccupation with the wonder of slow, out-of-timeness is so great that the presentation of his works but twice a year seems perfect and right. As if it *should* take a whole year just to do them twice.

Last year, in *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud*, the twenty-six-year-old Mr. Wilson brought a turtle, a lion, giant legs, and an almost-real beach to Brooklyn's Academy of Music, along with a couple of hundred of New York's most avant-garde for an audience. In February, the Wilson mystique went overground: The audience for his new work, *Deafman Glance*, nearly filled the big hall. There is hope for our theatre yet (though with a \$26,000 budget, this production's hope is more aesthetic than practical).

Certainly, Wilson brings ideas and realizations of wondrous theatre possibilities. His kind of theatre is at once traditional and experimental. It is theatre at its most basic—magical, visual, sensual, and entertaining. But is it exactly theatre? It uses virtually no words. It sometimes seems like choreography, but its movement is minimal—most of it is like a shifting *tableau vivant* except for a momentary (and exquisite) solo dance. Thus it nears the purely visual, very close to art or an architecture of bodies (and Wilson's background includes theatre, dance, art, and architecture).

Unlike *Sigmund Freud*, *Deafman Glance* has a semblance of intellectual coherence, shredded through the evening though it may be. The production begins with an oozy miming of a murder by a Black woman of her two children. This is kind of a prologue, though the murder echoes through the evening in a movie, shown for moments now and again.

The main part of the production—three-and-a-half hours long, no intermission—is set in a plantation-fantasyland. Trees soar above a cabin (a cabin that burns down—the cabin in which,

perhaps, the murder occurred). Present throughout is the title character, a Black boy who witnessed the murder and now, it would seem, has lost his hearing through psychological shock.

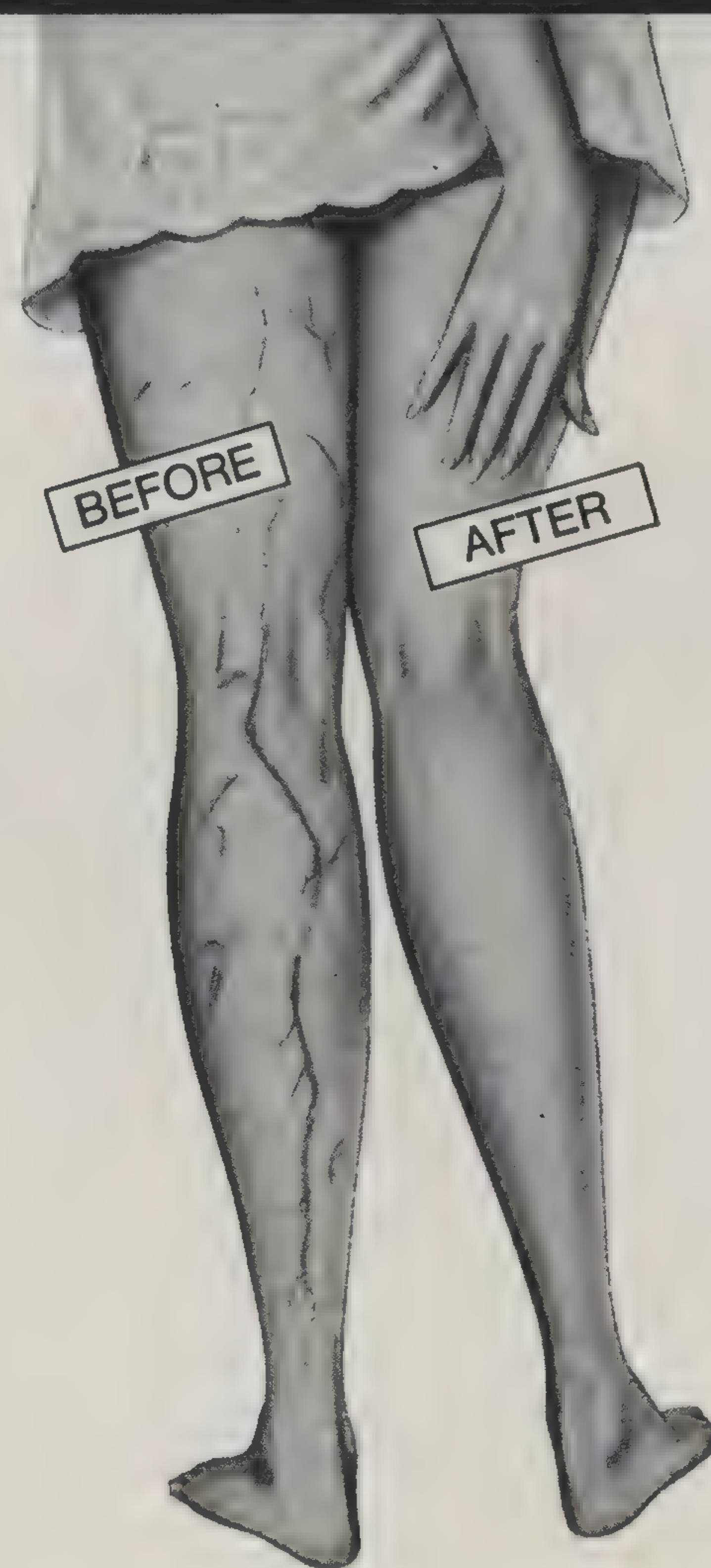
The plantation setting opens the production's main body with a moonlit, high-South, and terribly funny musical soiree at which a mammy plays the *Moonlight* sonata, her hands floating airily over the keyboard. The stage begins to fill. A table is set for a dinner at which a giant frog presides. A waiter serves drinks and food. At the table are a predictably strange trio occasionally cloaked in red hoods; it takes nearly the whole evening for them to complete the meal.

Meanwhile, in its own slow, slow, slow time, the stage is busied by a fisherman ever-reeling in a human catch; Wilson's recurring turtles; a band of sleepwalkers passing through the trees; an armless actor, bare from the waist up, grasping the murder weapon between his stumps.

Onstage deformity is one of the most powerful devices a director can employ, but there are such traditions opposing its use that it is virtually never seen (I saw it elsewhere just once). Wilson, confident of his own taste and values, is no more fearful of moral convention than he is of theatre convention. Working with quiet, repetitious, and of course *slow* music (a scratchy violin, piano score composed by Alan Lloyd), he carefully lessens the tempo of his action. Finally, the stage is still. Two minutes. Five minutes. The theatre, the actors, the audience could very well float into eternity this way. Then, though not abruptly, the stage is cleared. A harp is brought on. A group of apes appears. One of them plays the harp. The curtain descends.

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EARTH AND SEA

(Continued from page 125)

assumed to be the European primaeval nature had in reality been manipulated by man for thousands of years, in most cases since neolithic times.

The wonderful harmony that now exists in many parts of Europe among the various components of nature can not, therefore, be regarded as a spontaneous expression of wilderness; it is instead the outcome of a continuous and intimate collaboration between man and the site on which he lives—what Rabindranath Tagore referred to as the wooing of the Earth.

In contrast to Europe, the other continents still possess large areas that have not been significantly affected by man and can, therefore, be regarded as true wilderness. Such is the case for much of the Amazon valley, the Himalayas, the Arctic, and the Antarctic. In the United States the Rockies, the Sierras, the various national parks, the Northwest Pacific Coast, and the Everglades are a few obvious examples illustrating the immense variety of landscapes on the North American Continent in which large areas undisturbed by man still retain their primaeval genius.

In *Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory*, Marjorie Nicolson has poetically documented the well-recognized fact that until the nineteenth century mountains and forests had been regarded as "Nature's Shames and Ills" and "Warts, Wens, Blisters, Imposthumes" upon the otherwise fair face of Nature. In contrast, our contemporaries in all age groups commonly talk and behave as if the civilized environments evoked by William Byrd in the eighteenth century have no appeal for them, and as if they value only undisturbed wilderness. And yet! Despite the commonly professed ideal that wild and exotic environments are the only ones worth attention, the landscapes that provide the most lasting pleasure for the largest number of persons, young as well as old, are still those in which man has tamed wilderness. Even completely artificial environments created by profoundly altering nature are more sought after than wilderness. For one John Muir or Daniel Boone trying to remove himself as far as possible from human settle-

ments, there are millions of nature lovers for whom the country means humanized nature. When Henry Thoreau settled by Walden Pond he built his cabin within walking distance of Concord, where he went twice a week for dinner.

Man has now transformed a large percentage of the globe by his agricultural and industrial enterprises. Eleven per cent of the *total* land surface of the Earth is used as cropland, 10 per cent as rangeland, and 20 per cent as managed forest. Of the remainder, the largest part is either frozen almost constantly, or too cold or mountainous for normal human occupation or utilization. The rest of the landmass consists of marginal areas and especially unmanaged forests, some of which may be utilized in the near future. If one adds to this inventory the increasing encroachments of industry, housing, communication networks, and other needs of modern life, it becomes evident that expansion in the use of land will have ended by 1985 in most of the world. In other words, practically all of the earth's land surface compatible with human life will soon be humanized.

The date 1985 is taken from the proceedings of a symposium on "Man's Impact on the Global Environment," organized by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and published in 1970. The closeness of this date to Orwell's 1984 is another expression of the widespread belief that complete humanization of the Earth will be as destructive to the quality of the natural world as the social takeover by Big Brother's technology will be to the quality of human life. Two common themes about nature seem to be nostalgic tears for what was and a disapproving frown for what is. And, in fact, no one can reasonably doubt that we shall destroy the fitness of our planet for human life (perhaps as soon as 1985) if we do not immediately take steps to correct the disordered relationships between man and environment caused by present-day materialism and blind technological goals.

In the foreword of my most recent book, *Reason Awake*, I stated that, "When man truly enters the age of science, he will abandon his crude and destructive efforts to conquer nature. He will instead learn to insert him-

self into the environment in such a manner that his ways of life and technologies make him once more in harmony with nature." Although these words still reflect my convictions, they no longer satisfy me entirely because they seem to imply a rather static view of man's relationships to nature—as if it were not a historical fact that man has always manipulated nature. Indeed, it is probable that man acquired much of his humanness precisely while creating more comfortable and pleasant niches from wilderness. Since he now occupies a very large percentage of the total landmass of the globe, most places derive their distinctive individuality not only from their physical characteristics and from the animal, plant, and microbial life they naturally harbour, but also and increasingly from human activities.

Man's interventions can be lastingly successful and really creative only if the changes he introduces are compatible with the intrinsic attributes of the natural system he tries to shape. The reason we are now desecrating nature is not necessarily that we use it to our ends, but that we commonly manipulate it and change it without regard to the intrinsic attributes of the place—to what has long been called the genius or spirit of place. The very word "desecration," now often used to lament the damage we are causing to the Earth, symbolizes a widely held belief in the sanctity of nature—as if her relation to man had a sacred quality.

When applied to a place or a person, the word *nature* is as vague but also as rich in complex connotations as the words *genius* and *spirit*. According to two different dictionaries, one of the meanings of *nature* is "the essential character or constitution of something" or "the intrinsic characteristics and qualities of a person or a thing." The word *nature* so defined provides a factual explanation for what ancient people called genius or spirit. It denotes not only the geographic, social, or human appearances but also, and especially, all the forces hidden beneath the surface of reality.

Civilization grows through the discovery of these hidden forces and is the expression of man's creative ability to integrate them into viable structures within the constraints imposed by the

natural order of things. Our ways of life and our technologies can keep us in harmony with nature even if we use her for our ends, provided that we respect what is essential and intrinsic to each particular natural system—the *genius loci*.

The rapid improvement of spoiled natural landscapes after removal of the conditions that had caused them to deteriorate and the resiliency of nature in general illustrate the power and persistence of the *genius loci*. Lake Washington near Seattle was almost as polluted as Lake Erie, yet recovered its pristine quality within ten years after steps were taken to prevent its further pollution.

History shows furthermore that man can create entirely new ecological situations that are desirable and stable and that eventually generate their own *genius loci*. Union Bay on Seattle's east side and Jamaica Bay on the south shore of Long Island are two American examples of man-made environments that have rapidly become rich wildlife sanctuaries. Half a century ago, canals and locks were constructed to join Union Bay with Lake Union and this lake with saltwater Puget Sound. As the water level fell in the bay, vast marshes emerged along its gently sloping shores; in time, these marshes evolved into a rich wildlife habitat harbouring more than a hundred different species of birds, as well as weasel, mink, muskrat, and otter. A similar situation is now developing in Jamaica Bay on the edge of New York's John F. Kennedy Airport.

Jamaica Bay was originally part of a rich, natural salt marsh ecosystem that included land areas surrounding the airport. For years, New York City used the bay as a garbage dump with the attendant ugliness and pollution. The islands thus artificially created would have remained dreary masses of debris if it had not been for the devoted labour of a farsighted staff member of the New York Department of Parks, Herbert Johnson. Almost single-handed and with very limited funds, he established on the landfill a vegetation of trees, shrubs, and grasses suited to the locality. Then nature took over. The plants grew rapidly, creating a typical wetland vegetation that attracted a variety of animal species, including such rare and precious birds as the glossy ibis

and the snowy egret. The man-made wetlands of Jamaica Bay and the bird sanctuary now constitute a great success story in urban management.

Man-made ecosystems present to biological sciences challenging new problems independent of the social considerations involved in their maintenance. Jamaica Bay in particular cries out for long-range ecological investigation, because these may provide indicators for what will happen to nature in technological societies.

The parts of the Jamaica wetlands that were man-made will remain under human influence even though they are protected. The bay is so close to Kennedy Airport that jet aircraft will constantly fly over its wildlife sanctuary. Since it is part of New York City, the chemical composition of its water, flora, and fauna will inevitably reflect urban pollution. Since it is readily available to the public, the behaviour and even the diet of the birds and other wildlife in the refuge will certainly be affected by the visitors. Jamaica Bay will thus constitute a microcosm for the study of the responses natural systems make to the impact of technological forces.

I began this essay with remarks on the emergence of the European land from the primeval forest through centuries of manual labour by neolithic settlers and mediaeval peasants. I conclude it with the hope that modern man will learn to manage intelligently and constructively the new ecological systems created by technology. Pessimists have good reasons to emphasize the ecological disasters that threaten the survival of higher forms of life on our planet, but optimists can point to the man-made environments that have become ecological success stories. With knowledge, common sense, and proper values, technological man can maintain the tradition of creative stewardship that began several millennia ago and that is progressively humanizing the Earth.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. René Dubos is professor of environmental biomedicine at The Rockefeller University. This article was excerpted from *The American Scholar*, Vol. XL, No. 2, Spring 1971. Copyright © 1971 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.



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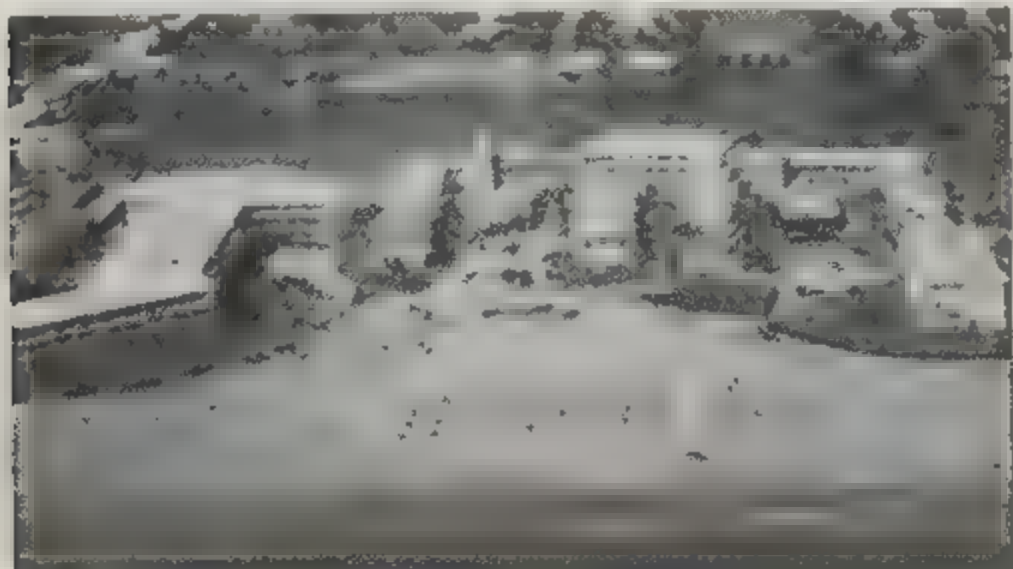
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UNITED STATES
SAVINGS BONDS

THE HEALTH EATERS

(Continued from page 168)

the rôle of Amanda in the movie *The Love Machine*, uses the combination of health foods and vitamins partly as a diet device. For modelling, she has to be really lean; for movies, fairly lean since the camera adds five pounds automatically; and then . . . well, every now and then she goes on a cooking spree or goes to Mexico and suddenly there are some extra pounds to be zapped off. . . . During non-diet (or maintenance) times, she has orange juice and broiled calves' liver for breakfast; lunch is chopped meat or steak and vegetables; dinner is a salad—when possible, avocado, lettuce, Parmesan cheese with lemon and oil dressing. No meat after 5 P.M. Never with meals, but in between: four glasses of certified raw milk a day, with or without Tiger's Milk; and lots of bottled water.

She's so attuned to vitamin supplements she varies the dosage by even the mood of the day. A mean average goes like this: 25,000 units of A, two tablets of B-complex plus C, 300 units of bone-meal tablets laced with D, 800 units of natural E (for skin, circulation, and veins), one or two mineral tablets a day, one

folic acid pill with B₁₂, two or three cod-liver oil capsules, 1000 mg. of C. If her eyes look tired, she steps up the A and E. Never takes more than five pills at a time, tries to have milk when she does take them.

Milk, whole or skimmed, is Jodi's diet drink. When she's in strict training, zapping off those pounds, she has a glass for breakfast, more during the day. Only one meal, and that must be eaten before five o'clock. "But I have to watch it," she admitted. "I can't diet when I'm working; it's too strenuous."

Adelle Davis's Recipe for "Pep-Up"

"It is not enough that all nutrients be supplied in a diet. If maximum health is to be built or maintained, these many nutrients must be furnished at the same time. This need can most easily be met by fortified milk, or pep-up, which may be prepared in a liquefier or with an electric or hand mixer.

Combine and beat:

2 egg yolks or whole eggs
(unless cooked preferred)
1 tablespoon granular lecithin
1 tablespoon vegetable oil or
mixed vegetable oils
1½ teaspoons calcium lactate or
4 teaspoons calcium gluconate
or 1 teaspoon of bone meal
¼ cup yoghurt or 1 tablespoon
acidophilus culture
2 cups of whole or skim milk
¼ to ½ cup of yeast fortified with
calcium and magnesium
¼ to ½ cup non-instant
powdered milk or ½ to 1
cup instant powdered milk
1 teaspoon pure vanilla or ½
teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg
½ cup frozen, undiluted orange
juice
magnesium carbonate, oxide, or
other magnesium salt

Pour into a container and add the remainder of a quart of milk; cover and keep refrigerated. Stir before using."

Note: Anyone with digestive disturbances or other illnesses should check with his physician before making "Pep-Up" part of his régime.

the JUNE ISSUE OF VOGUE is all about YOU

a special report on
THE AMERICAN WOMAN

don't miss
Vogue for June

THE SMASH SPORT

(Continued from page 128)

Watch him step onto centre court at Wimbledon. A pro at Wimbledon? But of course. Or at the U. S. Open. An Open tournament? Yes, and a hugely successful one, too. Or perhaps we are watching the finals of this year's Tennis Champions Classic in Madison Square Garden. In the fifth and final set the score is tied and we are in sudden death.

Sudden death? What?

Quiet. The winner's purse, \$35,000, rides on this one shot.

Trabert is of course dressed all in pastel colour: lime shirt, lime shorts and socks, even his kangaroo-leather sneakers are lime coloured. He is playing with a metal racquet, naturally. The ball is fluorescent yellow, and the expensive, synthetic surface, which has the texture of a vast felt rug, gives a true bounce every time. There are television cameras in various corners sending this match into tense homes all over America, none more tense than my own. . . .

Alas, all this never happened to Tony Trabert. If he had stayed with tennis just a little longer, it still would not have happened. He was born not one year too soon but, say, five. The tennis boom is a very recent thing.

It is public interest that has put the drama, the tension, the money, the success into tennis. The United States Lawn Tennis Association estimates that there are suddenly more than ten million tennis players in America, up nearly three million in three years and swelling fast. One projection for 1980 is thirty million weekend players. Projections are sometimes ridiculous, but this one may not be. A large sporting-goods company reports that orders for racquets, clothes, nets, and other gear last September were 135 per cent up over September, 1969; and for the last four months of the year the company was out of tennis balls completely. They simply could not buy enough from suppliers to slake the demand.

There are only two tennis-ball manufacturers in America, Spalding and Pennsylvania Athletic Products, a subsidiary of The General Tire and Rubber Company. Pennsylvania made 15 per cent more balls last year than the year before, and they have already warned their major cus-

tomers that they will not be able to fill all orders in 1971.

An executive of a sporting-goods firm said: "They should have been ready. They should have seen what was happening beginning about three years ago with the start of open tennis and big prize money. They should have felt the 'pop' of the game."

The USLTA says that about 4,500 new courts are now being built each year. Some four hundred indoor arenas have been built around New York alone in the last few years. In 1965 there were only about three hundred indoor arenas in the entire country. Some of the new ones are air-supported plastic bubbles that can be inflated in a couple of days over existing courts, making play possible all year round.

The tennis boom is surrounded by gimmicks, and the bubbles are among the strangest and most popular of these. Blowers feed into bubbles warm air, which both supports the roof and warms the players. It is like playing inside a \$12,000 (and up) balloon, and the thunk of balls is hollow. One enters through an air lock—that is, through double doors. One door must be closed before the other is opened, or else the roof will sag. In summer the whole thing settles to the ground in less than a day, and folds up like a tent.

In other words, tennis, which used to be a summer game everywhere except Florida and Southern California, is fast becoming a year-round game. In winter in the north, indoor courts are getting \$12 per hour per court, sometimes more, and some of them are open—and full—from five in the morning to midnight.

And there are other gimmicks. Tretorn makes a trainer—a tennis ball attached to a heavy base by a long rubber string. One can now practise in the driveway, bashing the ball, then leaping into position as it snaps on back. Or an enthusiast can buy a closed-circuit television set and study his swing on instant replay. This gadget costs only \$2,700. For about \$500, one can buy a machine called The Stroke-master, which will pitch tennis balls across the net all day and never get bored. Suède tennis shoes will soon be on the market, and the ultimate in metal

racquets is here already. It is oval-shaped and \$85, and selling beautifully.

The boom in tennis can truly be measured in money: money spent in gimmicks and gear, money put up as tournament prizes (over \$2 million for 1971—there are no more \$700 tournaments), money spent by sponsors who are suddenly backing the game on television. This is not cocktail-party conversation. This is money. There are no more under-the-table payments. One sponsor, Pepsi-Cola, put up \$75,000 last year as prize money in a Grand Prix series; and Gladys Heldman, publisher of *World Tennis* magazine, jokes that before long the name of Wimbledon might be changed to something like: The Pepsi-Cola International Open. During tournaments, television cameras pick up ads all around formerly staid tennis stadiums. They are like baseball stadiums used to be. And television coverage is now ubiquitous. Yesterday, Sunday, the finals of two different tournaments, one in New York, the other in Philadelphia, were televised live into my living room. I tried to watch both of them, switching channels during commercials. Hooked, solidly and happily hooked.

Sometimes I think of tennis as having survived the longest pregnancy on record. It was conceived in Wales in 1873, went into labour about 1948—and stayed in labour for the next twenty years. In June of 1968, birth actually began; and in September of 1970, it was accomplished. Who would ever believe it? Tennis was suddenly among us, a spanking healthy adult. Tony Trabert must have been stunned.

Note those two dates. June of 1968 was the first Wimbledon Open Tournament. The best players, meaning the pros, were at last admitted to the hallowed tournaments; once Wimbledon opened the gates, Forest Hills and all the others had to follow.

Open tennis is what started the tennis excitement, put tennis on the front pages, and brought the television producers out and the money in. This made the weekend players anxious to get out and play again themselves.

(Continued on page 200)

newest lengths coming and going

Fem-Form's Carnaby . . . sizzler shorts and midriff shirt in turquoise, shocking, greenery or white, with a side slashed skirt in panels of all the colors! Carefree crepe textured double knit polyester. Top and shorts, 6 to 14. Skirt, small and medium.

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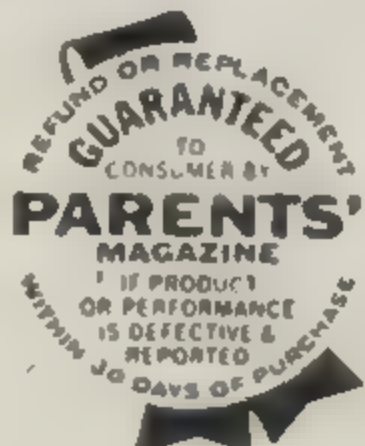
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THE SMASH SPORT

(Continued from page 199)

"Tennis suddenly had a knockout punch, a bases-loaded home run to match any other sport"

Excitement comes down from the top.

But it was only the start; the sudden-death rule, added to the U. S. Open Tournament in September, 1970, at Forest Hills, brought tennis at last into your world and mine, into the twentieth century.

At Forest Hills anytime two players were tied in a set at 6-6, they immediately played a tie-breaker: best five points out of nine. A red flag went up and on that court the mob converged, running up from all over. Suddenly an entire tournament and tens of thousands of dollars rode, literally, on a single point. The tension that this one development brought overnight into tennis can not be overdescribed. Tennis suddenly had a knockout punch, a bases-loaded home run to match any other sport.

Previously, the longest singles' match ever played in number of games, 126, occurred in Warsaw in 1966. Roger Taylor of England beat Wieslaw Gasiorrek of Poland 27-29, 31-29, 6-4. At Wimbledon in 1969 Pancho Gonzalez beat Charles Pasarell 22-24, 1-6, 16-14, 6-3, 11-9. This match took five hours and twenty minutes to play and spanned two days. It also cooked the aging Gonzalez, who eventually lost that tournament.

Not many tennis matches ever lasted nearly as long, but each match theoretically could; and in our brisk modern world, the entire game was stifling as a result. Who wanted to watch or talk about such an endless game or to buy gear and begin to play it? Or risk televising it?

I used to write that tennis was wrong for the 'sixties because: (1) A match could technically, truly last forever, whereas in my own life and yours, one didn't get an endless chance to win anything, one usually only got a glimpse of the prize, a single swipe at grabbing it. (2) Tennis was too circumscribed. One had to hit the ball hard, but within tight and narrow lines.

That age seemed more attuned to golf: Wear what one pleased. Walk up and bash the ball out of sight, if one could. Watch the ball fly. Tennis, a game that required hitting the ball hard but short, was wrong for the limitless 'sixties. That was an outgoing age, and freedom was to be indulged at all costs.

Well, times have changed, and so at last has tennis.

Today, when we are being overwhelmed with population and with problems, a constricted game like tennis seems to fit our psyches far better than it used to, better in fact than golf. One

can't swing hard in life anymore, there are too many people in the way. Besides, golf takes four or five hours to play, much too long, whereas on a tennis court one can work off all frustrations, all energy, in only an hour or less. Golf leaves too much time to think, and between shots problems are likely to come crowding back. In tennis, one can never take one's eye or mind off the ball. Most of all, sudden death makes tennis as tense as the world we live in.

Tennis, I am told, is the game recommended these days by the best psychiatrists, and by the major television networks, too, as they vie for rights to televise tournaments, and by the sporting-goods companies of course, and even by major textile firms that make such synthetic tennis-court surfaces as Sportface, Supreme Court, and Uni-Turf. Mostly they are sold rolled like rugs in twelve-foot-wide, sixty-foot-long strips, already bearing white lines, and thanks to them any high-school gymnasium can be converted into multiple tennis courts in a matter of minutes.

Tony Trabert, where are you? The tennis craze is all around us and I would like to talk to you again. You see, when I serve I have this hitch in my swing, and the ball. . . . ▼

NEGATIVE SPACE

(Continued from page 156)

as the *nouvelle vague*. Their work made it necessary for anyone seriously interested in cinema to study in Paris until now: The publication of Farber's essays is another proof of the current transformation of New York from the art capital of the world to its film centre.

Because the American film and its audience have finally come of age, Farber's insights are beginning to be appreciated. *Negative Space* is an excellent title for his criticism. Space lies beneath the surface; and Farber's greatest gift is his ability to go straight to the heart of the matter, for Farber is able to reveal layers of psychological and artistic meaning inaccessible to

less sophisticated film viewers. Farber's definition of "space" seems equivalent to an actor's or director's style. For example, of the "space" of two leading French directors he writes: "Bresson deals in shallow composition as predictable as a monk's tonsure, whereas Godard is a stunning de Stijlist using cut-out figures of American flag colours asymmetrically placed against a flat white background."

Stunning images, original metaphors

Negative Space is as alive with stunning images, original metaphors, and unexpected twists as the films Farber brings to life with his condensed, electric prose, which jumps from

idea to idea like the nervous quick cutting of contemporary cinema. Because he loves the movies as much as he hates cant and pretension, Manny Farber is a special kind of critic and a valuable one. His views are unorthodox, intensely personal, and reverberating with excitement and controversy as he attacks some of the richest cultural material produced in this century. A gifted painter as well as a gifted writer, Farber puts his dual talents to work analyzing an art that is at the same time verbal and visual. *Negative Space* is a surprise and a delight for anyone who really cares for film; its lessons, both moral and aesthetic, are important ones to learn. ▼

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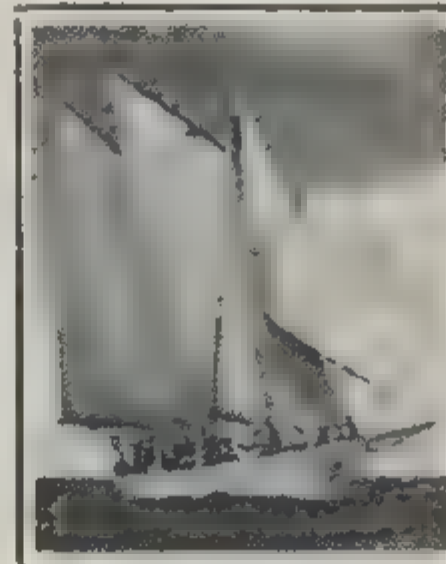
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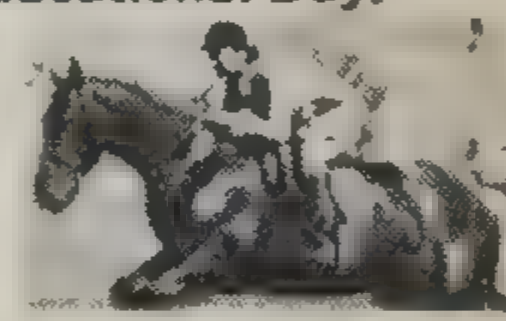
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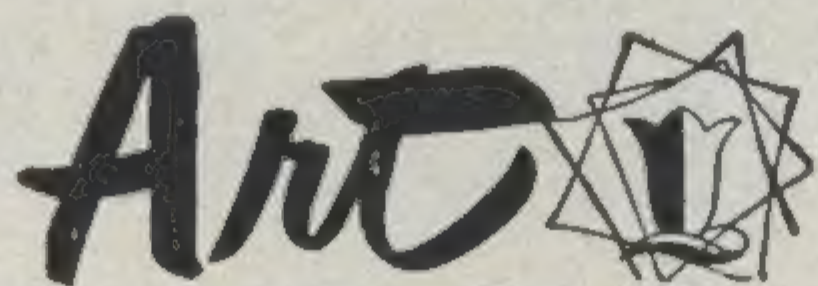
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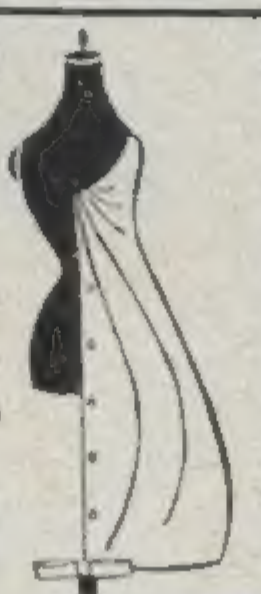
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(Continued from pages 162-163; other views, yardages, details)



2460

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Doctor Ernest R. Reinsh entered University of Nebraska in 1917, received Bachelors Degree in 1921; Doctor of Medicine in 1923.

Doctor Reinsh interned and has been associated with Providence Hospital, Detroit since graduation and has been in continuous practice except for the interruption of three and one half years as a Medical Officer in U.S. Navy.

Professional Memberships: Wayne County Medical Society, Michigan State, American Medical Association and Society of Abdominal Surgeons.

The interest in the problems of obesity was accentuated when patients came from the corners of the earth, such as Australia, South Africa, Europe, England, Sweden and South America.



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This Doctor Teaches You How To Drain Out
That Excess Fluid—As Well As That Ugly Flab—
And Do It Without Destroying Your Face!**

At this point, we must quote the doctor himself. Here is what he says:

"The results of this diet will never be seen by your friends in sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, folds of unfilled skin, or other evidences of the typical starvation diet. If you stand before a mirror, you will have nothing but memory, and perhaps an old photograph, to tell you where you carried the weight before which has now disappeared."

At the same time, he also says:

"My patients find that soon enough their clothes will become frightfully loose; even their shoes become too big. If you stick to my diet, you might even have to have your bowling ball redrilled."

And he quotes patient after patient, like this:

"I am very happy with the results. I can wear a size 12 dress (was 20) or suit, and some size 10 dresses. Weight was 183, now 136...I feel 10 years younger too."

No wonder prospective patients wait as much as several months to see this man—to learn how they can lose 20...40...60...80...100 and even 120 pounds with a diet that forces them to eat and eat again—and that drains excess fluids right out of their bodies at the exact same time!

But YOU don't have to wait a single minute! All you need to do to try this revolutionary diet—AT OUR RISK—is simply send in the coupon below! It must work for you, or every single penny of your money back!

Why not start losing that ugly flab—for good—today!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

G & K SALES

Dept. DG-5

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of EAT, DRINK AND GET THIN by Ernest R. Reinsh M.D. I understand the book is mine for only \$5.98 complete. In addition, I understand that I may examine this book for a full 30 days entirely at your risk. If at the end of that time, I am not satisfied, I will simply return the book to you for every cent of my money back.

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QT TANS IN 3 TO 5 HRS. NO MATTER WHAT

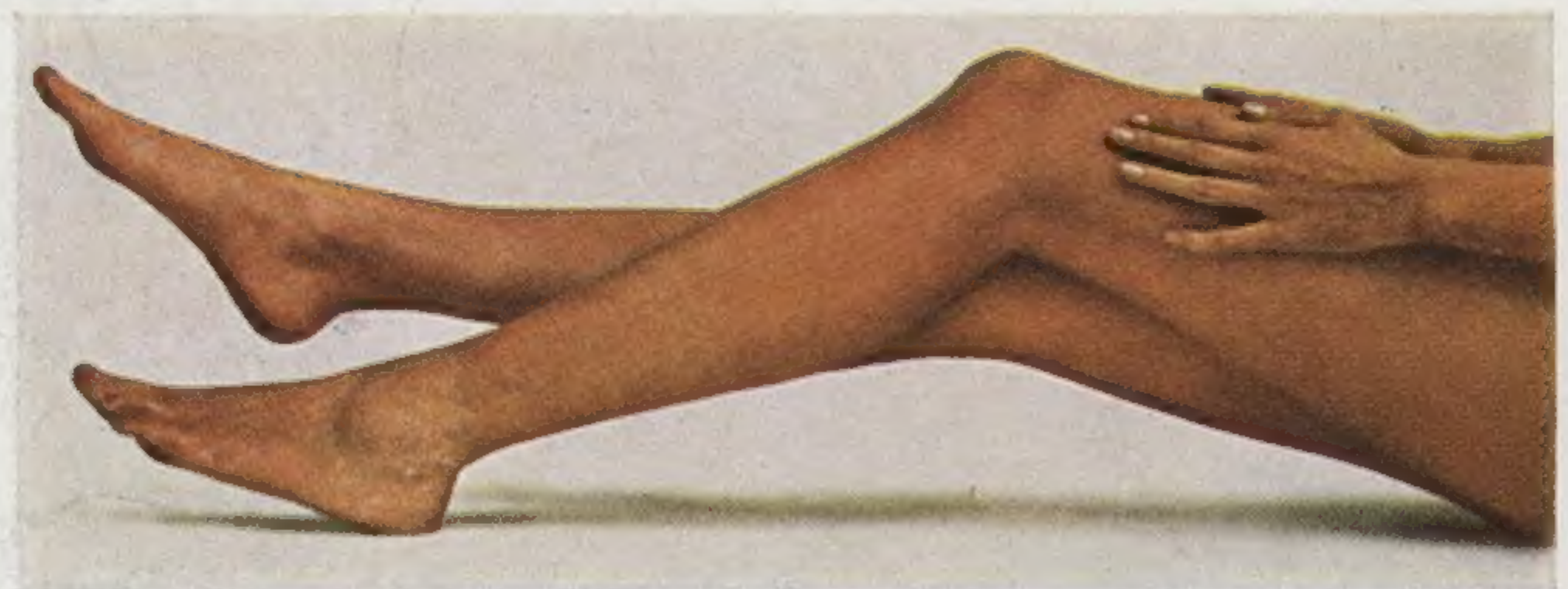
Use Q T tonight. Be tan tomorrow. Try Q T before bed and you can wake up with a beautiful tan. A whole week's worth of tan overnight. Because Q T gives you a real tan in just 3 to 5 hours no matter what. ▼



Q T makes the imperfect tan perfect. Take strap marks like these for example. Apply Q T to strap marks and they begin to disappear, to blend into your own tan. Because Q T gives you or any part of you a *real* tan in just 3 to 5 hours with or without the sun. ▼



▲ Q T. When it rains, it tans. Q T by Coppertone gives you a real tan. Any time, anyplace, come clouds or rain or hurricane. You tan in 3 to 5 hours no matter what. And if Q T can give you a great tan without the sun, imagine what it can do with the sun. Helps prevent sunburn, too.



▲ Q T makes high price hose obsolete. Tired of spending your money on high price hose that keep you hot all summer? With Q T your legs can have a beautiful tan in just 3 to 5 hours with or without the sun. A real tan that can do more for your legs than the most expensive hose.



Q T tans in 3 to 5 hours no matter what. With the sun Q T will tan you faster than any ordinary suntan lotion. Q T gives you a week's worth of tan in 3 to 5 hrs. Q T in lotion and in new easy to apply aerosol foam.

A product of Plough, Inc.

Compare Pan-Stik

with the make-up you used this morning.

For sheer to full coverage.

Did the make-up you used this morning give you precisely the kind of coverage you want? Pan-Stik, the original cream make-up in a swivel stick, is so



flexible that you choose the finish. From sheer to a more concealing cover that hides blemishes, freckles and tiny lines.

For richer, moisturizing help.

Did the make-up you used this morning moisturize your skin all day? Pan-Stik does. With a wealth of moisturizing benefits that actually help prevent moisture loss from your skin.



For stay-true color.

Did the make-up you used this morning change color a few hours after you applied it? Or look different in daylight? Or fluorescent lights? Pan-Stik has such a remarkable color-balance that photographers prefer it for models working under hot lights.

For the best beauty value.

Did the make-up you used this morning offer you *all* the benefits that have made Pan-Stik the beauty secret of knowledgeable women for years? The moisturizers, the precise coverage, the constant color? Shouldn't the make-up you use tomorrow morning be Pan-Stik?



Pan-Stik®
Only by Max Factor